January
25 cents

The MOTION PICTURE Director

Fred Niblo's own Story of the Filming of BEN HUR

I am Life and Death . . . Love and Hate . . . Heartbreak and Happiness. My voice is the voice of nations, my soul is the soul of ten million men.

I am the joyous laughter of the girls of France, the mirth of men who died smiling, the gay murmurings of lovers . . and the sad whisper of Flanders' poppy fields.

I am the thunder of guns whose message spells destruction, the merry sound of popping corks, the heady music of love-songs . . . and the funeral march played for soldiers.

I am the shining mirage of glory, the black muck of the trenches, the white heat of battle, the bitter gray of pain-racked dawns . . . and the softly-tinted rainbow of love.

I am Pain, I am Terror, I am Romance, I am made of blood and tears and heroism and happiness.

I am the story that will never die while men have tongues to tell it.

I am

"THE BIG PARADE"

Such is the tribute paid to King Vidor, the director, John Gilbert, the star, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the producers, by William N. Counselman, the noted author, after seeing the supreme masterpiece of all time.

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The MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR

Volume 2
Number 6

January
1926

J. STUART BLACKTON
Editor

BERNARD A. HOLWAY
Managing Editor

JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN
Assistant Editor

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Waxman

Commodore Blackton and his daughter, Marian Constance Blackton

J. Stuart Blackton

Editor-Publisher-Producer

AT an annual banquet of the General Film Company, about fifteen years ago, when it was the supreme power in the motion picture field, there were gathered the heads of the famous old producing companies, Vitagraph, Kalem, Essanay, Melies, Lubin, Pathe and Selig. J. Stuart Blackton, organizer and head of the Vitagraph company, chose this occasion to present to each of the leaders of the other companies dummy copies of the first motion picture magazine.

It was to be called "Motion Picture Magazine," he explained, and its purpose was to create a better understanding between those who make and those who see motion pictures. At that time, only trade journals and house organs existed—no printed mediums of thought and information concerning the motion picture industry reached the general public. The new magazine was to fill this need.

It was peculiarly fitting that, as a pioneer of the pioneers in motion pictures, and a former newspaper man in whose blood was the call of journalism, J. Stuart Blackton should originate such a publication.

Moreover, screen credit was just then being given stars. Until that time Mary Pickford, for instance, was known as "The Biograph Blonde," and such players as Julia Swayne Gordon, Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Alice Joyce, Kate Price, Arthur Johnson and Gilbert Anderson were only just becoming known to theatre patrons by name.

The magazine thus launched and accorded the cordial support of the leaders of the industry, was destined to be the forerunner of many publications in this field, and admirably fulfilled its function of establishing a closer bond between those who make and those who see motion pictures.

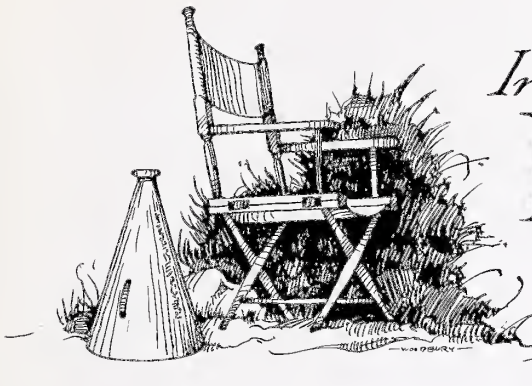
As the Vitagraph organization grew and expanded, Commodore Blackton's duties and responsibilities became so absorbing that, three years after launching the first motion picture magazine, he disposed of his interests to the present publisher, Eugene V. Brewster.

The recent amalgamation of Vitagraph into Warner Brothers has to some extent relieved Commodore Blackton of the harrassing details of a film executive's duties, leaving him free to devote himself to the creative side of motion pictures, and to give time and attention to the development of the new MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR as its editorial head.

While he has in a sense returned to the field of journalism, he continues his intimate association with the motion picture industry as a maker of pictures, and in his affiliation with Warner Brothers is to produce four J. Stuart Blackton productions a year.

Commodore Blackton's ideal for THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR is to achieve an universal appeal to those who are truly and constructively interested in the screen, and his editorial policy continues to be that of "creating a better understanding between those who make and those who see motion pictures."

In becoming the editorial head of this publication he is carrying on the work that he started so effectually some twelve years ago. His intimate understanding of motion pictures through his long years as producer, director and publisher, his sympathetic understanding of his public, admirably fit him for the task he has assumed in providing a publication which shall bridge the gap between those who produce motion pictures and those who are and should be the final arbiters of the future of the motion picture industry.



In the Director's Chair

by J. STUART BLACKTON

THOSE WHO MAKE AND THOSE WHO SEE

A BETTER understanding, a closer contact between the directors of motion pictures and the patrons of the motion picture theatres—that much-to-be-desired condition is being arrived at, to the everlasting benefit of the motion pictures.

Read what Mrs. Ruth Griffith Burnett, of Indianapolis, says in her prize-winning essay on "What The Motion Picture Means To Me." Two hundred and fifty thousand picture fans contributed essays on this important subject. Mrs. Burnett's inspired epic, direct, simple and eloquent, won the prize, a trip around the world for herself and her husband on the Belgenland.

Read her essay:

"Sing us a song!" was the demand of yore and the wandering minstrel complied. As he sang the song of valor there unrolled before the eyes of his listeners a picture to teach, to inspire and to entertain them.

"Tell us a story!" was the demand of our fathers from the oasis of the firelight. And as the story-teller, beloved and admired, told the story there unfolded before the eyes of his hearers a picture to teach, to inspire and to entertain them.

"Show us a picture!" is our demand, and lo, we are given the magic of a real picture with the enchantment of the minstrel and the charm of the story-teller.

In the broadness of its scope and its capacity for the portrayal of things great and small, the motion picture shows me history, science, art and literature. From India, with its swarming highways, to barren Alaska, the world is mine, the generous gift of the camera.

Because it depicts humanity the motion picture inspires. Its subtle sermons are abiding. It takes from my tongue the timid "I can't," and in its place puts a brave "I'll try!" It lightens the corners of pride and indifference and makes me a little more sympathetic, more tolerant and more fit to take my place beside my fellow men.

It entertains me. It draws me without my accustomed self and lets me laugh until the tears come, or sit upon the edge of my seat in suspense. It makes me glad to be alive.

Education, inspiration and entertainment. These three the motion picture mean to me.

THAT is what the motion picture means to millions of men, women and children, who feel the inspiration of the motion picture but do not possess the gift of weaving their words into a beautiful garment of appreciation like Mrs. Burnett's essay.

The enchantment of the minstrel and the charm of the story-teller.

Centuries ago the minstrel and the story-teller were to the people of that age the equivalent of the motion picture of today. At nightfall the troubadours would come to a village where a great house was—Saxon noble's or Norman chief's—and in the minstrel's songs and from the deep, vibrating strings of his harp, or from the memories and imageries conjured up by the story-teller's words the listeners would paint in their imaginations "moving pictures," pictures of the river's singing and the mountain's silence; pictures of knightly deeds, of passionate loves, of burning jealousies and roaring jests, and there would be, alternately, tears in their eyes and laughter in their hearts.

In their slow progress, tramping or riding from village to town, the enchantment of the minstrel's songs and the charm of the story-teller's romances reached the ears and understanding of but a scattered few. Today the songs and stories are carried to countless millions by the motion picture. Today one out of two hundred and fifty thousand who wrote essays, one out of the millions of "those who see" tells us what the motion picture means to her. It takes from her tongue the timid "I can't," and in its place puts the brave, "I'll try!" It makes her "a little more sympathetic, more tolerant and more fit to take her place beside her fellow men." It makes her *glad to be alive!*

If the motion picture has done no more than this, it has conferred a prodigious benefit upon the whole civilized world.

Last month, we of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR asked you, our readers, to write us freely and frankly, expressing your views on what kind of pictures you want us to make. The response was prompt and gratifying. In our next issue we will publish some of the many suggestions from those who see, to those who make motion pictures.

The Filming of BEN

RICHMOND

SINCE the original announcement of the launching of its production almost two years ago, the world has been anxiously awaiting the opportunity of seeing this immortal story from the pen of General Lew Wallace on the international screen.

For the past twenty months the newspapers of six continents have enabled hundreds of millions of readers to follow, step by step, the daily development and progress of this momentous production with the small army of executives, artists and technicians who crossed the sea to capture the holy atmosphere of Rome for the film archives of America and thus preserve for posterity the picture story of "Ben-Hur."

The legend of their accomplishment will go down in film history as the most ambitious endeavor ever undertaken in the advancement of motion picture art. To tell it in detail would fill several volumes. The writer is therefore concerned more with revealing, for the first time, the true answers to such questions as have arisen in the minds of the American public which would tend to deprive so great an achievement of any of the glory which is the honest due of leaders of industry in their respective fields of endeavor.

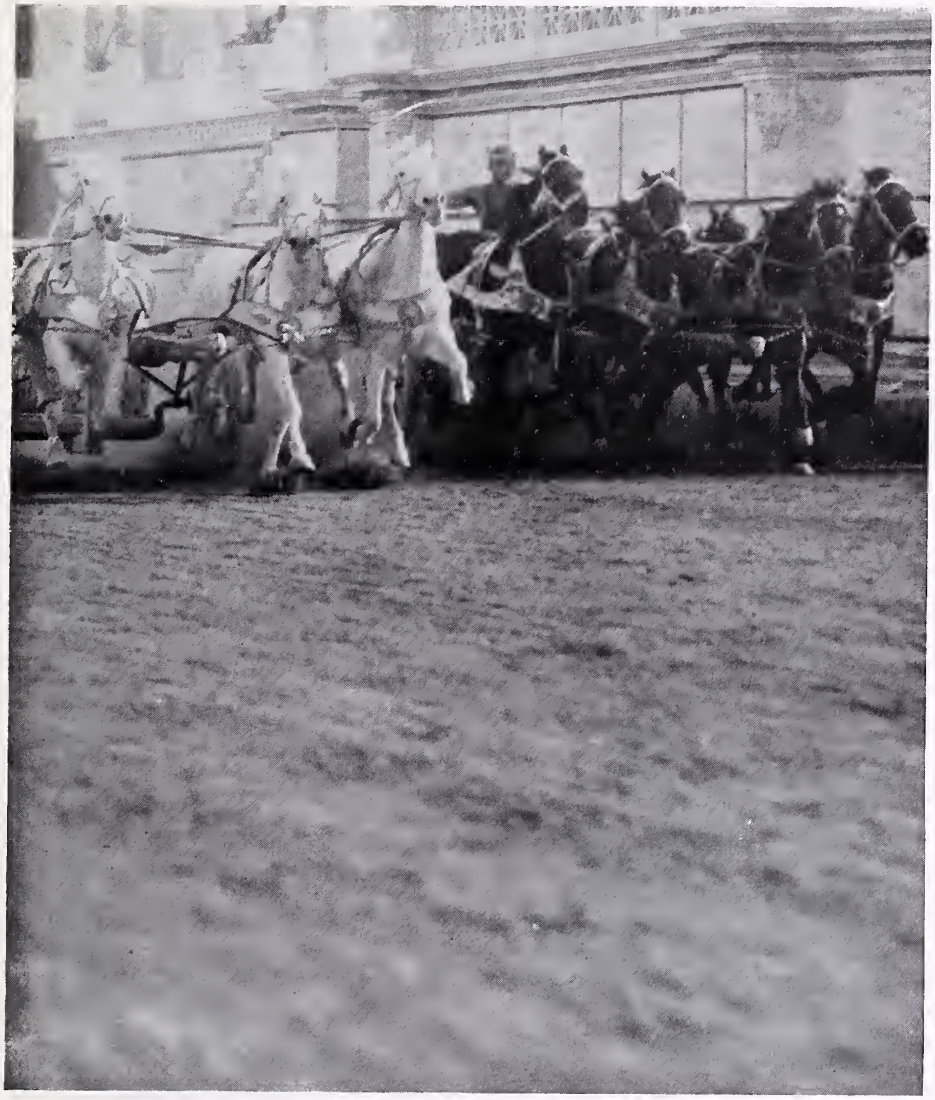
Only one man could furnish these answers—the director. Therefore Fred Niblo was the logical source of information. To find him not only willing but eager to help me was a pleasant sensation and within five minutes after the first handshake he was into his story.

"LET'S begin," he said, "at the point where my own association with the picture began.

"The public is already familiar with the merger which took place in the middle of May, 1924, consolidating the then independent Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer production units. This new organization inherited the filming of 'Ben-Hur' on which had already been spent many months of preliminary preparation for its production. A large staff had been sent to Italy, but unforseen conditions had impeded their progress and inasmuch as the merger had created a complete new organization it was most natural that it should also evolve an entire new plan of procedure. In conference assembled it was proposed that the present slate be wiped clean and the filming of 'Ben-Hur' be started anew from the beginning, and from an entirely different angle. In order to insure co-ordination and harmony of effort it was felt that a complete new personnel would be required in many of the departments of production and in addition that it would also be necessary to engage what practically amounted to a complete new cast. Reorganization on so large a scale naturally called for fresh directorial guidance.

"Certainly I appreciated the honor thus conferred upon me and the confidence implied and in the middle of June, 1924, after final approval of the plans by Mr. A. L. Erlanger, we sailed for Europe accompanied by Marcus Loew and J. Robert Rubin to begin production.

"With us also went Carey Wilson and



HUR *As Told to* WHARTON

Bess Meredyth who had been assigned the writing of the scenario and continuity and who thoroughly understood what was to be expected from the picture insofar as its adaption from the book and play was concerned. While the original adaptation by June Mathis faithfully followed the book and was a splendid piece of work, it was found to be too long for picture purposes. Therefore it was necessary that it be rewritten which was not finished until the middle of August and actual shooting of the scenes was begun at that time.

From the beginning our greatest handicap was the fact that thousands upon thousands who were familiar with the story and play would each expect to see upon the screen a picturization of *their* mental image of the individual characters which they had acquired through generations. Therefore in order to please this vast precreated audience, it was necessary to so develop the personalities of the separate characters that they should, so far as possible, satisfy a majority.

"To attempt to complete this production in less than a year would have been the surest way to failure. The volume of authentic data that had to be gathered from the four corners of Europe and afterward analyzed in order to insure fidelity to detail, would have made of this story a difficult one to screen within any predetermined time. The atmosphere that had to be woven into the background for the action was obtainable only in the locality in which the events of the story transpired. It is possibly true that this atmosphere could have been duplicated in America but I am sure that in its transportation across the sea it would have lost many of those qualities which were so essential to its preservation.

"Such things as the building of all our own stages, our own lighting systems and our own generating plants with which to furnish the power; the designing and manufacture of more than ten thousand costumes and the building of a fleet of galleys modeled after the ancient Roman and Greek pirate ships of two thousand years ago were problems which took time in the solving. Add to this the training of oarsmen to man those ships and soldiers to march in the formation of the old Roman legions and you get a fair picture of the enormity of our task. We had built an armory and filled it with thousands of specially manufactured reproductions of ancient weapons and armor, in the use of which it was necsary to drill our soldier-actors to perfection.

"But these difficulties were wholly attributable to the making of a picture of the magnitude of 'Ben-Hur' rather than to the fact that we were making it in Italy.

"For the huge crowds used in this production the transportation facilities were wholly inadequate to our needs. Our big exterior sets covered an area of more than two hundred acres and were located about ten miles from Rome. After much difficult and diplomatic negotiation we finally persuaded the railroad company to build a special spur track for our use but even after this had been provided it was almost

ONE OF THE BEAUTIFULLY IMPRESSIVE SCENES FROM BEN-HUR.

impossible to secure special trains when they were needed.

"Our worst troubles were political and because we invariably refused to sympathize with individual factions we were always the innocent victims of trouble and delay caused by sectional disturbances. Imagine a group of four thousand people, two thousand of whom were democrats and two thousand republicans; each faction ready to fight at the drop of a hat, and you have an idea of what we were up against. How it reacted against us may be best illustrated by an occurrence on one special occasion.

"Six hours from Rome lay the ancient seaport of Livorno, on English maps called Leghorn. It was here we photographed the spectacular battle scenes between the galleys. We had taken several hundred Romans with us to Livorno who had been specially trained as ancient Roman soldiers and we had picked up another thousand men on our way in both Pisa and Florence. On our arrival in Livorno with this tremendous caravan we found that the people of Florence, Livorno and Pisa very strenuously objected to working in the same picture with the people from other cities. Result: Riots, strikes and other difficulties which were only settled after using the greatest amount of tact, patience and tolerance and frequently by raising salaries.

But my memories of those days in Italy are not entirely composed of the difficulties which hampered us. There are pleasant memories, too, and some that, as I look back upon them now, closely border on the humorous.

"I remember one instance in particular where I had taken it upon myself to build a magnificent galley to be our 'flagship,' which was to be the crowning achievement in this type of ship building. The original cost was to have been ten thousand dollars, but before it was finished seventy thousand more had been spent in its completion. When Mr. Louis B. Mayer came over to watch our progress he was led to the shore and asked to look upon our 'crowning achievement.' 'Fine!' he remarked. 'How much did it cost?' I told him and waited with some misgivings for his answer. Imagine my surprise and relief when he replied: 'Why didn't you build two?'

"In January, 1925 we returned to Culver City and it is here that we have put the finishing touches on the picture and many of the big scenes, including the famous chariot races, have been filmed. Difficulties are now a thing of the past and as we watch with eager interest the final assembling of the finished product I have nothing but the pleasantest of memories of my associates and all those who participated in the making of the picture, including not only the artists and technical staff in general, but those who frequently tried our patience almost to the breaking point and I, in turn, sincerely hope they hold the same pleasant memories of me.

"IN CLOSING there is still one question that has been asked by many people which I wish to explain.

"In Rome we built an exact replica of the ancient circus of Antioch almost equalling in splendor the one recently rebuilt in Culver City. Many have asked why it was not used.

"The answer is simple and practical.

"The circus in Rome was started in August, 1924, and was to have been ready before the middle of October. The gauging of the direction from which the sunlight would come and the construction of the arena itself was planned accordingly. Due to labor and political conditions, drawbacks and miscellaneous delays, it was not completed until the middle of January.

"At that time of the year the hours of daylight are shorter in Rome than they are in California. Even in the middle of the day the light was so poor that it was not practical from a photographic standpoint for us to have attempted the arduous task of filming the chariot race scene, as even on the best days there would be only two or three hours of available sunlight, which would have hardly have allowed sufficient time for more than bare rehearsals and preparation incident to the actual action photograph.

"Therefore it was considered much more practical to bring the company back to California where many more hours of sunlight could be had each day, and complete the filming of the picture under the proper conditions rather than to have waited in Italy, burdened with a tremendous overhead expense and wasting our time in idleness until the longer days of spring would have made the work feasible.

"However, everything that we photographed in Italy is in the picture. Not one inch of film has been wasted. I should say that one-third of the picture was made in Italy, the balance in Culver City.

"It took much longer than was contemplated and cost more money than was planned for as we progressed further and further into the work, in the same proportions our enthusiasm for the task grew as did our desire to leave no stone unturned and no effort spared to do justice to the great theme of the story.

"THE screen version of 'Ben-Hur' is finished. It is ready to be presented to the world by its makers. I hope and believe it will be successful, but whether it

is a success or a failure, one thing is certain, we tried our best.

"If in the foregoing brief resume I have presumed upon the personal pronoun too frequently, it has been unintentional, because everyone must realize that a picture of this magnitude is not a one-man proposition and I would be ungrateful indeed if, in telling the story of 'Ben-Hurs' making, I failed to express my appreciation to the many workers who contributed so much to its success.

"Some of them you already know.

"Some of them are the silent workers whose names will not be mentioned in connection with the picture and to those, I believe, more than anyone else, I extend my sincerest gratitude.

"To those whom you know, Messrs. Marcus Loew, Louis B. Mayer, A. L. Erlanger *et al,* I gratefully acknowledge their confidence and their generosity.

"To that young genius, Mr. Irving Thalberg, I beg to express my deepest appreciation for his untiring co-operation.

"To Mr. Carey Wilson and Miss Bess Meredyth, for their scenario and continuity.

"To Mrs. Hilliker and Capt. Caldwell for their titles.

"To Messrs. Al Raboch, Christie Cabanne and Reeves Eason for their directorial assistance.

"For the camera work I am indebted to Rene Guissart, Karl Struss, Percy Hilburn, Clyde DeVinna, Ben Reynolds and others.

"For the settings and paraphernalia I thank Messrs. Cedric Gibbons and Horace Jackson.

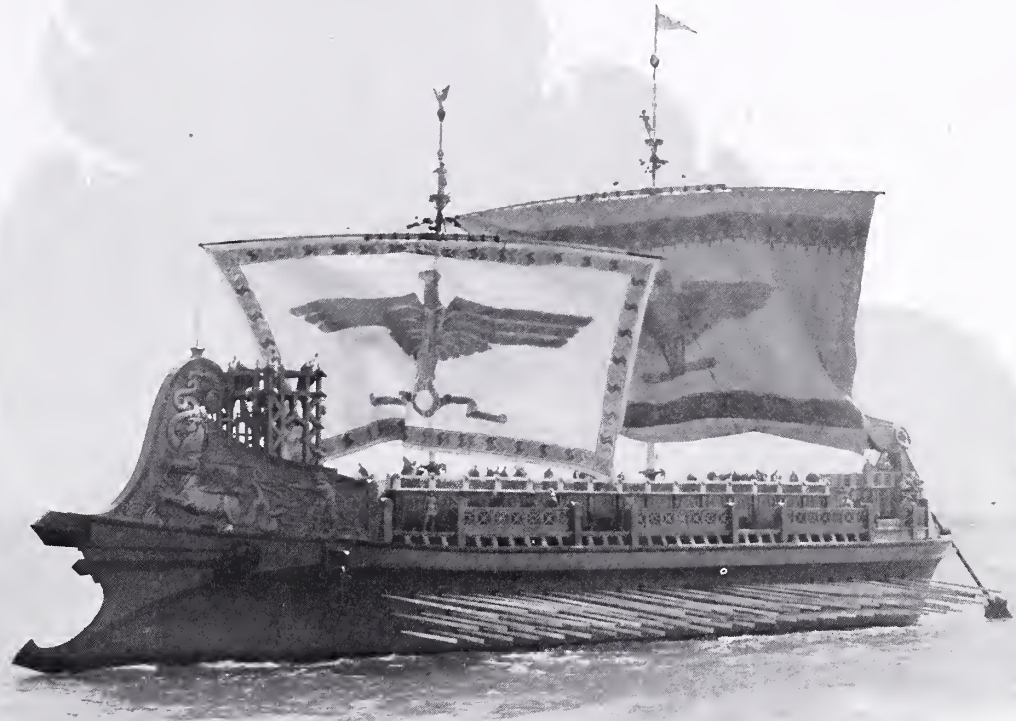
"To my assistant, Charles Stallings, I owe much.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Seidel, for the splendid manner in which they took care of costumes, wigs and make-ups for the thousands of extras, the greatest praise is due.

"And to my faithful friend and property man, Harry Edwards, who had in his keeping and care every thing from wild desert camels to pearl necklaces, I tender my heartfelt gratitude.

"And to no one am I more appreciative than to Lloyd Nosler, the head cutter, and his staff, for the untiring and thoroughly efficient manner in which they have handled the miles and miles of film for weeks and months, working day and night cheerfully and splendidly.

"They have all been wonderful and to them all is due every credit for the success of 'Ben-Hur.'"



A WHOLE FLEET OF GALLEYS MODELED AFTER THE GREEK AND ROMAN PIRATE SHIPS OF 2000 YEARS AGO WERE BUILT IN ITALY.

Ruth Harriet Louise

CARMEL MEYERS

as

"Iris"

Costume created by Erte

KATHLEEN KEY

A Winsome and Appealing

"Tirzah"

Clarence S. Bull

Ruth Harriet Louise

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

as

"Messala"

RAMON NOVARRO
as
"Ben-Hur"

MAY
McAVOY
as
"Esther"

Is Regal in the Simplicity of Her Characterization

CLAIRE
McDOWELL
as
the Mother of
"Ben-Hur"

Keyes

At Home With the Niblos

FRED NIBLO, the man on the cover, shown above in his real-life role, brings to the silversheet a background of travel as well as long experience on the stage. As actor, director and producer of footlight drama, he has trouped into every English-speaking country in the world, while one of his earliest experiences with the motion picture camera was in connection with a trip into the interior of Africa. Even now he is just getting used to America after his sojourn in Italy with "Ben-Hur." The genial "Master of Ceremonies" (a title gained from his frequent appearance in that capacity at official, social and semi-social functions of the industry) directed Enid Bennett in many film productions, and finally won the star for his life partner. We refuse to state or even to conjecture which is the director in domestic relations!

From an Old Painting

Old Ironsides

THE frigate "Constitution," lovingly known in history as "Old Ironsides," and the record of its glorious career, are to be preserved to posterity forever.

James Cruze, the man who made "The Covered Wagon" and established himself as the historical genius of the screen, has gone to Europe on a trip of observation to gather data and select locations for the filming of a super-historical epic to be called "Old Ironsides." Cruze will visit Tripoli, where the "Constitution" reached the climax of its naval fame during the war against the pirates of the Mediterranean waged by the United States in 1804.

Saved once before by Oliver Wendell Holmes' stirring poem, "Old Ironsides," the heroic frigate, now falling to pieces from rot and disuse in the Boston Navy Yard, is today again being rescued from oblivion by the school children of America under the leadership of the navy department, through millions of small contributions toward its reconstruction. The Elks, Daughters of the Revolution and many other patriotic societies are lending their co-operation and support.

Although this will preserve the vessel for another half century, it is now to be immortalized in a larger way by Cruze. It is to be preserved not as a glorious hulk fallen into sad decay, but as a living thing, beautiful and proud, its canvas bellied to the wind, helm down, sailing forever before the eyes of American youth across the magic of the silver screen.

Coincident with Cruze's departure, Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president of Famous Players-Lasky corporation, announced that the "Constitution's" gripping story, from the time its keel was laid in the Philadelphia navy yard in 1794 and including its valiant service against the pirates of Tripoli, will be filmed on the mightiest scale ever attempted.

" 'Old Ironsides' is another contribution by Paramount to the preservation of the thrilling and epic history of the United States," said Mr. Lasky. "For many months our corporation has been quietly working up its plans. Harry Carr, one of America's foremost newspaper men, and Walter Woods are co-authors of the story, which is historically accurate throughout. Both of them have made special trips to Washington for extensive research in the files of the Navy department and the Congressional Library.

"Secretary of the Navy, Curtis D. Wilbur, is giving the full co-operation of the United States navy in this gigantic undertaking, this story of youthful heroism and bravery which cradled the glorious traditions which the navy has maintained for more than 135 years. For many years it has been my pleasure to pass on many possibilities for the screen, but in all the years I have found no piece of fiction or chapter of history so rich in drama and color."

In 1804 seven kings and two republics of the world were paying tribute to the pirates of Tripoli. It was "Old Ironsides" which carried the flag of a puny nation, the United States of America, to the Mediterranean, and inspired by the slogan, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," swept the pirates from the seas forever. Full pressure on the work of preparing the story is under way.

"I expect 'Old Ironsides' to be the crowning event of my career as director," said Cruze, who is noted for his usual reluctance in making predictions, as he prepared to board the train, "and Mr. Lasky is determined to make the crowning event of his career as a producer."

The "Constitution" will probably be sufficiently reconditioned, according to Navy officials, to make it ready for sea when the filming actually starts.

ELINOR FAIRE

Appears in a stunning creation of black velvet trimmed with rhinestones and black and white monkey fur in the Cecil DeMille production of "The Volga Boatman," a drama of the Russian Revolution.

COSTUME BY ADRIAN

Miss Alice Calhoun has found a happy expression of her personality in this delightful gray krimmer coat with white fox collar and side godets banded with white fox.

Mandeville

Miss Barbara Brown of the Majestic Theatre, wearing a smart example of this furrier's art—a golden caracul coat trimmed with narrow bands of kolinsky — suitable for afternoon or evening wear.

Fur
The Dominating Motif of Milady's Wardrobe

MODELS *by* WILLARD GEORGE

NEVER before in the history of dress have furs been used in such great profusion. The variety of pelts adaptable to the making of coats, of wraps and in trimmings, has never been so large and interesting. The art and technique of peltry seems to have developed to its highest attainment.

True, we still have with us the sable, fox and mink, together with many other basic furs that have been in common use from time immemorial. These are more or less familiar to all women. But from the far corners of the earth have been brought pelts of fur bearers that perhaps have been in common use in their native habitat for generations, but have never before been used by women of fashion.

The modern methods of preparing pelts to meet the requirements of the mode, such as the dressing of the skin and the dyeing of the fur, are partly responsible for the new furs now obtainable. This development is a direct result of the war. The situation which confronted the American furrier when our foreign source of supply was suddenly cut off forced the inventive ability of our dyers to new and creative developments in the art of dyeing, independent of European methods and formula. The result of this has been that today the American furrier stands pre-eminently the leader of the fur industry of the world.

With such a variety of furs, with so many colors and shades available, the designers of fur wraps have all the latitude of the artist, with his palette of colors and brush, to do creative work in the development of beautiful wraps.

White ermine coat, with shirred collar and cuffs and reviers of silver cloth, worn by Ruth Stewart.

Caracul coat dyed in the shimmering silver tone, trimmed with platinum fox. A feature of this coat is the divided fox collar. Worn by Norma Shearer.

Constance Talmadge wearing a white ermine cape trimmed with sable. A feature of this cape is the front flare.

Webster said: "Style is fashion, the conventional custom or usage in dress." But today style has taken a new and added meaning. An era of individuality has dawned and it is particularly noticeable and evident in Los Angeles. Several things are responsible for this. One is the fact that some of the world's greatest designers, who are attracting recognition as the foremost designers of fashionable dress, are here. Another is the motion picture industry, which calls for original and creative designing ability. And still another, the demand of well dressed women engaged in the profession who constantly seek to enhance their beauty by their mode of dress, who select apparel in keeping with the charm of their individual personality.

Perhaps the most distinguished characteristic of the present mode in furs, aside from their individuality of style, is the impression of suppleness and lightness which they lend to the gown, dress or wrap. This is a welcome note in the California climate and an object of envy in other fashion centers of the world. Its appeal is strongly feminine. Ermine wraps of snowy whiteness, often trimmed with the flattering white fox, are so made that their weight is but a matter of ounces.

Simplicity of line is evidenced in the slenderizing lines of the straight silhouette

Marion Nixon, wearing a natural gray caracul coat trimmed with platinum fox. A very serviceable coat for general utility wear.

Kathleen Key wearing a cocoa ermine coat with cuffs and border of fox, while the collar is of ermine.

May McAvoy, as she will appear in "Lady Windemere's Fan." Miss McAvoy is wearing a white ermine wrap banded with white fox.

so popular last year and still very much in vogue for those who seek to achieve elegance through simplicity. An air of symmetry and refinement is embodied in mink or sable with the skins worked in stripes the full length of a straight form-clinging coat with the collar medium in size developed in the shawl pattern. The influence of the flare mode is also seen in furs. All the verve of youth is embodied in the flowing lines of a caracul coat with full flare skirt bordered with a wide band of fox. Sometimes the flare is on one side only in front, while in others the effect is achieved by godets inserted at the sides only.

Mink and sable are never trimmed with other fur. Mole, seal, ermine, caracul and sometimes squirrel, however, are trimmed with such other fur as fox in contrasting or harmonizing shades which contribute a rich luxuriousness to an already beautiful wrap.

Short coats can be very smart or distinctly out of place in the ensemble. The matter of length must be determined by one's height and figure and the use for which the garment is intended. For sport and general utility wear the three-quarter coat is generally chosen, while for evening wear the slightly longer length is more to be desired. For spring and early summer

(Continued on Page 67)

The Shadow by Fred W. Fox

ADOLPH ZUKOR

IS Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, a dangerous and sinister figure whose shadow is darkening the "open door" policy of the motion picture industry, as the Federal Trade Commission is trying to prove in its probe of alleged monopoly of the motion picture business?

Or is that figure a great figure, and that shadow the shadow of a colossal institution dedicated to the general welfare of the film business, an institution that is the result of shrewd and astute procedure in over fourteen years of producing photoplays?

It has been said, 'Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of some great man'. Regardless of what opinion one may hold relative to the tendencies of Adolph Zukor, it cannot be denied that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is a gigantic organization in every sense of the word. Not only is it gigantic and unparalleled in the realm of flickering drama, but in the realm of world-wide industry and commerce, taking its place with such tremendous enterprises as the United States Steel Corporation, American Telephone & Telegraph Company, General Motors Corporation, American Tobacco Company, Ford Motor Company, International Harvester Company, General Electric Company, Eastman Kodak Company and Standard Oil Company. And alternately praised and lampooned, Adolph Zukor has come into the public limelight as a figure equal with Judge Elbert H. Gary and the other chiefs of business. Just what kind of a man is he? To what can be ascribed the huge and sudden power and affluence of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to the point where it is the subject of a quiz to ascertain if it has attained the proportions of a 'trust'?

Probably the secret, if it be a secret, of Zukor's rise is found in the fact he has unflinchingly cleaved to his original purpose. He set a goal for himself and he doggedly forged ahead until he had achieved that goal. Whilst others of his competitors, as they might have been termed at the beginning, bickered, quibbled and quarreled; formed and dissolved; shot ahead and kerflopped; experimented and vainly endeavored, Adolph Zukor has not made one change in all the years since he first founded the nucleus of the present Paramount organization. During the intervening years he has weeded out the inefficient and replaced them with the super-efficient when they failed to keep step with his swift progress toward his goal. Zukor has experimented, too, but he has made his experiments of value to his growth. He has made many endeavors and possibly failed in certain instances, but he has always retrieved lost ground and profited by experience. With a tenacious will-to-do he has made every moment and every opportunity mean something.

Adolph Zukor is neither devil nor demigod. To put it tersely, he is probably the 'smartest' executive in the film world today.

Many years ago Adolph Zukor regarded the 'peep show' and kinetoscope with something more than the amused interest with which others regarded them. At that time, the future head of Paramount was affiliated with the Marcus Loew Theatrical Enterprises in a more or less unimportant capacity, and he had long felt that a time would come when entertainment provided by the stage, that was denied the far-flung nooks and crannies of the world, would be brought before the peoples of distant countries through an effective and novel medium. In the derided kinetoscope he realized there were possibilities beyond the

# of Adolph Zukor

JESSE LASKY

S. R. KENT

comprehension of the average person of that day. To him it was more than a toy, a bauble for the yokels, or an inane device to while away idle moments. He realized that with development it would prove to be a universal entertainment and educational factor non-existent then. And he had the courage of his convictions and acted.

The scope of the photoplay at that time was limited to crude chases, tricks of photography and such. Public interest in the novel mechanical aspects of the cinema was beginning to wane, and wane fast. Zukor believed the time had come for him to make a radical step.

UP until that time, the stage and vaudeville performers, from the great stars to the lowliest mimes, had scoffed at Zukor's advances to appear in pictures, and ridiculed the idea that the motion picture would ever amount to anything. Zukor and his 'contraption' was an object of contempt. There was one man in whom Zukor had aroused response and a willingness to listen to his proposition. It was Daniel Frohman, stage producer. To Frohman he said, "We must secure the greatest of all actresses. The others will follow."

Frohman went to Paris, where he succeeded in convincing Sarah Bernhardt that she should preserve her art for posterity through the medium of the motion picture. It may have been that Bernhardt had an insight into the potential greatness of the photoplay, for she was not long in making a decision. The result was the first motion picture of any merit, "Queen Elizabeth". The picture was a sensation. The world was jolted from its humorous and lackaday regard of the photoplay and evinced a new interest in the 'contraption'. "Queen Elizabeth" marked the death of the 'contraption' and the birth of the photoplay as an art and a ranking industry.

Almost simultaneously Jesse L. Lasky, a recruit from the stage world, saw the possibilities in the motion picture. Together with Arthur S. Friend he organized the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Photoplay Company. With them was Cecil B. DeMille and Dustin Farnum, whose first contribution to the cinema as director and actor was "The Squaw Man". An interesting story is related in conjunction with Farnum and this first little film group. It is said that upon one occasion Lasky offered to pay a portion of Farnum's salary in the form of stock in the company, but that Farnum, exercising what he believed to be business sagacity, refused and demanded cash payment. His demands were satisfied, but the few shares of stock that were at that time proferred Farnum are today worth a colossal sum of money as participating stock in the company now part of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

In the summer of 1916, about four years after both Zukor and Lasky had begun, an amalgamation was formed of the Famous Players Film Company and the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Photoplay Company under the name of 'Famous Players-Lasky Corporation'. Prior to the merger both of the independent companies had been releasing their product through the Paramount Pictures Corporation, in which neither had a financial interest. Included in the merger of the Zukor and Lasky interest was this releasing organization and its subsidiaries, viz; Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company; Bosworth, Inc.; Cardinal Film Corporation; George M. Cohan Film Corporation and Artcraft Pictures Corporation.

At its inception, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation acted only as a holding company for these combined properties, but in December, 1917, they were all merged under the one name. In addition, expansion was made in the distributing field, with offices in the key cities of the world.

The new company began to market its product along the same lines as other business institutions, first selecting a trade name

for its pictures. That marked the introduction of "Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures". The 'Artcraft' was carried along during the term of Mary Pickford's contract with Zukor, as Artcraft Pictures Corporation was the producing company making the Mary Pickford photoplays. When she quit the Zukor organization, Artcraft lost its identity in the final merger, and Zukor's pictures were thereafter advertised as "Paramount Pictures", under the trade mark which has achieved a good-will value of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

This trade mark of the mountain peak and the stars, the name "'Paramount Pictures", and the slogan "If It's a Paramount Picture It's the Best Show in Town" is the physical symbol of the mighty strides Adolph Zukor has made since the days of "Queen Elizabeth". It is he who is selling the people on the idea 'Romance Has a Trade Mark' and if they are sold on that idea it is not a case of monopoly but rather of top-notch merchandising. You may be able to drive the public to a theater once but if they go there the second time and see a mediocre photoplay, it will be difficult to persuade them to make a third journey. Zukor's theater attendances do not seem to be diminishing to any great extent.

IN the brief span of fourteen years . . . and they may have been hectic years . . . Zukor has brought his Famous Players-Lasky Corporation from a much-scoffed idea to a colossal edifice in the heart of the world's greatest city. That is progress. The barn, shown on opposite page, marked the first step in the actual physical growth of Famous Players, and the towering building, of which an etching is reproduced, is the concrete expression of the goal that Adolph Zukor set for himself years ago and has attained.

It should be born in mind by those who are prone to condemn Zukor that at the time he began he was no better equipped with resources or talent than anyone else venturing into the new industry. His present fortuitious circumstances can only be ascribed to an innate shrewdness, and a faith in his idea that challenges parallels.

If destruction is in sight for Zukor, it will come upon him as the result of placing personal gain ahead of the weal of his organization. People who study the motion picture business and watch the various moves made on the cinema checker-board state that Zukor is today in a more advantageous position from the standpoint of finances and contractual talent than ever before. It will be an impossibility for Zukor to throttle the film business, even if he should possess that yen. Past experiences prove that when a company gets to a certain size, dissolution comes upon it with the retirement of its leading figures, or the resignation of other executives who organize new companies to cash in on their knowledge and advance their individual causes.

Much of the present criticism of Zukor emanates from interests hostile to his, and envious of his good fortune. They think that by holding him to ridicule and 'knocking' his procedure he will wane in strength and that they will be able to step in immediately and grab everything for themselves. Any person who has a legitimate cause for complaint does not sally forth into the public places and flay his enemies. For if he has a foundation for his grievances he can secure redress in a quieter and more effective mode.

It is possible, and highly probable, that there are a number of people who have been worsted by Zukor in business deals, as is the sad plight of some in today's commercial whirl. Instead of taking their loss like good sports, they try to belittle and becloud Zukor's character.

Refutation of the idea that Zukor has a 'corner' on all the good things in the film business is found in the case of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and its productions. It is generally conceded in Hollywood, and elsewhere for that matter, that the Loew company has made the most consistently fine box-office and artistic photoplays during the past year. Although Zukor and Loew have a common meeting place in their private lives it is a moot question as to whether or not that has anything to do with their relative positions in the business world. Competition can be keen between the best of friends.

Whilst Zukor may control a few theaters in the larger cities it can be readily ascertained, by those who care to take the trouble to find out the truth about these things, that he does not maintain any strangle hold on the thousands of small theaters out in the back country where the real profit of the film business is made.

Credit must be given Adolph Zukor for more than his native sagacity. He has surrounded himself, during the course of the construction of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, with the best business and artistic folk on the mart. The present thorough administration of Paramount affairs is the result of the manipulation of specialized experts in every phase of production, distribution and exhibition. Pre-eminent among these we find Sidney R. Kent, general manager.

Eight years ago Kent joined the Paramount force in the middle west as a film salesman. He progressed rapidly through all of the minor positions until he eventually became special district manager, later manager of distribution, and finally, general manager of all of the affairs of Paramount. Kent's word in the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is practically all-powerful. A man of vision . . . of dynamic energy . . . and resource, he has whipped the organization into line until it has achieved unparalleled efficiency. Wiseacres make the claim that when Zukor eventually retires from active participation in Paramount affairs, Kent will take over the reins. He is a man that commands the unreserved respect of every fair-minded individual in the film world.

THE pre-eminence of Jesse L. Lasky, however, seems to have died somewhat in the space of the past two years. Repeatedly, statements have been made in various parts of the business world that he was contemplating leaving the Paramount organization, but naught has come of it to date. Lasky's position as production chief on the west coast seemed to be more or less composed of making announcements to the press and issuing denials and such. It is the contention of the writer that the administration of Lasky's department has not been consistent with the progress of the departments headed by Kent and the others in New York. With a change just made in the executive personnel of the studios in Hollywood, it is quite probable that this prevalent and deplorable condition will be speedily remedied.

Furthermore, replacing DeMille with D. W. Griffith was one of the shrewdest maneuvers ever executed by Zukor. Griffith has a much stronger hold upon the public fancy than DeMille ever approached. He is also the logical man to bolster up the production quality of the company. Gossip in Hollywood has it that in producing "The Sorrows of Satan", the Marie Corelli novel which Zukor intends to make in 'steen reels, he is flaunting his glove at DeMille with the air of saying, " 'The Ten Commandments' was only a horse opera. Wait until you see Griffith's cinema colossus!".

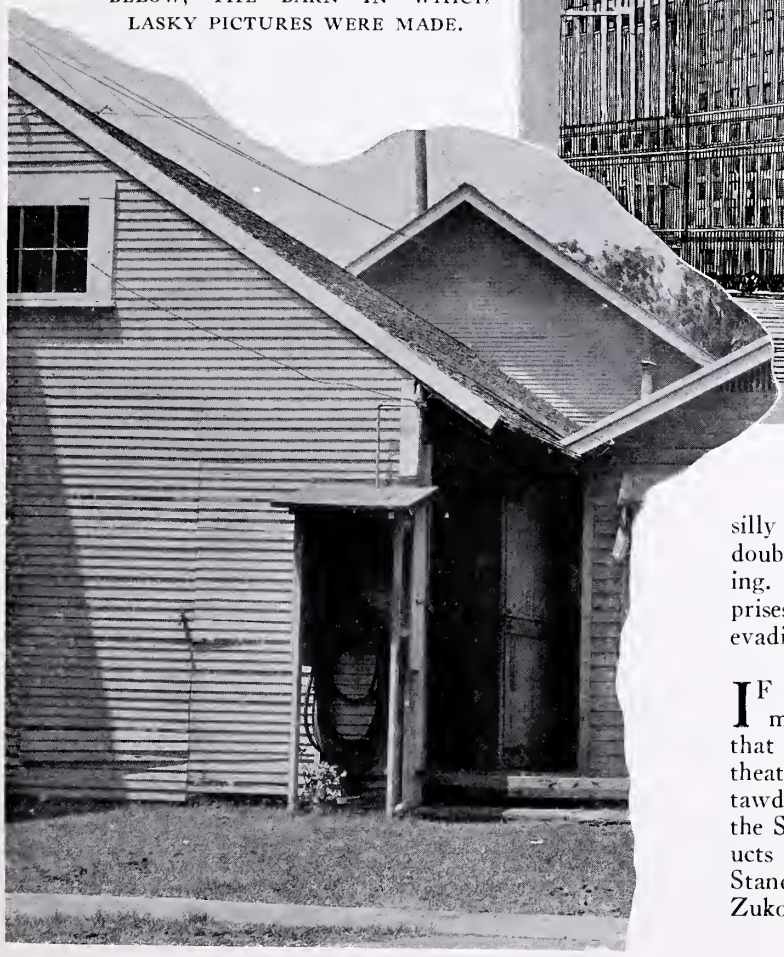
While many changes have been made in Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for some time past, it is indicative, in my estimation, of Zukor's never-ending ideal of procuring the best people for his company. That he has failed in this sundry times in the past is a known fact. But all progress is born of that retrieved failure commonly called 'experience'.

The motion picture business has progressed to the point where it today does not deal in hundreds of theaters but thousands of them. Any man who hopes to jump into the field and get rich quick is entertaining a serious delusion. Many investors have been fleeced in their endeavor to carve their names on the portals of Hollywood. It is quite natural, then, that investors will buy the securities of the bigger companies in preference to the glittering, yet guilty-looking, proferrings of the unknown. The same is true of the motion picture business today as was true of the oil business years ago. At the time the Standard Oil Company was the object of a monopoly investigation, it occupied a stronger position in its respective field than Zukor and his organization does today in the cinema realm. With the quasi-dissolution of the Standard Oil and the killing

of the monopoly one would think that the little man in the oil business would go ahead and work. The majority still sit back and 'slam' Mr. Rockefeller. Maybe the idea of giving a man a foot, that he may wail for a yard, might be applied to the case of Zukor, too.

There is no more vigorous advocate for independence in the motion picture field and elsewhere than the writer. However, I fail to grasp the full meaning of the present hullabaloo. If business ingenuity and pre-eminence, earned through years of arduous labor and natural shrewdness, shall find its reward in a monopolistic classification, then what hope is there for business advancement in this country? If Zukor, because of his good fortune, shall find his efforts put to naught by the wave of a congressional hand, then what incentive will there be for any man to build up a gigantic enterprise to the point where he shall go under the senatorial thumb? The real throttling of the motion picture business will be caused by the present clique that seeks to cut the throat of Zukor's organization in a vain endeavor to satisfy a selfish purpose.

It will mean that producers . . . distributors . . . exhibitors . . . will be afraid of the monopoly bugaboo that will thereafter continually hover over them. That the business will stand an excellent chance of waning away to nothing because of such



BELOW, THE BARN IN WHICH LASKY PICTURES WERE MADE.

THE NEW PARAMOUNT BUILDING IN NEW YORK.

silly and unreasonable legislation as that now pending, is beyond doubt. The present case is an excellent one of much-ado-about nothing. If Zukor should be defeated he need only to divide his enterprises into separate divisions, with their own corporate identity, thus evading the monopoly club.

IF the so-called "independents" win the present battle, they will make ludicrous figures of themselves. They are nursing a hope that by beating Zukor they can push their tawdry pictures into his theatres, which may or may not be filled with an abundance of tawdry pictures already. However, they should bear in mind that the Standard Oil has not been clubbed into selling the gasoline products of the little fellows in its stations. And they will tell you Standard Oil is no longer a monopoly. The same will be true of Zukor; he cannot be *forced* to show independent products through

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Keystone

INDIA

By Edwin Meyers

Illustrated by Harold W. Miles

A LANGUID breeze playing in from the distant hills carried in its wake the melancholy strains of a flute and a chorus of faint voices chanting an eerie melody. Before me stretched a panorama of thatched roofs, a cluster of mud walls; beyond, a barren vista of paddy fields stretching out to the gray hills.

Such is the little village of Jilandi in India—one of those places of which the outside world is not conscious. A place deep in that mysterious interior where the feet of white men rarely tread; where, in perfect abandon, dusky, half-naked men; brown, shy, brass-bedecked women and dirty children live the life of a thousand years ago.

The moon slowly emerged from the shadow of the hills—dim oil lamps began to flicker here and there among the huts. Cow carts laden with bundles of grass swung into the village with tired, lazy bumps and creaking of wheels, the sleepy drivers swaying drunkenly, their one care in the world to stay on top of the uncertain seats. Hungry pariah dogs barked, sheep bleated, and the silhouette of a trail of men shouldering primitive plows or leading goats appeared from nowhere, their day's work done.

Among the cowcarts was one that became the center of attention, the cause of scurrying footsteps and a murmur of excited voices. A group of all but naked boys skipped and danced around it as it drew nearer. Squatted on the cart were four men, natives of the city class. Between them rested a portable hand projector and an open, rusty can of films!

The cart came to a halt in the center of the village. One of the men stood up on top of the cart, and tolled a large hand bell, the clangor of which brought out villagers not already crowded around. The town was turning out *en massse.*

The four men alighted from the cart and got busy. A strip of cloth, size about six feet by three, was nailed to the side of a hut. It was deeply shaded by a big mango tree. The little projector was placed on a stand ten feet away from the screen. Bamboo poles formed the framework of the remaining three walls of the "theatre" being erected; ropes and mattresses completed these barriers. There remained the problem of seats, easily solved by placing other mattresses upon the ground.

A gap in the barrier, and two lanterns, marked the gate. The showman with the bell now raised it aloft, and after an introductory clamor began a frantic vocal performance:

'Come ye! Come one and all!" he yelled.

"See the magic of the white man—see the great cities and towns over the seas—see the houses and the people—see Calcutta, Bombay and Madras — see England and America!"

A great deal more of the same sort followed—while the natives streamed in and made themselves comfortable in squatting positions on the mattresses. Who could resist the promise those words conveyed? Who, in that monotony of mud huts, paddy fields and gray hills, would neglect the opportunity of exploring, vicariously, the great, colorful, outside world?

The fee was one cent for adults, half a cent for children. Coins tinkled into the earthen plate the gateman held out until all who could pay had entered. Then came dead silence—and the first flash of film on the screen!

A jumbled assortment, totaling about three reels, was shown. Over five hundred feet of the opening were cut-outs from pictorial and news events of the world. Then there was a strip of a racing scene from some picture, a vision of crowded stands; there followed two hundred feet of a Charles Ray picture, then nearly a thousand feet of an American serial featuring Eddie Polo. As a finale came a bevy of bathing girls on California's shores—

The lips of the brown people glistened. They were drinking, intoxicating all their five senses, with their eyes. They wondered if such scenes, such beings, really existed!

So it is that weird jumbles of film from Hollywood penetrate into the depths of India, to stir the minds of the mystic, ancient races; to introduce civilization into jungles and wastes it has otherwise forgotten in its march.

NEVER before had I realized the mighty spiritual and intellectual force of the motion picture as I did at that moment, when a wandering band of penny showmen, unwitting missionaries of progress, threw upon the wall of a mud hut in Jilandi the spirit of America!

Unaltered by other civilizing influences throughout the ages; wrapped in the mystery, bound by the stoicism of India, the huddled brown mass of humanity succumbed to the motion picture. Eyes glittered, mouths hung open, breath came in sharp gasps. The seed of hitherto unfelt desires, of ambition, was being sown. I saw in their faces and attitudes, the India of tomorrow—an India of new towns, of new industries and one religion.

A great part of India's three hundred millions now live their lives as did their forefathers through hundreds of generations, as do the people of Jilandi. Unconcerned, untouched in their isolation, they sow corn, plow fields, herd goats, sheep and cows—beyond the penetrative powers of all civilizing influences but one, indifferent to all attempts to enlighten them but one—and that one is the motion picture!

Through this "magic of the white man," they even now have begun to change. The barrier of the ages is crumbling its assault. Princes and goat herds, lone hermits of the mountains and tillers of the soil are breaking through it to attend schools and colleges, to become doctors, lawyers, merchants, English and Latin scholars; their original torch of inspiration, dancing shadows on a sheet, tacked to the walls of a mud hut under a mango tree.

EDWIN MEYERS GREW UP IN INDIA.

In India today, there are about eleven motion picture companies producing. The men behind them are handicaped by lack of the equipment, organization and faclities that are enjoyed in Hollywood, but they are full of enthusiasm. Most of the studios have hardly any lighting system at all, but wealth of natural settings and free use of a multitude of ancient oriental architectural structures compensate, to a certain extent. The ideas and ideals of the producers are great, money is available, but they lack the tools. Gradually these handicaps will be overcome, and mass entertainment for three hundred million people will be supplied, in part, by India's producers.

Madan Theatres, Ltd., of Calcutta is the largest organization now producing in India. There are seven Madan brothers, each in charge of a separate department. They have a theatre chain of about one hundred houses in India, Burma and Ceylon, and are the largest, best equipped of the local producing organizations.

The studio is about five miles from Calcutta, close to a fashionable race course and advantageously situated as to nearby scenic material. Two regular stages and an automatic, revolving one, brought from Germany by one of the Madan brothers who spent three years there; German lighting equipment and other facilities luxurious in India, modest in Hollywood, accommodate the three or four units ordinarily kept busy.

Labor is cheap, great palaces and temples available for use, all manner of scenery within reach—so the cost of an ordinary feature is from $5,000 to $7,000. Once we needed, for one of Madan's biggest historical pictures, a scene showing the state entry of a mighty prince into his city. We needed many elephants, and only three were to be had locally. So we loaded our equipment into a train and made for a town called Sonepore, in Central India, where, that month, thousands of natives were gathering from all parts of the country, with their elephants, camels, cattle and other possessions, to attend a great fair.

Two days later we shot our scenes, with a train of one hundred elephants, many camels and horses, and about six hundred natives rigged up in our costumes, with swords, spears and guns. That made a great retinue that filled our every need—but we estimated that five thousand elephants, "parked" row upon row, chained to trees and bearing grotesque chalk marks on their foreheads, were available in town. A great area was dotted with thousands of colorful camps, the streets were a sea of brown humanity in picturesque costume. Flags and bunting hid the skies. What more in the way of setting could we desire?

As for the cost—that for the whole procedure totaled but a few hundred rupees. For every elephant with trappings and mahout, we paid about sixty cents per day.

The extras were satisfied with their thirty cents per day.

Mythological pictures were the vogue in the early days there, but American pictures brought about a change in the demands of the masses. From tales of legendary gods and heroes, production turned to social, sociological and psychological themes. Character delineation is highly evolved and subtle, on the one hand; on the other, double exposure and trick scenes are very popular. All subtitles are written in three languages—English, Hindi, and Bengali.

IT MAY be inferred from this, and correctly, that motion picture entertainment bridges the great social chasms as effectively in India as it does the smaller class gaps found in America. It is a far cry from the lowest natives of the interior to the cultured, highly educated class at the top of the social strata, but they have a common meeting ground in the films. And even the highest classes—cultured graduates of European universities—draw their greatest inspiration from American pictures. Because American pictures are, to an extent, modeled after them, American influence on thought and culture among India's three hundred milions is also supreme.

J. J. Madan, vice-president in charge of Madan production, is one of the most promising of India's directors. Two remarkably good cameramen in charge of photography are J. C. Sircar, a Hindu and a great artist of the camera, and Charles Creed, an Englishman. The wizard of the organization, the man behind the wheels, is Rustomjee—he skillfully manipulates the gears and controls of production. About a dozen featured players are in stock with Madan—English, American, Indian and Anglo-Indian. A few years ago, Countess Rina de Ligiuro, who played "Messalina" in that Italian picture, was leading lady at Madan Studios.

The problem of "extras" is a very simple one. They have on contract over two hundred players who feature in oriental plays in Madan theatres, and from these stage actors supporting players, characters and extras are picked for screen productions. Their contracts are for work on both stage and screen.

The Madans control the sole agency throughout India, Burma and Ceylon for all Paramount and Pathe products, while Universal, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, United Artists, Fox, First National and Warner Brothers productions are frequently handled.

Over 95 per cent American films are now being shown in India, and their appeal is the greatest to all classes and castes. Take a glimpse at a typical large cinema house there. Electric lights blaze outside as they do here, from all sides a steady stream of humanity pours in. A six-foot, turbaned Hindu stands out in front of the main entrance, on the broad marble steps,

LEADING THE PROCESSION WERE TWO HUGE ELEPHANTS.

politely receiving guests. Victorias, traps, hackney carriages, Fords and limousines are drawing up in a constant parade, discharging their cargoes of a hundred different nationalities of men, to assemble under one roof and to follow one train of thought —"made in America."

Many classes of Hindus and Moslems hold forth in a babel of tongues. They are dressed in all manner of costume, with turbaned heads, fezzed heads, hatted and capped and bare heads. They discuss the different luminaries of Hollywood! Giant Punjabis from the North, with flowing robes; Bengali youths with horn-rimmed spectacles (testifying to the influence of Harold Lloyd!!) sleek, black-robed Persians; bold, hawk-like Afghans; silk-clad Burmese; coal-black Madrasses and pious Brahmins—even half-naked coolie boys slinking around, their admission coin clutched eagerly in hand, all forge toward the doors.

Midst all this, a Rolls-Royce may drive up and some Rajah, with his retinue in glittering silks and diamonds, step out to pay their homage to Doug, Mary or Charlie. European ambassadors, wealthy business men, government officials, British and American sailors, English and Anglo-Indian flappers—all mass together in this picturesque and novel mixture of humanity.

I doubt if in any part of the world there are more ardent hero worshippers than the natives of India. They love to see brave deeds, clever stunts and action. Serials are one of their greatest weaknesses, and the names of Pearl White, Ruth Roland, Chas. Hutchinson and George B. Seitz are carved in golden letters in the innermost recess of their minds. American comedy also brings great joy to India's millions—they laugh till they almost faint.

In the city of Calcutta—the New York of India—Madans run nearly a dozen picture houses. The largest of these is "The Madan Theatre," a very modern structure seating over one thousand. Prices range from 30 cents to a dollar or more.

The Grand Opera House, one of Calcutta's most noted and ancient landmarks in the theatrical field, with its huge seating capacity, is now turned into a picture palace, controlled by the Globe Cinema Co. of Rangoon. It is practically the only house of repute in opposition to the Madans.

Bombay, India's second city, has many good picture houses too, and is production center for the "Kohinoor" and "Taj-Mahal" film companies. The former, I believe, is being backed by British capital and is preparing very ambitious schemes.

Here in America publicity and presentation of pictures is an art by itself, but even in the larger cities in India, it is a very undeveloped art. The presentation is quite ordinary. Usually the feature is preceded

by news reel and pictorials; and followed by a Hal Roach, Mack Sennett or Christie comedy. Sometimes vaudeville is coupled with pictures, when some local or globe-trotting company is engaged as a special attraction.

The great pipe organs of American theatres are other features not yet introduced in India. The larger theatres have from half-a-dozen to a dozen players in the orchestra, and special music is selected for every big program. Teddy Frangopoulo of the "Picture House" of Calcutta is the Hugo Rosenfeld of India—a modest youth with a tremendous perception of cinematic musical composition. The Bantleman Brothers; of the "Madan Theatre" are another talented pair.

Many forces at work and conditions existing will make India, some day, the greatest consumer of motion picture entertainment. This is no unconsidered statement, but one founded upon intimate knowledge of the land where I have lived most of my life, and upon rather exhaustive study of film conditions in Italy, Germany, England and America.

The most formidable of the forces and conditions that will bring about the realization of this prophesy is the vast population. More than three hundred million potential movie-goers is a figure startling enough in itself, but it means nothing until the temperament of the people is taken into consideration. That temperament, mixed through the population, is overwhelmingly responsive to the motion picture. The races of India are dreamers, mystics; ingrained in them is a great love of the dramatic, a great desire to adventure vicariously, a tremendous curiosity of the sort best satisfied by the motion picture.

What nation, then, will gain supremacy in supplying the India of the future with its motion picture entertainment? To anyone who understands the people of this land, it is evident that the home product will never supplant imported films. Pictures made in India supply a very definite need, a need that is growing rapidly in importance; but the great demand of the population now is for pictures dealing with other lands.

At present, as I have already said, the supremacy of the films from America is overwhelming. Naturally, English films are next in popularity, and once they were serious rivals. I remember the days when Hepworth-Gaumont-Stoll's pictures featuring Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Gregory Scott, Betty Balfour and others were very popular in India. Now England has lost her hold. For that matter, American films are sweeping into England itself, as well as all the other countries of the world, and in every instance that has come under my observation they are gaining rather than losing in the race for popularity over the native product.

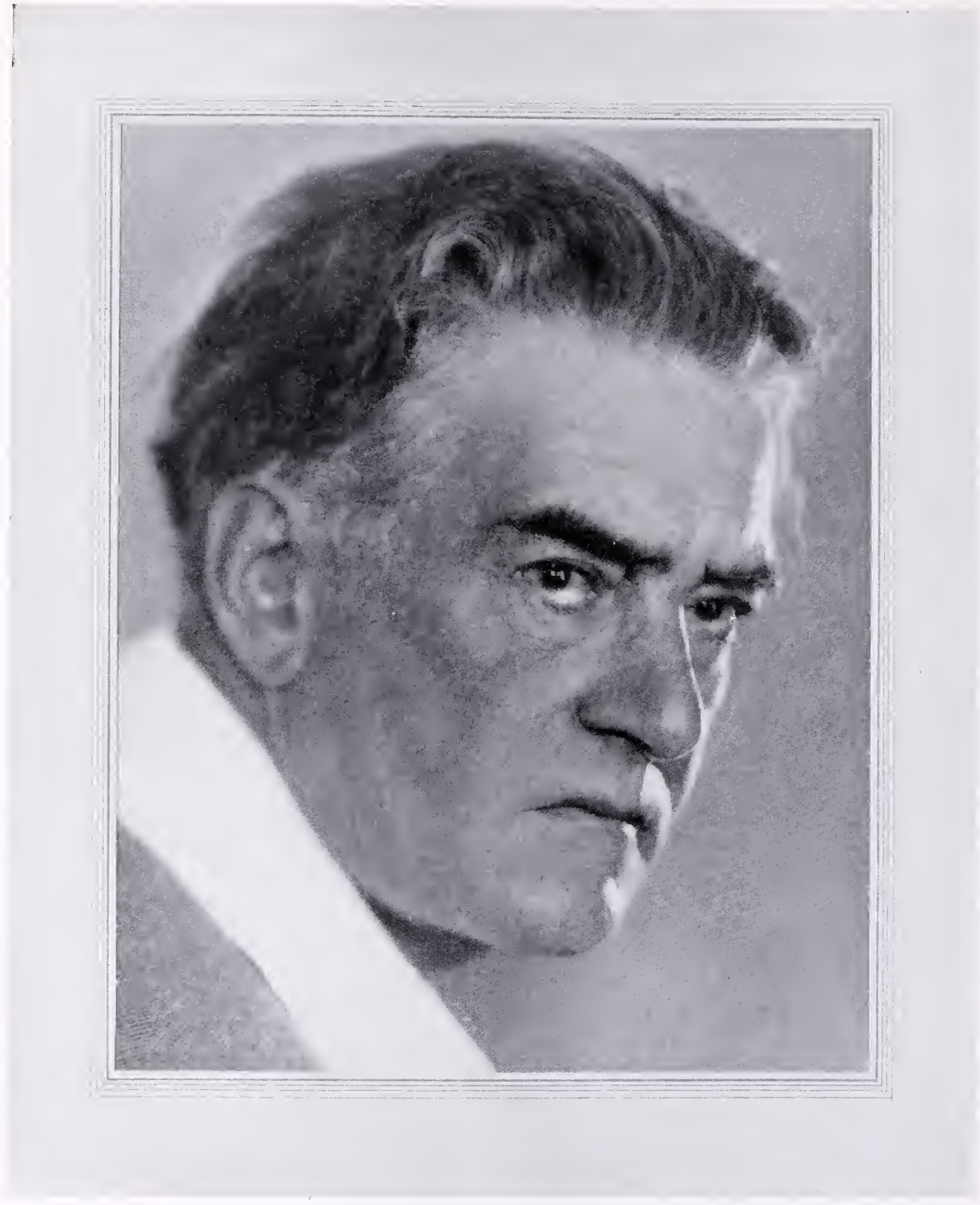
Stand with me before the Criterion in London, if you will, on that cold, blustery night when I saw "The Ten Commandments" there. The scene presents a strong outward contrast to that I have sketched of Jilandi. A bitter wind blows in from the Thames, and in the glare of the electric lights we see a mass of bundled-up humanity, uniformly outfitted; a sea of bowler hats on the men replace the turbans and fezzes.

Yet there is a deeper relationship, a hidden significance that links this scene with that of Jilandi. The American film has made its conquest of one of the world's greatest strongholds of civilization, the seat of a commercial rival's power, on the one hand; on the other, it has reached a far-flung outpost of that civilization. Truly, the sun never sets on the territory it has conquered!

Germany offers more possibilities of competition with America in the future. As I analyze the situation, English films come next in importance, present and future, to German; then French, then Italian. As I toured the studios of London and haunted the offices of Wardour street, I found that what England really needs is a motion picture colony, a Hollywood. The system and organization of Hollywood, with its picture atmosphere, its army of actors, its fifty thousand extras, its mechanical facilities, are lacking in England. There forces are scattered.

English movies have received comparatively little support from the people of England, and even now Parliament is stirred over the situation, and is making arrangements to stimulate interest in the home film product. German films are well supported in Germany, and German system gives an advantage in a certain type of production, but in common with French and Italian films, and to a smaller extent, with English films, they strike the wrong note in India and in other far countries. The reason for this is simple. Films came first in America, and spread over the world from America. People everywhere learned to enjoy and understand films in which the stories or messages were told in the American way, and the American way in which they were educated was, and is, much different from the German, French

(Continued on Page 67)



Melbourne Spurr

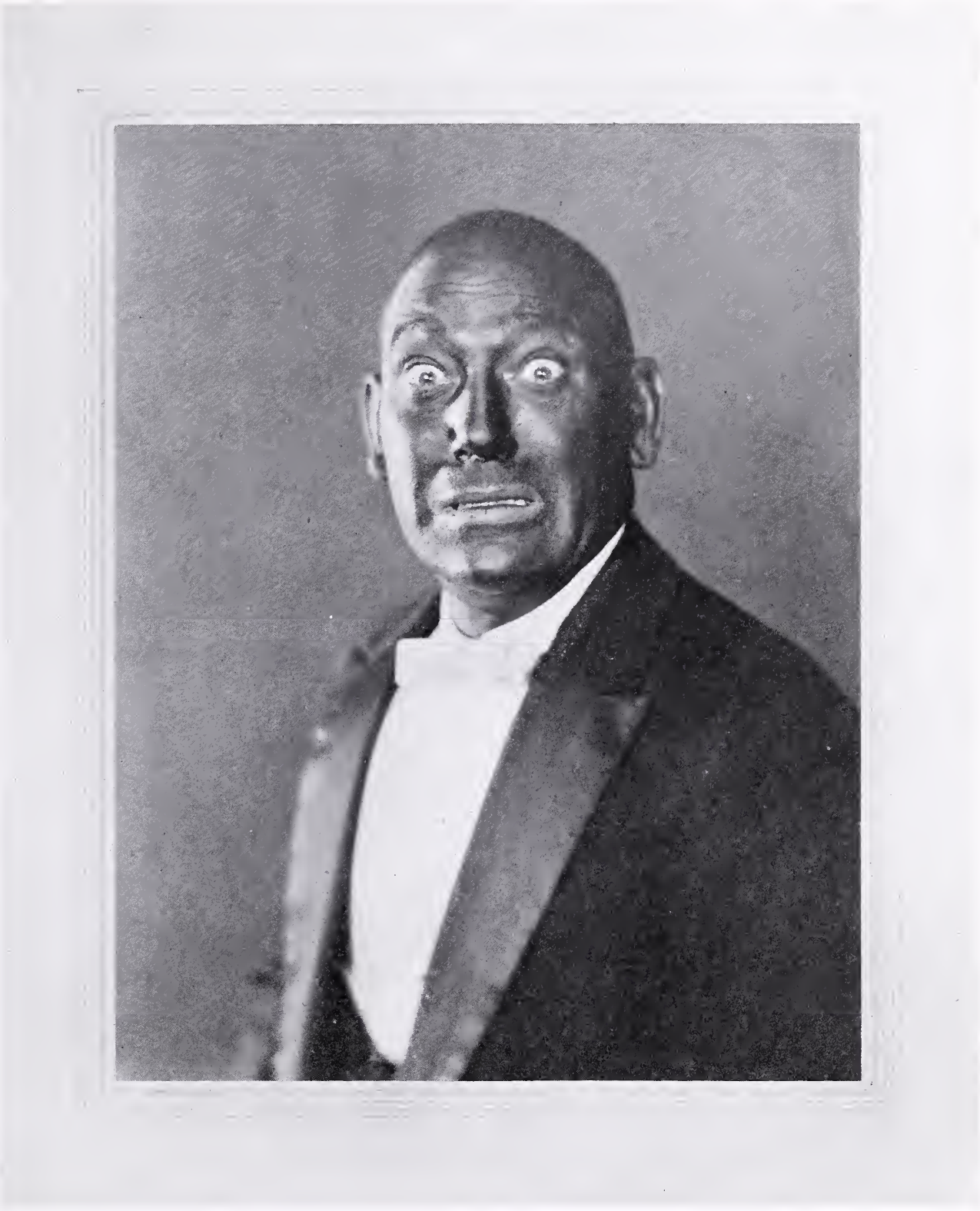
There's a rugged strength about Tyrone Power that makes him a dominant figure in any production in which he appears. While in no sense new to the screen, this veteran stage star has now definitely aligned himself with the silent drama as offering greater opportunities for histrionic talents.

Melbourne Spurr

After spending his first three years in California under contract to Warner Brothers during which he has played featured leads in many notable productions, Huntley Gordon now announces his decision to enter the free lance field upon the expiration of his contract about March first.

Freulich

Get Kate Price and Colleen Moore together and you have in truth a couple of "Colleens". In the screen version of "Irene" which is to be Colleen Moore's next vehicle, Kate Price has just the sort of role that is best suited to her and one in which she is genuinely convincing.



Warner Bros.

Just before this picture was taken, the photographer asked Charles "Heinie" Conklin, featured comedian under contract to Warner Brothers, how he would like to appear in Ernst Lubitsch's next production. Judge for yourself what his answer will be when he recovers from the first shock.

And here's John Patrick, one of the most promising leading men of the day, who has just started his featured role in William Beaudine's production of "Leave It To Me!" for Warner Brothers, to whom he is under contract.

There is a certain spiritual quality about Enid Bennett that characterizes all her screen appearances and which the photographer has caught admirably in this camera study of a screen favorite who needs not the reflected glory of her celebrated husband, Fred Niblo, to hold her popularity with the theatre-going public.

In a land where the unusual and the bizarre in architecture is the rule, and where "Hansel and Gretel" houses spring up like magic overnight, there is a refreshing appeal in the chaste dignity and beauty of the classic Mount Vernon exterior of the old Thomas H. Ince studio in Culver City. It seems peculiarly fitting that within these walls where the late Thomas H. Ince so sturdily fought for the future of motion pictures, another "flaming spirit" is carrying on.

Cecil DeMille CARRIES ON

HILLARD CONWELL is a decorative colored gentleman, who for years has been an interesting feature of the Thomas H. Ince Studio, now renamed for Cecil DeMille, who purchased it after the death of his predecessor.

It is Hillard who, attired in the garb of a butler of olden times, hurries to each newly arriving automobile to greet its occupants and to take them to the front door of the beautiful colonial mansion, which makes this picture plant one of the showplaces of the screen world.

"Yes, sir," says Hillard, "Mr. Ince was a fine gentleman, but Mr. DeMille is a fine gentleman, too. Neither one of them would tolerate any nonsense—no, sir!"

Perhaps in this statement lies the explanation for the amazing success of two of the most startling comets to flash upward across the heavens of filmdom.

Tom Ince was never the sort of man who would "stand for nonsense." Ince was a sort of feudal leader, a companionable, likeable sort of a man who held his followers by chains wrought out of his own personality, and yet who could drop a smile to draw on the iron glove of stern leadership, when such a move was necessary.

Cecil DeMille is like—and yet unlike Thomas H. Ince in this respect. It is said that no director or executive in the business exacts quite as strict a discipline from his followers as does DeMille. Observers of his methods have proclaimed them almost military in their precision and in their demand that things be done on schedule without delay and without alibis.

DeMille is a man who delegates authority to departments demanding accurate service from them, but interfering only when

the results are not up to expectation. Ince, while equally a martinet, dipped his hands more freely into the general bowl of his studio activities.

Both of these men stand as positive independent figures.

Ince by virtue of the pranks of fortune, was always an independent. DeMille has attained that status only within the past few months. He has, however, through all of his career stood out for apparently an unquenchable desire to venture forth into new and untried fields. DeMille and Ince, both pioneers, are responsible for many great innovations in the picture business. DeMille and Ince gained public notice largely because in the early days they had the bravery to attempt "impossible" things. When they had triumphed, the victory was for them profitable in proportion.

When Tom Ince was living, he and Cecil DeMille were always pointed to as the flaming spirits of the industry—as two men whose ideas were constantly in process of flux—as two men who absolutely refused to "stay put" or to sink into a rut.

Thomas H. Ince has passed on, but Cecil B. DeMille is still with the industry and still imbued with that indomitable faith in the future of the film business which has been the chief feature of his entire career.

When Cecil B. DeMille took over the Ince Studio in February, 1925, much was said about the changing status of Mr. DeMille as an independent producer and what it would mean to the industry as a whole. What it has meant is for the judgment of individuals. It stands to reason, however, that the logic which brought about the change was clear and definite. There is no doubt that motion pictures will cease to progress when competition is stifled, when all new and fresh ideas must pass through the minds of three or four men.

Whatever may be said as to the exact position of Cecil DeMille in the present commercial struggle within the industry, it must be admitted that DeMille's entrance into the situation as a fighting independent came at a very psychological time. There is no doubt that this strong recruit has had a revivifying effect upon the entire industry. Whether or not those who argue on the question of the monopoly in the film business are right or wrong, experience of this year and past years seems to prove that the best pictures are made only when, as DeMille puts it, "you are always looking over your shoulder to see how closely the other fellow is treading upon your heels."

Cecil DeMille entered the independent ranks very well equipped with two stars—Rod La Rocque and Leatrice Joy—and an excellent group of experienced players, including Jetta Goudal, Jocelyn Lee, Vera Reynolds, William Boyd, Julia Faye, Robert Edeson, Sally Rand, Josephine Norman, Joseph Schildkraut, Walter Long, Clarence Burton and others.

He has on his directorial staff such men as Rupert Julian, Alan Hale, Paul Sloane and William K. Howard. His writing nucleus includes such names as those of Jeanie Macpherson, Beulah Marie Dix, Garret Fort and Douglas Doty.

Now we are finding these original assets amplified and extended by a working agreement with the Metropolitan Studio, which gives the DeMille plant the value of the executive genius of William Sistrom, as well as permitting an interchange of materials, equipment and personalities between the two studios.

There are two forms of personality that are merchandised in motion pictures. One is seen on the screen; one isn't.

The unseen personality is that of the director. Theatre owners pay big prices for the products of certain directors because each man stands pre-eminent in his ability to place interestingly before the public a certain phase of human life.

Griffith has always meant a strong appeal to the heart, the emotions. Von Stroheim, Lubitsch, translate the lure of the foreign,

ON LOCATION FOR A SCENE IN OLD RUSSIA, WHERE IS LAID THE STORY OF CECIL DEMILLE'S MOST RECENT PRODUCTION, "THE VOLGA BOATMAN."

of Europe into terms of entertainment for the miner, the clerk, the farmer, the corporation head. James Cruze has a virility, a humor, a humanity, that links his picture directly with the intimate life of thousands.

The player, the other personality, is valuable to the industry in proportion to the manner in which his or her personality as it appears on the screen, strikes the fancy of those who witness the performance.

It seems that it is good for every business to have in its ranks a "stormy petrel" —some person who refuses to stay placed but is constantly spurring others towards progress by virtue of his own energy.

Thomas H. Ince and Cecil DeMille were the original stormy petrels—who will succeed them? Certainly the industry hopes that these spirits will be succeeded by others, because there is no doubt that when filmdom fails to have such people within it, then the sun of progress will have set.

Cecil DeMille and Thomas H. Ince rank without a doubt as the most maligned individuals in the industry. Very few people within the industry ever agreed with them and most of their pictures have been greeted by more or less harsh criticisms by newspaper critics and yet these two men attained rank as more commercially successful than any other film duo. The answer is simple—whether or not they were right on specific points of art and drama —one thing is certain, they both possessed the same quality, namely, a perfect intuition for what the public wants.

It seems strange to pass the Thomas H. Ince studio and see a new name blazoned upon its front door.

But it also seems good to see that the name of Ince has been replaced in the independent ranks by another equally as notable.

For there is no doubt that the independents contribute heavily to the progress of the industry through the scare he throws into other producers who, without his competition, might lapse into careless methods.

Who will be the next to bear the mantle of Thomas H. Ince and Cecil B. DeMille?

FROM THE BEAUTY OF THE SOUTHERN COLONIAL ENTRANCE OF THE DEMILLE STUDIO ONE PASSES TO THE RICHLY QUIET DIGNITY OF THE COLONIAL HALL WHERE HILLARD CONWELL GREETS ONE WITH OLD-FASHIONED COURTESY.

The House That Jack Builds

By G. Harrison Wiley

Illustrated by the Author

TWENTY thousand men were employed twenty years in building it. There is written in it in mosaics of precious stones the creed of its builder, and its doors are solid of silver. Slaves were they who labored over it, paid only with a command; yet in its construction has there been expended much gold. In dollars, twenty million more.

Daily people from far lands come to it. They gaze upon it in awe. Its slender spires seek out heaven; its grace is unearthly. Aye, it is the shrine of one known as "Light of the World": her haven from the cares of this. It is the monument to an affection transcending life. It is the Taj Mahal, and stands, dazzling white marble, at Agra.

When to the ends of the earth these people return, each to the home of his own, some little of awe will go with each, some little of grace will there be, some little of understanding. The beauty of this jewel will have entered into them, will be carried in hearts and minds; they will know what loveliness in stone the hands of man can fashion.

But there are a thousand of them, or ten, or an hundred. And there are millions of them, even hundreds of millions, who will never have seen it.

Architecture, the art of which the Taj Mahal is one of the most beautiful existing works, is more closely related to the every-day life of men than is any other.

But a few hours of his daily life can the average man give to the hearing of music. Fewer hours may he walk through the galleries where paintings are hung. Nor may he, in the stress of nowadays, peer for more than a few short minutes into his most loved books.

While between walls the Architect has planned, he walks about his business. Within them he dwells; they ever shelter him, guard him, make for his comfort; and, as they are beautiful, quietly inspire him to beauty in thinking and living.

Yet architecture has been an art of little popular acquaintance, has been an art almost wholly professional. Whereas in music all men somehow share, be it as they blow or strum some instrument with skill or not, or only lift their voices in simple song, fewer have played upon the

THE HOUSES THAT JACK BUILDS ARE MARKED BY QUAINT LITTLE TOUCHES OF THE OLD WORLD REMINISCENT OF PICTURES HE HAS SEEN. FOR INSTANCE, IN THE LOWER RIGHT IS SEEN A BIT OF GRAUSTARK SPRINGING UP ALMOST OVERNIGHT.

rather than by heavy handed clumsiness.

Has it occurred to you that to the influence of the cinema this wondrous change, awakening, may be fairly credited?

Has it occurred to you that your neighbor, your banker, your chauffeur, as does Jack, lives in a house that is better because he dreams awhile of an evening, near you in your favorite picture show?

IT IS a far cry from the Taj Mahal to that little cottage tucked away over the hill beyond your home, the one with the tiny dove cote up under the eaves, quaint leaded windows and a flag paved terrace for summer suppers. The one, I mean, with the lovely tree shading it, and such a neat hedge row. How quaint! "It is old world," you say, and "it has an air of l i v i n g 'round it, of living and dreams."

"Old world" to be sure. It is like that little place in Devonshire where you tarried in honeymoon time.

"Surely n o w," you say to yourself, "Jack couldn't have s e e n that cot in Devonshire! He's never been abroad."

No, and there are millions who never have, even hundreds of millions.

Jack will tell you if you ask him. Tell you of that night when they saw that house in Devonshire as they sat in the darkness before a picture screen.

The cinema has brought "abroad" to Jack.

harmonies of line and form in building.

Architecture is concerned, not alone with the abstract of grace and proportion, but with the necessities of usage, situation, and strength of materials. To be of lasting worth, esthetic and practical, the creation of the architect must exhibit a nicety of form, an assurance of stability and endurance, an aptness to locale, and efficiency, a fitness for the purpose to which it may have been dedicated.

In late years in this country there has been a remarkable renaissance in architecture. Evidence of this may be had in the greater civic interest in the design and placing of public buildings. It may be had, too, in an even casual survey of certain semi-public buildings, upon which more and more care and money is being expended that they be not only utilitarian, but in line and ornament pleasing. But above all, it may be noticed in our homes.

Today, In the House that Jack Builds, the hideous gingerbreads, the ghastly art glass work, the wood butcheries of a decade or so ago, have no place. It cannot be denied that good taste prevails in chaste simplicity, in adherence to structural verities, in the dominance of detail by sincerity rather than affectation, by skilled grace

It has brought to the millions of people in this country who daily patronize its theatres the best of the whole wide world. It has given to them sometimes a more intimate acquaintance with places, structures and customs of distant lands than you may have had in the trip, business bent or hastily touring, that it may have been your fortune to make. And slowly, surely, as acquainting these stay-at-homes with the beautiful in their own, as well as far lands, it has awakened in them a love of beauty in surrounding, as in thought, and deed. It has guided and given nurture to their tastes, gently, quietly. It has stimulated their desire for the fine and enduring good.

It has given this acquaintance and molded these tastes in several manners, chiefly through the travelogue or lesson picture and the photodrama, or the combination of the two. I am personally inclined to think the latter while more subtle, is more lastingly effective. That only because to the so-called educational part of a program there may be a certain measure of indifference, amounting in instances to active resistance to teaching or preachment, a phenomenon of psychology notable in the masses. While, conscious mind absorbed in the following of fascinating tales, in that other, subconscious, it touched and stimulated an instinctive (even in the most primitive) love of beauty.

The directly educational film is of course the most dynamic in its lesson, influence. It vigorously compares, it praises, it ridicules. It presents logically certain propositions and shouts a conclusion:

"This is good—and you should make it your own guide!" "This is bad—shun it!"

The mode of the photoplay is no less vigorous in praise or ridicule. It is more subtle only in that its conclusions are but suggested.

IT IS a traditional premise that wealth buys the finest of a land; that poverty must accept the inferior. It is a fact accepted that the best is to be coveted, the shoddy hated, if endured. Thrown on the screen, the home, possessions, the manners of the wealthy, the hovel, the existence of the poor; if in the first there be the beautiful, it *is the desired.* If in the latter the tawdry, the ugly, the crude—these eventually become despised.

Even mindful of the traditional premise have been the makers of photoplays. Ever have they sought to give to the wealthy of their tales the finest. And to their poor the most shoddy, the ugliest, that they may be pitied, or despised.

To this end early in the history of the screen they sought out men who, best knowing, could best provide beauty, or its opposites, in imagined place and structure; the great artist, the skilled and learned architect, the decorator, the draper, the painter.

The coming of these to the screen gave to *them* a vast new opportunity. Where, in practice of their art out in the world of fact they had been limited, because of the comparative permanency of their work, by conservatism, they became bold, daring; where so deeply concerned with competitive bidding, they had split dimes, here tremendous financial expenditure was the boast and competition of the so recently opulent industry.

And where they had been hampered by the personal tastes of clients, where they had never dared (save in the instance of certain of the greatest names) resent the demand for the Moorish minaret on a Gothic frame (just because Mrs. So-and-So's Uncle Algernon owned Cholmondely House in Lunnon), they found themselves almost wholly master.

For few challenged their design. They were paid well to be right beyond question or ridicule. If they said, in answer to the few suggestions, "but it just couldn't be done"—flatly, and meant that the imaginary sort of person whose supposed place it was would have better taste, it just wasn't done. In this *freedom* their imagination flowered.

In California, I believe, before elsewhere in America a direct influence of the cinema upon the House that Jack Builds becomes evident. Here may be traced even the course of story types. A popular story is made having as locale a mythical village in middle Europe. And appear as by magic, in the way of the West, castles and cottages patterned after the castles and cottages of that village, existing yesterday only as a vision of the art director, today in wallboard and plaster on the studio lot, and tomorrow as ashes in an incinerator, where studio refuse is destroyed.

Stories of ancient Egypt appear—an entire block becomes reminiscent of Karnac and Luxor, sheltering countless dreamy-eyed and full-lipped Cleopatras from as far away as Far Rockaway even, who may lead you to a vacant seat. China and Russia have been seen in a photoplay. Then again on a street in "Our Town."

NEVER would I intimate that we who design for the cinema are directly to be credited for the splendid homes that today mark the prosperity of America, nor of the magnificent memorial temples, nor of the halls of state. Our part is most often quiet, hidden. Ours to mould the taste of the multitude, to create in them a desire, yea, a strong demand that their daily surrounding be even more lovely than those of their dreams upon the screen.

For though there are few enough architects who have never consciously or unconsciously "adapted" a setting that they may have seen upon the screen to a building or their own planning, these splendid artists have more than kept pace with progress. They, years and years ago, could have built better and more beautiful buildings—had they built to their own taste.

But sometime, when you seek an architects services, inquire of him, if he, or if you doubt the influence of the screen, how many of his clients are disposed to say—

"And last night we saw the loveliest room—it looked out upon a charming garden, with a pool and fountain! It was adorable, just the room we have always dreamed—I wonder if you could drop in to see it this evening? It's in a picture at the Rialto——"

Try that question, or do you need? Has it not perhaps been your own experience?

We are glad that we are helping that architect in so great a way. That we are inspiring, subtly, with little notice by them, or to ourselves, so many who dream with us an hour or two of evening; into a greater appreciation of him, the architect.

But do you know, folks, I've never yet heard of an art director receiving a fan letter! Never. Yet the stars get them, and the writers, and directors, too.

William Beaudine

WILLIAM BEAUDINE, fresh from directing two Pickford successes, "Scraps" and "Little Annie Rooney," has just launched "Leave It To Me," for Warner Brothers. Patsy Ruth Miller, John Patrick and Montague Love will have the leading roles. The story is by Jerome Fiddler, and was adapted for the screen by E. T. Lowe, Jr., and Phil Klein. This is Mr. Beaudine's first production for Warner Brothers since returning to that company.

In addition to the Beaudine picture, Jack L. Warner and Bennie Zeidman have announced two other strong new productions, "The Grifters," Darryl Francis Zanuck's adaptation of the L. A. Lancaster novel, and "Why Girls Go Back Home," a star vehicle for Marie Prevost, by Catherine Brody. The latter was adapted by James Flood, who will also direct, and Walter Morosco; Sonia Hovey wrote the continuity. "The Grifters" will be directed by Roy Del Ruth.

LEWIS MILESTONE has been loaned by Warner Bros. to Famous Players-Lasky to direct Thomas Meighan's next picture to be made under the working title of "A Florida Romance."

Milestone is one of Warner's youngest directors and has just finished his second feature production for that company called "The Cave Man" which featured Matt Moore and Marie Prevost.

He and Matt left for New York last week to shoot several more scenes for "The Cave Man" and at the same time to take in as many of the Broadway theatrical offerings as possible. It was a combined business and pleasure trip. However while in New York negotiations were made for the services of Milestone to direct Thomas Meighan in his next vehicle "A Florida Romance." It is to be made in the Lasky Long Island studio.

DISTINCTIVE To be by Colleen And In the VERSION of

JOHN McCORMICK, general manager of production for First National's west coast units, has announced that Colleen Moore's new photoplay, the film version of the James Montgomery musical comedy, *Irene,* will be made partly in color.

The fashion show sequence, according to McCormick, will be registered in subdued tones of the Techni-color process, a new idea which has recently been discovered by those who invented the method of colored photography.

By the new method, it is said, the reds and other bright colors which have hitherto produced an effect not entirely pleasing to the eye, will blend and be submerged to the level of quality tone of the

CREATIONS *worn* Moore *cast* SCREEN "IRENE"

other colors. For weeks, Colleen Moore, with her cameraman, T. D. McCord, and a staff from the Techni-color studios, have been engaged in making tests. These tests, according to McCormick, have proven to the satisfaction of those concerned that colored photography can be employed in conjunction with black and white successfully.

One of the most gorgeous wardrobes ever designed for a motion picture will be worn by Colleen. Many of the new and novel creations are the star's own ideas, it is said. Cora McGeachy, widely known designer, was especially engaged to design the costumes for *Irene*.

Work on the production is now under way at First National studios.

At Fort Huachuca

By Dorothy Donald and Tom Lewis

FORTY minutes to make the last mile!

We trusted ourselves to the Leaping Goose and its unknown, formidable destination, so that the world might view the most famous of Arizona's many historical valleys and mountain ranges. That sounds like the beginning of a news-pictorial adventure, but it isn't. We were members of Victor Schertzinger's Fox troupe, on location to film "The Golden Strain."

The Leaping Goose, be it known, is the tiny engine that runs between Fairbanks and Fort Huachuca, Arizona. It was now towing locationward a few cars burdened with such important freight as Madge Bellamy, Kenneth Harlan, Ann Pennington, Hobart Bosworth, Frank McGlynn, Lawford Davidson, Grace Morse, Frank Beal, Larry Fisher, Marte Faust, Oscar Smith, Lola Mackey, and among others, the humble authors.

When famous old Fort Huachuca was selected as base of operations for Victor Schertzinger's company, it was picked with full knowledge of the splendid background afforded by the colorful land where Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, John Slaughter, Peter Kitchen, Billy the Kid, Geronimo and other noted characters of fiction history roamed in the days that are gone.

"The Golden Strain," adapted by Eve Unsell from Peter B. Kyne's thrilling fiction story, "Thoroughbreds," has for its locale the very heart of country once frequented by some of the worst men who contributed to the lurid annals of the early West. A few heroic figures, too, had made history around Fort Huachuca.

This quaint post, which has figured so prominently in the history of America, is the home of one of the most famous regiments in the world, the redoubtable Tenth Cavalry, organized in 1866. It is now under the command of Colonel James C. Rhea, popularly known as "Jim Crow" Rhea. The post, at one time or another, has been the stamping ground for some of the most renowned fighting men that the country has produced, a notable list that includes Major-General Leonard E. Wood and General Jack Pershing.

THE Tenth Cavalry is composed of negroes, commanded by white officers, and was organized immediately after the Civil War. It bore an honorable part in the hard riding and fighting of the gruelling Indian wars, and forty years ago it was scouting the cactus-covered hills of Arizona and Mexico, hunting the bloodthirsty Apache Kid and the troublesome Geronimo.

A period of garrison life in Montana, enlivened by occasional conflict with the ghost-dancing warriors of the North, and the regiment was sent to Tampa, Fla., in 1898, from three different stations. It was known as the Tenth Immunes—and just how well it bore its part in the terrific fighting which engulfed Theodore Roose-

velt is recorded in every history of the Cuban campaign.

In the closing days of the Philippine insurrection, a squadron of the Tenth fought at Samar, the remainder returning to the isolated fort in the towering Huachucas. It followed Pershing—once a lieutenant at the fort—into Mexico immediately after the amazing Columbus raid by swashbuckling Villa. Thereafter it devoted itself to border patrol.

Our first view of the fort showed a desolate, rain-drenched place nestled at the foot of the mountains and overlooking the desert. I think that there were more than one of us who thought of good old sunny Hollywood and hoped that we wouldn't stay the entire three weeks scheduled.

However bleak our first impression, our second was much different. As soon as we got out of the train there were chauffeured cars waiting to take us up to the fort. Five minutes later Col. Rhea was seating us before a huge fire in the Officers' Club and telling us that the cook would serve us some hot breakfast.

Our desire to go over the place, seeking out old bullet holes and perhaps other evidence of the bygone days, was so strong that we did not wait for the rain to cease, but began an inspection tour shortly after our arrival. Officers' Row extends the entire length of the camp. The houses are old and white, covered with vines and nearly all alike. We were assigned to the unoccupied ones, each house having its colorded "striker" or servant. Across from Officers' Row is the huge parade grounds, the club and hospital, and on the other side the barracks and negro quarters.

Scores of men who fought with Miles and Pershing, and many who recall the unhappy days following the Indian wars, still linger in and near the old fort in the hills. On the walls of the Officers' Club are many pictures; in odd corners are numerous spears and other gruesome relics of bygone days. The Tenth, with all its traditions, is a fighting regiment, and the men would ever have it so. They are peaceful and soft-spoken when things are going right, but when danger threatens the Tenth is the first to leap to saddle and reach for revolver and saber.

Topographically, Fort Huachuca is ideally located for a fastness intended to repel a powerful foe. It snuggles in a valley, at the foot of the Huachuca range, and it commands an unbroken view of what had been the stronghold of imperious Cochise. He was a wily old buck who knew the Arizona and Mexican mountains even better than Geronimo.

THIS quaint post, which holds a romantic interest for every soldier, has been the home of dauntless men whose names have been bywords throughout the West. It is only a short distance from Tombstone.

Tombstone! What a name to conjure with!

It is indissolubly linked with a period when Southeastern Arizona was Apacheland—when the white man rode at his own risk—when women must hide behind staunch barricades — and when life was cheap and deviltry was at a premium.

Victorio! Nachez! Geronimo!

These and other savage warriors were incessantly engaged in leading their naked fighters into the mountain ranges which rise from the mesquite-covered plains. They were ever ready to pillage and murder.

And we, the members of the Victor Schertzinger company, in crossing and recrossing the faint trails which spread away to the mountains, were to tread in the very footsteps left by men whose names alone were sufficient to strike terror.

The next day was Sunday, but they say, the better the day the better the work—so we worked. There were riding scenes with Ann Pennington and Frank McLean, Ann riding the old-fashioned side-saddle. We were shooting quite a distance from camp, but that made no difference to the crowds that followed us out to see movies made—they came just the same. I don't think that any of them had ever seen a movie camera before, and they certainly "got a kick" out of it. Possibly we enjoyed them as much as they did us, for most of them were negroes, and their wide-eyed, open-mouthed interest was a comical sight.

Where the bare summits of the Dragoon range break into a multitude of ragged pinnacles, old Cochise and other horribly painted warriors once stood glaring down upon the encroachments of a civilization which they could not understand and which they cordially despised. Here were lighted mysterious signal fires; here were enacted many stark tragedies; here innumerable braves stood ready to meet and balk the white man at every turn.

Standing on a brush-covered knoll far above Fort Huachuca, we were able to see the exact scenes of many heartbreaking encounters through Colonel Jim Rhea's powerful field glasses. Here, during the eighties, chasing Apaches or being chased by them was all in a day's work. Tombstone, seemingly only a stone's throw away, is peaceful today, but what of the days that are gone? Apaches raiding, claim jumpers battling, road agents pillaging stages—Tombstone the deadly had a man for breakfast every morning!

Then came Bat Masterson and the Earp brothers from the once bad lands of Kansas and Indian Territory. Preceding these intrepid gunmen came a murderous band of gamblers and nondescripts, whose ceaseless escapades were almost on a par with those of Geronimo and Apache Kid. They would bag a teamster on the road from Tucson, one day, and raid the unlucky workers who were laying the pipe-line to the Huachucas, the next.

At night stern-faced men rode out in wagons and brought in the dead. Between times they buried them in famous Boot Hill. And as often as not—these dead men were their own friends and relatives—slain by bandits.

THIS was the Arizona of yesteryear. Today things are a bit different in Tombstone and Cochise County. True, Tombstone stands just as it was back in the old days—with its Bird Cage Theater and its pathetic graveyards, with innumerable wooden markers indicating where the men of other days are sleeping—but other crowds, all quite orderly, walk the narrow streets today.

Members of the Schertzinger company could scarcely believe it when they were told as they went spinning down the Benson road, that this was the identical spot where the Clanton boys, Frank Stillwell, John Ringo, the tough old Geronimo and other hard-boiled gentlemen were accustomed to enjoy their gentle pastime of gunning for the unwary.

These mountain ranges, and numerous other points of historical interest, have been faithfully reproduced by Mr. Schertzinger. His story is the tale of a West Point boy who came to famous old Huachuca with the fear in his heart that he was a coward. It concerns Indians and soldiers and men of courageous heart.

Before a week passed I think that everyone in the company was very much in favor of Fort Huachuca. Its people treated us exceedingly well, and our stay was more like a vacation than a location. There was horseback riding every day after work, dinners cooked by darkies that "sure knew their stuff," and dancing and music at night if you wanted, besides lots of rides down to Tombstone, Douglas, Aqua Prieta, and Naco in Mexico. At Naco the hotel on the American side advertises bullet-proof rooms for rent.

One sequence of the story was shot in an old adobe hut about ten miles out of the post. The place was riddled with bullet holes and it gave one the feeling of past days. We found some old tablets dated back in 1905, containing some shopping lists; an item that got the biggest laugh from us was "3-Star Hennessy—$1.00." The hut had once been a saloon and in 1907 and 1907 was at its height. A few years later it was raided by Indians from across the border and everyone there was killed. Then another saloon was built across the road, and the charred boards and blackened stones completed the tale of the original. In the story we were shooting, Madge Bellamy, Ann Pennington, Kenneth Harlan, Hobart Bosworth and Frank McLean fled there from the Indians, were attacked, burned out and had to race for their lives back to the fort.

There is a small Indian camp at the fort, and when the Apache Indians we had sent for arrived on the Leaping Goose, there was a big reception and celebration. Undoubtedly it was not such a different sight from those which took place a hun-

MADGE BELLAMY
The Heroine

VICTOR SCHERTZINGER
The Director

KENNETH HARLAN AND
MADGE BELLAMY
The Lovers

HOBART BOSWORTH
The Colonel

ANN PENNINGTON
The Flirt

dred years ago, when the Indians came to the fort for supplies. They filed up to the camp, each carrying his own vari-colored bundle, and after starting huge bonfires, laid camp for the night. Believe me, I didn't envy them sleeping on the ground—because it was freezing cold there before morning.

WE STAGED a big battle a few days before we left. All the troops and officers were in the old-fashioned uniform and all the Indians were in war paint and feathers, mounted on their tiny ponies. We used mule trains, and it was a majestic sight to see them filing through the hills, with mounted troops as a vanguard, the sixty wagons and the mounted rear guard, and in the distance Indians approaching for the attack.

The first day of the battle the Indians pulled a fast one on us. They were told to bring arrows, so spent half the night sharpening up real flint arrows—and were very disappointed when someone discovered it the next morning and told them "nix on the rough stuff."

Besides the Apache Indians, which were under the watchful eye of Tom Dorsela of San Carlos, we used twenty-two Indian scouts of the old order. These scouts, headed by a withered veteran who had been in the service of Uncle Sam forty-eight years, are the constant standbys of Colonel Rhea. Among the twenty-two are several who go back to the days of Benjamin H. Grierson, first colonel of the famous Tenth. They are very wise—and they know Arizona as few white men know it.

The oldest of the scouts is Tehnehjeheh, a man of amazing wizardy in his vocation, a man who merely smiles when you speak to him. Tehnehjeheh is eighty, but he doesn't seem sixty. He can take you from Fort Huachuca to Mexico City without ever following a road or crossing a railway. According to wizened Indians, this old chief knows more secret passes than Geronimo ever dreamed of knowing. He was in the posse which captured Geronimo.

Big Chow, who ranks next to Tehnehjeheh in point of service, has been stationed in or near Huachuca for more than twenty-six years. Charlie Bones is next with twenty-two years of service. Nonotolth and Tom Sye have been with the government twenty years.

They are called "detachment Indian scouts," and it is their business to trail bad men into obscure corners. They are as deadly and as relentless as the old-time Northwest Mounted. Geronimo and Cochise clashed with the forebears of these soft-spoken men—and several of the scouts remember Tom Horn and Al Sieber quite well. These two white scouts were known and feared from El Paso to Tia Juana.

"Me with Sieber-Horn when Captain him killed Mexico!" mumbled old Tehnehjeheh, when he was finally persuaded to talk. He was addressing Mr. Schertzinger. "Tom Horn, him young fellow. Sieber's boy! Me know."

His reference was to the death of Captain Emmett Crawford, shot by Mexicans while pursuing Geronimo in Mexico. Sieber, a widely known scout working out of Huachuca, headed the loyal Indians who trailed the old trouble-maker across the international boundary. Eskipbygojo and Charlie Bones, now at the fort, were members of that famous expedition.

THIS, then, is the locale of the Peter B. Kyne story which Mr. Schertzinger has just brought to the screen. The company, numbering more than one hundred members, was billeted at the fort for more than a month and received marvelous treatment. Special permission, granted by the War Department, enabled Mr. Schertzinger to get some of the most remarkable cavalry shots ever filmed. The charge, the Russian ride, the pack train, the battle formation—these and scores of other maneuvers were photographed for the first time in their entirety. Colonel Rhea and other military experts acted as supervisors of the technical detail.

Mr. Schertzinger was delighted with conditions and was particularly pleased with the cloud effects. These were gorgeous in the extreme. The weather was perfect with the exception of one or two cloudy days.

The director, who is the author of "Marcheta," "Love's Old Sweet Song," and other musical successes, took a lively interest in the Apache Indian dances. His keenly attuned ear lost none of the magic of the strangely haunting chants which filled the Arizona valleys. He regards their music as the most subtle thing in the world.

"One night I stood in the cold wind for nearly two hours," said Victor, "watching their weird dances and listening to their thrilling music. The moon, swinging over the Dragoons and the distant Whetstones, intensified the dramatic scene being enacted before the campfire. I was deeply touched—spellbound. I think it was the most inspiring scene I have ever witnessed. I know I shall never forget it. And I am equally sure I'll never forget dear old Huachuca — with its memories — and Colonel Jim Rhea and his men—and their inimitable hospitality."

The three weeks we were to spend here on location passed only too quickly. When the Leaping Goose bore us away, we regretted each puff—that marked its jerky progress away from the grand old fort and the mighty country around it.

OUTSIDE THE STOCKADE WAS A LARGE CAMP WHERE THE INDIANS LIVED AND WHERE MANY ATMOSPHERIC SCENES WERE MADE.

A SMALL BUT SOPHISTICATED HOME

In this little entrance hall are two of the prized antiques purchased by the owners long before the house was built. One, the carved, twisted column from an old church in Spain; the other is the long seat—a seventeenth century Portuguese piece with a history.

Looking from the living room into the hall—a glimpse that illustrates the informal dignity of this home. Definite "periods" have been disregarded but authentic pieces of various periods mingle in perfect accord because the scale of proportions has been strictly observed.

The library is a round room, too, being directly beneath the dining room in the "tower." Rich, dull reds and browns—walnut paneling, Turkish rug, hand-blocked linen hangings and glowing colors of the book bindings—create an appropriate atmosphere for the book-lover. The hand-carved walnut desk has quiet distinction.

Everything about the dining room is as charming as it is unusual—the roundness of the room—its position, two steps above the level of the long living room—and the specially designed furniture, there being three pairs of different styles of chairs—two modern chests in vermillion lacquer—and the color scheme of mist green, silver and crystal. It is softly brilliant and harmonious.

IN THE WHITLEY HEIGHTS COLONY

Subtle, restful colors make this boudoir a "self-toned" room, as the decorator calls it. Oyster white carpet, specially woven—wild dove grays and silvers and delicate old rose of hangings and accessories are high-lighted with brighter colors of individual pieces. The little onyx make-up table has a silver vase and a rose light bulb under the top sets it beautifully aglow.

A specially designed dressing table for the lady who believed that dressing table legs are unreasonable! The fine curve of the mirror—the smart jade green and balck enamel and dainty little hand-painted Chinese figures strolling over it, make the piece a gem. The chair is antique imperial yellow with exquisite figured taffeta covering.

A guest room in mist green and rose-orchid has a delightful old ivory dressing table, hand-decorated and rose-beruffled. The chaste round mirror is strategically hung.

THIS HOME WAS PLANNED, DECORATED AND FURNISHED BY BARKER BROS.' STUDIO OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

WAMPAS SELECT

Upper Circle
Dolores del Rio

Upper Right
Fay Wray

Left
Mary Astor

Circle
Sally Long

Left
Vera Reynolds

Right
Marceline Day

STARS FOR 1926

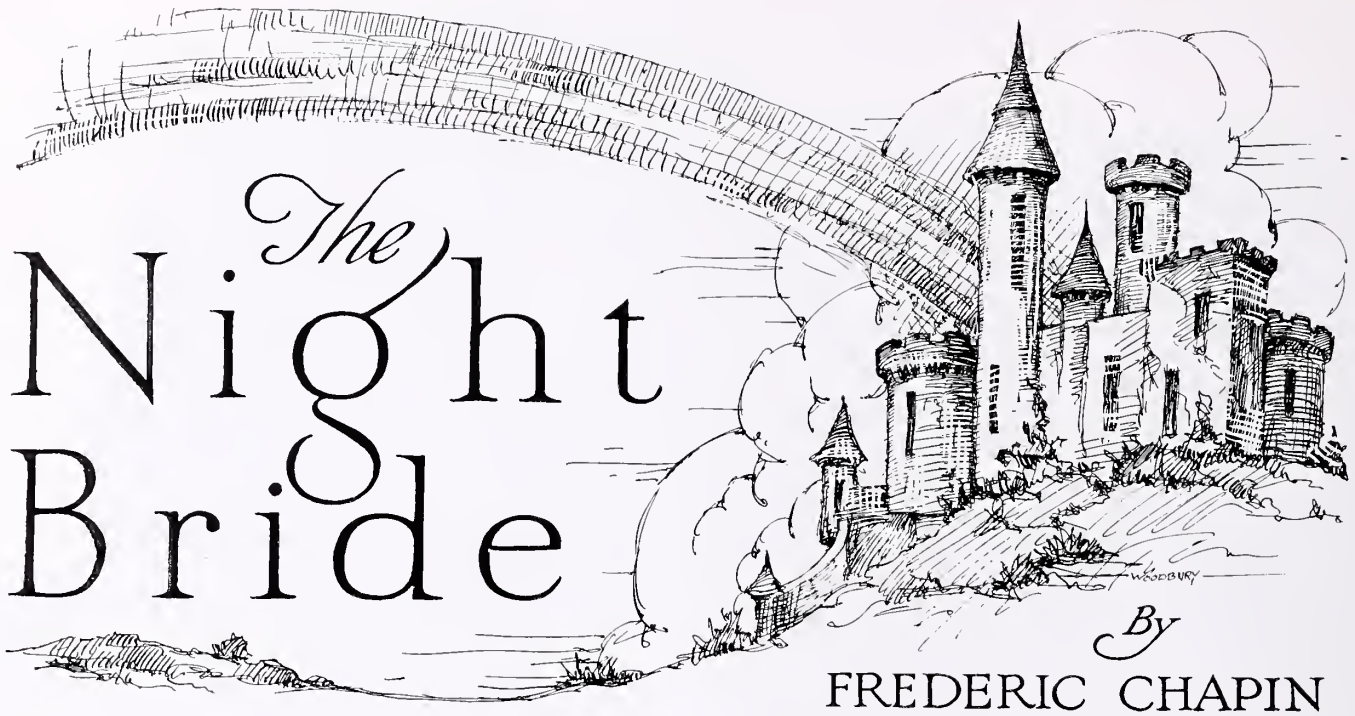
Circle Dolores Costello
Upper Left Janet Gaynor
Right Sally O'Neill

Joan Crawford

Above Edna Marian

Left Mary Brian

Right Joyce Compton



The Night Bride

By FREDERIC CHAPIN

CONCLUSION

THE room in the Ogre's castle was, plainly, a gentleman's guest chamber. No feminine touches or furbelows, just solid and comfortable. She pulled open the top drawer of the dresser, but shut it with a bang. A revolver lay there, a wicked looking weapon. She was afraid to touch it—or even look at it.

Cuddling into the recesses of a big armchair, she thrust her arms upward in an abandon of ecstacy. She was still Cynthia Stockton, single and unattached.

As Biggles arrived on the main floor from his last visit to the basement kitchen, the knocker on the door beat an ominous tattoo.

"Now, who in seven hurricanes and two tornadoes can that be?" he growled, hurrying forward.

Biggles, long after, could never give a coherent account of what happened when he jerked open the door.

A horde of men seemed to surge in upon him like a tidal wave. He went down like a poled ox. They bound and gagged him, and rolled him aside like a tied-up rug.

Addison Walsh, with a Rhodesian snake whip, capable of ruining the best team of horses ever hitched to a wagon, bounded up the stairs. He was followed by his chauffeur and gardener: two husky gents who were strong, but not murderously inclined. One carried a coil of stout rope.

They found Stanley's door without delay, and catapulted in without ceremony.

Stanley reached for an Indian club, but they were upon him and had him tied effectively to the bedpost, quicker than it takes to tell it.

They stripped his clothes off to the waist, leaving his bare shoulders exposed.

With a fiendish glare, Walsh rolled back the sleeve of his coat and took a good grip on the whip. Stanley paled. Anyone would. This looked like murder, for Walsh seemed possessed of a demon.

"I warned you!" he shouted, his lips frothing with spittle. "But that last story was the finish. Not content with hounding men, and dragging my name in the mud, you steal my girl with your hocus-pocus. If you're alive when I leave here, it will be a miracle. Stand back!" he yelled to his men.

They obeyed with alacrity.

Walsh, the berserker, swung into position, and circled the twisted hide around his head for momentum.

The gardener and chauffeur turned a greenish hue. They were a gang of three —all equally guilty.

The whip hissed and started downward, but a shrill cry of command brought the lash to a poise in mid-air.

Cynthia, in all the glory of her dishabille, stood in the doorway with a revolver leveled at Walsh.

She had heard and seen from across the hall.

Her shapely legs of silk were firmly planted apart, to get the shock of the explosion.

"Drop that whip—or I'll kill you!" she shrilled. Walsh saw the hole in the muzzle yawning at him.

Slowly . . . his arm descended.

"Drop it on the floor!" she commanded succinctly. He took his time in obeying, for his eyes were drinking in her beauty; and there was plenty for him to see. Bitterly he thought of what he had lost.

"Cynthia!" He seemed to exhale her name. The whip fell to the floor, writhing like a wounded snake.

"Now go!" she directed, pointing to the door. She stepped aside, a firm grasp upon her weapon.

Walsh wanted to say something in justification, but her look of scorn froze the words he would speak. With a grim tightening of the lips and a shrug of the shoulders he marched out, followed by his two men, who breathed normal once more.

She trailed them to the head of the stairs, to make sure of their egress. It was then she saw Biggles.

When the door slammed shut, she ran back to Stanley, dropped the gun gingerly on the bed, and untied the ropes that bound him. She helped him into his dressing gown and sent him flying down the stairs to release the inert, but fluent ex-sea captain.

WHEN Stanley returned to the room, Cynthia was sitting on his bed, shaking like an aspen leaf. She gave no thought of her appearance. She was quaking from the thoughts of what might have been.

She felt a silk coverlet being draped over her shoulders. For the first time, as she pulled the quilt tightly about her, she realized she was half undressed.

"That was simply great of you, Miss Stockton," she heard him say. He picked up the whip and looked at it whimsically. Cynthia shrank from it. He quickly tossed it aside.

"Things looked pretty bad there, for a while."

She tried to smile, but the terror of it all had left its ineradicable mark upon her.

"Of course," he added with a laugh, "You knew the gun wasn't loaded?"

She shivered.

"I didn't know anything," she said simply, "except they were going to hurt you."

Her voice was creamy and tender to the ear. She checked herself, but Stanley caught it. He, the unsophisticated soul, merely regarded it as transitory in its nature.

He saw her to her door, apologizing for the shock he had caused her.

"One shock plus one shock equals two shocks," she said smilingly. "We're even Stephen."

With a nod, she entered her room and closed the door.

Long after she had dropped off into a virginal slumber, Stanley sat in his room alone, the whip playing idly in his hands. A frown furrowed his brow.

He was wondering how he could literally throw a pretty girl out of his house, bag and baggage—in the morning, after she had save him from a terrible beating the night before.

His eyes rested on a shield over the mantelpiece.

It was the Warrington escutcheon. Emblazoned on it were the words, A Bras Ouverts.

Which, tranlated, meant: With Open Arms.

A SILENT and preoccupied young man sat at the breakfast table the following morning. It was Stanley Warrington, puzzling over the situation.

A trunk had arrived early, containing a generous assortment of clothes for Cynthia. She at that moment was selecting her most fetching dress; a thing of faun brown, plain, but rich in effect. There were shoes and stockings to match. It was the beginning of another day. She firmly intended going into battle well equipped.

The young Ogre was idly toying with his fork, grooving fantastical designs in the table cloth. He had a hard problem to solve. The girl must go . . . that was settled. But how could he openly shout to the outside world that she was not his wife, without branding her and creating a terrible scandal?

He was gentle and kind enough to think of that.

He knew she was the personification of goodness, but she was impulsive and imprudent, to say the least. She had done a terrible thing—telling them they were married, coming to him in the dead of night and sleeping in his house.

But the thing had been done.

Now what?

A voice in the doorway startled him. It was a cheery voice, and sounded as if the speaker had not a care in the world.

He turned quickly. It was Cynthia.

"You promised me my breakfast," she said, entering the room rather timidly, her eyes searching for a terminal.

Stanley arose to his feet, nodded a gloomy good morning, pulled her chair back and adjusted it to her liking as she sat down.

She wondered if he had noticed her new dress, but evidently he had not, for he resumed his seat without comment, and pushed a button.

Cynthia looked around her and smiled, as she opened her napkin. This wasn't bad, she thought—somehow she liked it—it seemed homey and intimate.

"How do you feel after your night of excitement?" he asked formally.

"Fine, thank you," she replied.

There came a pause.

The young Ogre was plainly embarrassed. He polished his glasses, looked out the window, adjusted his tie, and then coughed slightly.

She was calm in the feeling of being well intrenched. She waited for the first salvo.

It came, but more as an intermittant fire.

"Er—Miss Stockton," he began lamely. "I sat up quite late thinking about you—I mean—er—your dilemma. First of all, you must look at it from my standpoint. I came here—to be alone—and give my attention to my literary work. There must be no distractions——"

She felt elated at being termed a distraction.

"——no intruding elements to annoy me, or interfere with my work."

He paused, selecting his words carefully.

"Selfish thing," she thought.

"Then—there is your reputation to be considered," he had found his stride. "I quite realize the awful consequences to you, if I were to come out openly and tell the truth. I therefore, have decided to remain quiescent, neutral as it were—for the time being—"

Cynthia stirred and caught here breath. He was going to be the chivalrous boy, after all.

"The solution of your problem, however, will have to come from you. How in heaven's name do you propose to carry on this deceit indefinitely—and keep your father and mother and all your friends from learning the real truth? It's too deep for me."

"I don't know," she said, faintly.

"Haven't you some relative you could go to?" he suggested. "Someone in whom you can confide—and trust?"

Cynthia had relatives galore, but none of them could be trusted.

"I have an aunt in New York," she informed him. "My father's sister. But I'm afraid she would peach on me, the moment she found me out."

Another quaint phrase, he thought, and sighed.

"Have you any other suggestion?"

"None," she replied, hopelessly.

THE arrival of Biggles with the breakfast things on a large tray, broke off their conversation. With a fleeting glance of hatred towards the girl at the table, he proceeded to serve them.

It was a wholesome meal and tasted good to her. They ate in silence. Biggles after seeing to their wants, went to the door, hesitated and looked over at his master.

"Will the young lady be leaving soon, sir?" he inquired, as if it were a foregone conclusion. "I'll have the car polished in an hour."

"I'll let you know," the young man advised him shortly.

The old mariner seemed disappointed as he left the room.

When they had finished eating, Stanley unconsciously felt for his pipe, glanced at her and changed his mind.

"Oh, do smoke," she said quickly. "Please—I love the smell of tobacco."

He perked up, thanked her, filled his pipe and lighed it.

The aroma soothed him somewhat.

"Tell me," he said, leaning back in his

What Has Gone Before

CYNTHIA, passing the "Ogre's Castle" in her car, observed it to be tenanted. Stanley Warrington, coming down the driveway, was about to pass her with no sign of greeting when she introduced herself in a neighborly way but he barely acknowledged her courtesy and passed on with a curt word in return.

Then Stanley bought Cal Dobbin's newspaper—paid off the mortgage held by Addison Walsh, a banker, and started in to write vitriolic articles about Walsh and his various money-making schemes.

Despite his indifference to her Cynthia finds herself falling in love with Stanley. However, Addison Walsh is greatly in love with her and begs her to marry him, implying that he will free her father from debt if she will consent. Cynthia, to save her father, finally does consent but her heart is with "the young Ogre"—Stanley Warrington.

The night before the marriage Walsh celebrates with a last fling and gives a stag dinner at a notorious roadhouse with twelve chorus girls. Liquor flows freely and the dinner turns into a mad orgy. Warrington by a lucky chance is tipped off about the dinner so that the next morning his newspaper contains a lurid account of it.

Busy with wedding preparations, the Stocktons do not see the paper and it is five minutes before her wedding that Cynthia reads it. Overcome with disgust, she takes desperate measures to pens a note to her mother saying that she is already married to Stanley Warrington. She then flees to the Ogre's castle. Biggles, an old ex-sea captain and servant, grudgingly admits the bedraggled Cynthia who is still in her torn bridal dress. Stanley refuses to go on with her lie, but is finally persuaded, with many misgivings, to allow her to remain over night.

chair. "Was it really the story of the bachelor dinner that changed your mind?"

Cynthia pursed her lips in thought.

"I think I had made up my mind definitely—before I read the article," she said slowly. "But that cooked his goose."

Stanley involuntarily smiled.

"Every word of it was true."

"I don't doubt it. It was a narrow escape for me. He's a vulgar old man."

Her lips trembled, as she turned to hide a tear.

"What will he do next, do you suppose?" He had a motive in leading up to this.

"He'll just naturally retaliate on poor dad," she said, soberly. "My father owes him a lot of money—a fortune, I guess—enough, however, to bankrupt us."

Her voice broke.

"I don't care for yourself, but Dad has given a lifetime to the building up of his business. He isn't well, the load has been too heavy of late—and the shock—I'm afraid—will—"

Her voice trailed off into a sob, but she pulled herself together.

"That was why—I—was going to marry Mr. Walsh. You may as well know it now—as later. He had been so kind and considerate to us all. At first—I hated him, but gradually I came to like him. Then he proposed—and I accepted him. I thought I owed Dad something. I don't know what he will think of me. But I know, I'm a quitter, I'm just yellow when it comes to the real test. I tried—hard—to go through with it, but somehow I just couldn't."

She pressed her napkin to her face, to smother her sobs.

He waited patiently. He was doing some tall thinking.

WHEN Stanley's mind said "go," he went. He kicked his chair back and strode to the telephone.

"Long distance, please," he called to the operator. The girl answered promptly."

"I want you to get me Baltimore, Maryland, please—the Warrington Steamship Company—Mr. Carmichael. Got it? In a rush. If you get the connection in two minutes, there'll be a pair of silk stockings in the morning's mail for you. Name and size, please?"

He got that quick enough and jotted it on a pad.

"Size four and a half," he said to Cynthia smilingly. "Small foot, that."

"Bill," finally said the young landgoing mariner to Carmichael, who, by the way, was his general manager of thirty years' standing. "This is Stan talking. Have one of our best corporation lawyers throw a celluloid collar into a grip and take the next train for Sterling. Yes—have Dexter, our auditor, go with him. Stockton factories on the rocks—see Mr. John Stockton, get a report and block any attempt at a receivership. I'll tell them what to do after they get here. How's mother? —that's good. Me? Oh—I'm having a great time—bought a newspaper—mixing in local affairs. Tell mother I'll be home for Christmas—good-bye—and go chase yourself."

He snapped the receiver on the hook.

"That spikes Mr. Walsh's guns," he said, looking over at her with a grin.

Cynthia had risen to her feet.

"I don't quite understand," she said, a quiver of excitement audible in her throat.

"Knowing Walsh as I do," he explained, "I venture to say he will start his revenge on your father immediately. But there are ways and means to circumvent him. I'll have the best brains in the country on the job in forty-eight hours. You can tell your father that—guess it will make him feel good."

Cynthia dropped to her chair and hid her face on her arms. She knew if she looked at him she'd burst into tears, and there had been a superabundance of sob stuff already. A few judicious tears appealed at times, but a man hated a crying woman, though they be tears of joy.

Biggles hobbled in with suppressed air of excitement.

"The young lady's Ma is here," he said hissingly. "I locked her in the library."

Cynthia looked up in alarm, but Stanley was in a panic.

"I'm off!" he said, making for the door. "It's your fight, I've done all I can. Better tell her the truth—only, please—try and be out of here when I come back. All this upsets me terribly." He vanished through the doorway.

Biggles eyed Cynthia like a cat watching a canary. He almost licked his chops.

The young lady straightened up in all dignity and threw him a glance of cool contempt.

"You may show me to the library, my good man," she said, loftily.

Biggles snorted, but was awed—and took her to her mother.

IT was an hysterical Minerva who embraced her daughter. "It's Walsh!" she cried. "He came to the house not a half hour ago. What he said was terrible. He was raving mad—demanded to see your father, but I refused. He said he was going to beggar us—he'd show us what it meant to throw him over like an old shoe. Oh, Cynthia dear—I'm so glad you didn't marry him, but I fear for your father—when he learns the truth."

Cynthia slowly sat down beside her mother. She was at sea for a moment. After Stanley had left the house, she had fully decided to confess everything. But now, could she add another shock to the one that confronted her worried mother?

(Continued on Page 72)

The Censored Moving Picture

By HARRY MAINHALL

(With Apologies to Nobody)

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty censors, baked in a pie;
When the pie is opened, the birds begin to sing—

. . . . . .

Isn't that a juicy line to hand a thinking (?) public?

"I'M a lonesome moving picture
And I lie on a shelf alone
Through the long, dreary days
In the deep, still dust,
And I haven't the strength to groan.

"Time was when I too was young and fair,
Time was when I hoped to be shown;
For my story was true and I carried it through
To a finish as true as life's own.

Time was when I hoped to bring forth applause,
Perhaps to have fetched a tear;
But that was before the Censor Board
Canceled and put me here.

"I'm a censored moving picture,
And I lie on a shelf and rot
Through the long, dreary days
And dream what I'd do
If I only hadn't a plot.

"Time was when I knew that my story was good,
When I thought I would make a hit,
For my actors could act and strange, but a fact,
I wouldn't have bored you a bit.

Time was when I thought the public thought,
But now that I'm wise and old,
I see why the Censors are bossing the job,
And I am left here to mould."

MARY PHILBIN, in addition to being a composer of extraordinary talents, has decided talents in the matter of dress design. Miss Philbin personally supervises every detail of her vast wardrobe. Her ideas in the sartorial art are most original.

Her latest achievement, is what she terms "the dagger dress." It is of peasant "motif". The blouse is of flat crepe, with full sleeves and flaring waist. Tucks at the shoulders lend a distinctive note, while the shirred collar, with ribbon bow adds originality to the ensemble.

However, the piece de resistance is the kid belt, which is fastened by a dagger of composition material, and can be decorated in any color. The skirt is plain, with gored front and is of velour. Henry Friend, Hollywood coutourier, worked out the details of new style and he is vastly enthusiastic over its possibilities.

Bill Hart Reminisces

PERSONAL ANECDOTES *of* STAGE *and* SCREEN *as told to* Adam Hull Shirk

CATCH Bill Hart in a reminiscent mood and he is a vertitable fund of anecdote. He has had such a colorful background, both in his boyhood days in Dakota and Minnesota and later on stage and screen. For William S. Hart is in every sense of the word an old-timer. And he seems to know everyone worth knowing.

From the pages of memory's book Bill Hart brings forth an amazing fund of anecdotes that are revealing of the man himself and his association with all kinds of people in all kinds of places. In the ten years that I have known him he has regaled many an hour with tales of bygone days told with the dry humor that is characteristic of the man. These stories of interesting or amusing incidents that have occurred during his colorful career I have endeavored to set down just as he told them to me.

In the ten years that I have known Mr. Hart I have found him to be one of nature's noblemen. That may sound trite, but I find no other way of expressing so well, the true character of the man. He is fine gold clear through—white, square and just. That's the western category of virtues and they are enough to satisfy anybody who values honesty and uprightness. Bill Hart could not do a mean thing; he could not be unjust or untrue to a friendship. He has helped many a man and

BARBARA BEDFORD, BILL HART AND A GROUP OF INDIAN CHIEFS FROM HART'S RECENTLY COMPLETED UNITED ARTISTS' PRODUCTION, "TUMBLEWEEDS."

woman along the way—but of these things he prefers to remain silent, which is the way with those who have the true spirit of charity.

For a number of years prior to entering pictures, more than a decade ago, Bill Hart was a stage actor. He started his career in the spoken drama when still in his teens. Always a commanding figure, he was even then taller than the average man, lithe and supple as the Indians among whom he was reared back in Dakota and Minnesota.

As a lad, up to the age of fifteen, he had as his companions the Sioux Indian boys; learned from them the ways of the red man and in his mind was fixed the regard for the copper race that has remained with him through the years. Too, he hobnobbed with the cowboys, frontiersmen and others, acquiring the vernacular and the habits of the west with ease.

Going perforce to New York, he found himself lonely and longing for the woods and the plains and the playmates he had left behind. As he grew to manhood, he retained his impressions gained at the most impressionable age, and so when called upon to do so, was able to supply the most perfect rendition of a western type on the stage that the public had yet seen. Critics hailed him as a discovery and he was soon famous for his portrayals of the cowboy, Cash Hawkins, in "The Squaw Man;" the gambler, Dan Stark, in "The Barrier" and the name part in "The Virginian."

Prior to this, however, he had his ups and downs as a member of traveling "rep" shows and also in the support of famous stars such as Julia Arthur and Madame Modjeska. He was Messala in the original cast of "Ben Hur."

Nearly twelve years ago, he went into pictures and made for himself a niche in the film world that has never been successfully filled by anyone else. He became the idol of the world as a western star. Cool, stoical as an Indian, granite-faced and yet a bolt of lightning when aroused; marvelously quick on the draw with two guns; a rider that could not be surpassed; able to put up a rough and tumble fight that would keep the spectators on the edge of their seats, it was no wonder that he was idolized. Yet always he insisted on accuracy, on wholesomeness in his stories. He knew and loved the West and would brook no tawdry representations in his pictures.

Now he has come back to us after a two-year interval with a new picture, "Tumbleweeds." But all his previous films are alive and showing somewhere. "The Bargain," first on the list, was recently exhibited in some small middle western town and was as popular as ever. Recently I spoke of that picture to one of the biggest oil men in the country.

" 'The Bargain,' " he said, "I remember that—I'll never forget it and I've always liked Bill because of that first picture." Which goes to show why he has built up

a following that is second to none in the film world.

Enough of this, however—let Bill Hart take the stage and tell some of the stories that have remained in my memory as especially interesting or unusual and worthy of the telling:

EVEN the most impecunious modern member of a barnstorming troupe of players can hardly envisage the difficulties that often beset the actor in the one-night stand companies, or the "rep" shows of a couple of decades ago. Following is one of Bill Hart's experiences when he was a youthful actor with such an organization, possessed of little save his latent talent and immense ambition:

"I secured an engagement," says Bill, "with a company headed by a well-known leading woman of the period, doing classical plays, sometimes as many as fourteen different ones in a week. My wardrobe was not extensive. I had been in more or less straitened circumstances for some time and the engagement came in the nick of time. So I made up my mind that I would try to bluff it through.

"An essential for the roles I would be called on to play—some of them at least—was what is called in stage parlance an 'Elizabethan shape'—a sort of corslet covered with cloth to give the wide-shouldered, small-waisted effect necessary. I had to sell my coat and vest of my only suit of street clothes to buy this from the pawnbroker from whom I had previously rented it for one or two brief engagements. I think the final price was seven dollars. I had no shoes of the required sort, so I found a pair of carpet slippers, hammered them full of brass-headed tacks on top and decided they would do. A pair of much-mended fleshings and my wardrobe was complete. I had retained my overcoat of necessity to hide the loss of coat and vest.

"When we dined at lunch counters or hotels, I would wait as long as I dared and then hasten into the dining room with my overcoat on and hastily devour the food as if I had at least two trains and a steamboat to catch.

"One day the leading man, a splendid actor and a fine gentleman who was already far past middle age, queried me as to my strange behavior. I told him I was in a hurry but it wouldn't go down, and finally I confessed. He presented me that night with an old coat and vest for which I was profoundly grateful.

"I had worn the famous Elizabethan shape for every show regardless of the character until finally the star went to the leading man and remarked that while I seemed to give promise of being a good actor some day and was even now quite passable, she felt that the similarity and frequent inappropriateness of wardrobe which I affected was quite inexcusable. He pacified her and called me to his dressing room. I told him my sad plight and the kindly gentleman rummaged in his own trunk and brought forth divers articles of costume which he gave me. I expect there were tears in my eyes as I thanked him and he patted me on the back as I left the room. Thanks to him I was able to finish the engagement and go from that to better things. But I have never forgotten the experience. And it has always been a source of great regret to me that my benefactor had crossed the Great Divide before I got hold of any real money so as to repay him."

TWO GUN BILL HART DEMONSTRATES THE QUICK DRAW WITH HIM

A NUMBER of years ago during the first three weeks of the "Squaw Man" on the stage, which amounted to a try-out prior to bringing the play to Broadway, the company happened to play at London, Ont.

William S. Hart was doing the role of Cash Hawkins, in which he scored a great

SELF AS VICTIM — AN INTERESTING BIT OF DOUBLE EXPOSURE.

success, while William Faversham was featured in the title role.

At the end of the second act the Indian girl, Naturich, is supposed to shoot Hawkins from off-stage, ending his career by means of a bullet. A careless property man, however, had at this particular performance placed rim-fire cartridges in a center-fire gun, so of course all that happened was a series of clicks as Naturich pulled the trigger. While Bill Hart stood waiting to be shot he realized that something was wrong, so he called to Faversham in a stage whisper, "Come on, fight!" In the meantime one of the actors playing a cowboy, and who was in the wings, clapped his hands wildly in the effort to imitate a revolver shot and involuntarily but forcefully yelled "bang!" By this time, however, Faversham and Bill had closed with one another, and Bill whispered again, "Stab me!"

To which Faversham replied *sotto voce,* "I have no knife."

Both men were, however, actors of too great experience to be stumped, so Faversham pulled an imaginary knife from his belt, and with a great show of force "stabbed" Bill Hart, who immediately fell to the floor. By this time the lines of the play were all more or less upset and the crowd rushed on ahead of time, so having completed his work, Faversham stood over Hart's prostrate body and cried out the first thing that came to his mind, which was, "I have stabbed him, but I think he'll live!"

"DURING the first year's run of 'Ben Hur' after its premiere on the stage," he told me one evening when we were discussing the forthcoming production of the screen version of that old stage favorite, "the late E. J. Morgan played the name part. I played the role of Messala and in the second year my friend Bill Farnum portrayed Ben Hur, while I still remained on the job in my original characterization.

"Bill and I were a good deal of the same temperament—of a different school than Morgan—so the thing we enjoyed most in the play was the chariot race. We devoted all our spare time to visiting nearby silk mills, getting waste silk (some of it wasn't waste) with which we braided whiplashes or 'snappers.' Bill and I grew so expert that we could fairly make our whips talk in the big spectacular scene. So earnest did we become that we would actually grit our teeth at one another though we knew the race could end only in one way—with Ben Hur triumphant!

"One never-to-be-forgotten night at the Colonial Theatre in Boston, however, Messala won! This is how:

"It was really mighty tough on Bill Farnum, who had invited his ancestors for three generations back to see the show. This represented almost the entire population of Bucksport, Me., and they filled the three or four first rows of the orchestra—to watch 'Willie' play Ben Hur and win the great chariot race!

"But alas for the plans of mice and men —the machinery went wrong that night—the first and only time during the two years in which I played Messala—which means the first two years of 'Ben Hur.' Try as they would, Ben Hur's horses could not make the grade. The four animals I was driving seemed to sense that for the first time they might win and fairly laid upon the treadmill, almost touching the speeding machinery.

"I will admit that I completely lost my head. I climbed out on the pole between the flying steeds, waving my whip and cracking the lash in the very face of Bill, who was almost mad with excitement and amazement at the whole thing. We were

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Foreign Atmosphere for the AMERICAN SCREEN

By Robert Florey

A BIT OF BOHEMIAN LIFE OF THE VINTAGE OF 1830 CREATED FOR THE KING VIDOR PRODUCTION OF "LA BOHEME" FOR METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER. JOHN GILBERT SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING HIMSELF IN HIS SEAT OF HONOR ON THE TABLE.

THE evolution of the motion picture technical director might be traced beyond the early days of the screen to one early period of the stage, when his prototype used for the tools of his trade, only a flow of language and the imagination of his audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he would say, "picture, as our drama unfolds, a forest on all sides of our scene, a great feudal castle on a wooded hill in the background, and winding down toward us, a road——"

Yet the early motion picture setting was not so many cycles ahead of the Shakespearian wagon show. Heroic days, those, when the settings of a scene were painted on framed canvas, windows could not be opened, and doors had to be shut carefully, to avoid shaking the whole painted structure. Painted clocks eternally registered the same hour, and to knock a flower pot off a tenement window sill, the knocker would have to erase it with a damp cloth.

Heroic, too, were the men who, regardless of obstacles and financial limitations, pioneered the development of present-day technical art—beauty, realism, accurate detail. Their innovations stimulated a demand by the patrons of the novelty of that day, the art of this, for a more realistic and beautiful reproduction of the surroundings of screen drama.

So while the directors were evolving more realistic screen stories, and the actors were learning proper screen make-up, the directors began to build realistic sets—walls more solid, windows that would open, real flowerpots that would fall from real window sills.

Naturally, it proved far easier, faithfully to reproduce local conditions than foreign conditions, contemporary conditions than those of remote periods of the past. Yet the demand for colorful pictures has ever been on the increase, and ultimately this demand created the modern, highly developed type of technical expert.

It became the hobby of many producers to engage as technical directors or at least as consulting experts, natives of the countries in which pictures of foreign locale were laid. Results were not always satisfactory. Naturally, in filming pictures of past ages, it proved impractical to engage men who had lived in those times. Communication with departed spirits even now has not reached that stage of perfection that would enable them to procure, for instance, the services of an expert who had lived in colorful Venice of the fourteenth century!

The idea of having a Russian supervise the technical details of a picture laid in modern Russia, just because he is a Russian, gradually came to be looked upon as the same sort of fallacy as getting one of Nero's lieutenants to oversee the technical details of "The Burning of Rome." It proved that only an expert of long and varied experience in research, with in addition other background and equipment, could help a director build the proper atmosphere around his plot—regardless of nationality.

JUST as an example of some of the things that go into the making of a technical director of today, let us consider

my friend Jean Bertin, who is now assisting Clarence Brown to put the Parisian atmosphere into "Kiki," Norma Talmadge's present vehicle. He studied to become a naval officer, then became a painter, then a fashion designer in Paris. Then he went on the stage, both acting and directing. Only after going through these and other experiences of a broadening and cultural nature, did he consider himself able to cooperate in the making of a picture!

I myself have been a motion picture director in France and in Switzerland; I have travelled extensively all my life; I have learned a lot in many ways. Yet I find that I need every bit of my experience, everything that I have learned, not to make mistakes. Only long experience, and a deep and almost universal knowledge can adequately fit a man for the position of technical director with a large picture company.

Given sufficient natural and acquired equipment, and armed with unlimited facilities for research, one man may attend to pictures of domestic and foreign locales, past and present periods, far better than the less broadly experienced man who is a specialist in any one type of picture. The man who is inexperienced is certain to give too little detail, unimportant detail, inaccurate detail and sometimes totally wrong detail. It is not only a question of knowing what style of furniture was in use during the reign of Louis XVIII. Any dictionary can tell you. But, for instance, what is the difference between Louis XVI and Rococo, two styles almost alike, but used in different centuries? Or what kind of a wig did Louis XV wear, and who during his reign was still wearing the dark, long-haired Louis XIV wigs?

These are the sorts of puzzles I have had to solve:

"Describe a religious procession in French Brittany, and design a costume for a Swiss-Italian bride."

Because I was familiar with French Brittany, was I able to solve the first riddle without research? Not at all. My knowledge of the country, people and customs simply enabled me to make short cuts.

"How does the average passer-by in Paris look to the tourist?" Ah, that's an easier question. It is something one has noted many times, and there is a certain latitude that takes it out of the exacting class of problem. But suppose the problem is,

"Furnish and dress the room of a demi mondaine in a provincial town of Southern France in 1830. Or,

"Of what material should one make the *litham* (veil) of the Touregs, those African bandits who sweep the desert."

RESEARCH! And that in itself is a formidable problem; the largest library one can collect cannot cover all the reference needed, as the demands are infinite. "Describe a third-class funeral procession in Paris!" Sounds simple—but just where would the man who is not an expert in research start to find out about it? If he chanced, within a few hours, to find a man who had been pall-bearer at a hundred of such funerals, the chances are that that man could supply only the most outstanding details—not the necessary intimate and fine ones that are required for the all-seeing eye of the camera.

"What kind of a dance was the minuet or the "cancan"—when you find out, teach it to the extras!" A new assignment, you see; I must be a dancing instructor!

"What kind of boats do the fishermen in the northern part of the Adriatic Sea use, in plying their trade?"

Sounds simple enough! But there are many errors into which the inexperienced may fall. It would be easy to find wrong information in many kinds of books and pictures—perhaps a photo of a fishing boat would show the only one of that type in the whole Adriatic! The story might use a whole fleet of them, and the technical director would be sure to be "called" sooner or later. Some one of the millions who see the picture would write in, demanding his discharge!

These problems do not come singly. In the last picture in which I assisted King Vidor as technical director, I had to design one hundred and forty different props, all Louis-Philippe style, besides fixing every detail in costumes.

It's a wonderful life if you bear up under the strain!

TRANSPLANTING A BIT OF FOREIGN ATMOSPHERE: AN AMUSING AND REALISTIC GROUP OF FRENCH PALLBEARERS STAGED BY ROBERT FLOREY FOR THE M-G-M PRODUCTION, "THE EXQUISITE SINNER."

THE SCREEN'S FIRST WOMAN DIRECTOR

IT is inevitable that the record of the screen's only feminine director should be an interesting one. And the history of Lois Weber, who has signed a directorial contract with Universal which makes her one of the highest paid women in pictures, is no disappointment.

Miss Weber was born in Pittsburgh, and early in her life, developed a love of music, and a desire to become a grand opera singer. Her father, a religious man, approved of her love of music, but was dubious of the wisdom of her becoming an opera singer, because he thought it might lead to the stage, which he could not sanction.

She studied the piano as a girl, and at the age of sixteen, toured the country as a concert pianist. An uncle, who was a theatrical producer in Chicago, knew of her ambitions to use her marvellous voice on the stage, and failing to see anything iniquitous in the profession, summoned her to Chicago and cast her in the lead in a musical comedy that he was producing.

She played in the musical comedy for six months, both in Chicago and on the road, and when the engagement ended in New York, she stayed on in that city instead of returning home.

Her first work was in a stock company, in which she played at first small parts, and later leads. With an almost puritanical training behind her, she was troubled a bit because she had gone against her father's wishes, she says, so to "atone" for her disobedience, she devoted most of her spare time to church army work, giving entertainments at army cantonments, prisons, and hospitals.

It was in her first theatrical engagement in New York that she met Phillips Smalley, who was stage manager, and three days after the first meeting, they were married.

Between legitimate stage engagements, they worked in pictures, starting with the Gaumont Talking Pictures company. The talking pictures were not a success, but they interested Miss Weber in pictures, and she signed, the next year with the New York Motion Picture company.

With the New York company, Miss Weber and her husband were as independent as any famous stars are today. Miss Weber wrote the stories, and starred in them, and co-directed them with her husband. In her long and varied motion picture career, she has practically never worked under the direction of anyone but herself.

This arrangement, whereby Miss Weber directed, wrote and starred in her own pictures was continued when she signed with the famous old Rex Film Company, and when that concern merged with Carl Laemmle's Universal corporation, Miss Weber came to California, and continued her activities.

In this period she wrote and directed many productions which are still remembered and classed as worthwhile efforts. They include "Where Are My Children", "The Rosary", "The Serpent's Sting", "The Shadows of Life", "The Eye of God", "The Hand That Rocks The Cradle", "Traitors", and many other pictures.

After an absence of several years, in which she wrote and traveled, Miss Weber returned to her association with Universal as a producer-director. She was given a studio of her own, and wrote and directed her productions without supervision of any kind.

Her contract at this time called for six feature productions a year, and with the

writing, directing and editing of them, she had not time for acting, Mildred Harris was first introduced to the screen in the feminine lead for Miss Weber in "The Price of A Good Time", "Borrowed Clothes", "For Husbands Only", "Home", "Forbidden" and other pictures.

Her last pictures under this arrangement included "What Do Men Want", "Two Wise Wives", "Gilding The Lily", "The Blot", some of which were released independently.

When this series of productions was finished, Miss Weber spent a considerable period of time in European travel, returning to sign her present contract with Universal Pictures corporation.

Miss Weber's pictures have always been intensely human documents, and her favorite theme is the domestic story. She is a worshipper of realism, and declares she has never created a character in any of her pictures which she did not believe to be human and natural.

She also shares with Mr. Laemmle a vital interest in developing the educational phase of motion pictures, and with him, she has worked out a complete and elaborate course of education by motion picture, which she declares, will eventually supplant the present system of teaching by text books.

Mr. Laemmle has agreed to contribute to a movement to inaugurate visual education in the schools of the land when the times grows ripe for such a campaign, and Miss Weber is developing plans for a national advancement of the plan.

Pola's New Director

TO COMPLETE the strongest possible triumvirate of star, director and writer, Dimitri Buchowetzki, whose directorial genius is recognized both here and abroad, has been signed by B. P. Schulberg, associate Paramount producer, to direct Pola Negri in her next picture, an original starring vehicle written by Ernest Vajda, Hungarian playwright.

In signing Buchowetzki, Mr. Schulberg asserted that he was the best qualified man in the field to cope with the difficult demands of the new stellar picture.

"The treatment of the story," he said, "calls for a director who is fully conversant with the continental flavor of life and drama and who is distinctly aware of American atmosphere and American conditions.

"In the past two years Mr. Buchowetzki has mastered our technique and thoroughly adopted our viewpoint. He has Americanized his standard of dramatic conception in sympathy with the broad, healthy optimism inherent with us; and while he has discarded the depressing attitude of European dramatic expression, he has preserved the Continental trait of subtlety in effects, situations and characterizations."

Two of the director's most recent productions are "Graustark" and "The Midnight Sun."

The script for the Pola Negri picture is being prepared by Hope Loring and Louis Lighton, who wrote "Little Annie Rooney" for Mary Pickford, and Lubitsch's "Three Women."

A BUSY LITTLE STREET IN OLD PARIS REPRODUCED BY ROBERT FLOREY FOR THE M-G-M PRODUCTION, "TIME, THE COMEDIAN." THE GENTLEMAN IN THE HIGH HAT IS LEW CODY, ALWAYS AT HOME IN A FRENCH ROLE, PARTICULARLY WITH DONALD OGDEN STEWART AS INTERPRETER.

HARRY D. BROWN

The Chief Engineer

On the First Day created he Light, and turned Darkness into Day.
On the Second Day created he Wind, and turned the wrath of its fury upon Desert and Wilderness.
On the Third Day created he Rain, and flooded City and Valley.
And The Director looked and was pleased.

NIGHT STUFF—A SCENE FROM "FOOLISH WIVES," SUPERVISED BY HARRY D. BROWN.

The Cine By Harry

CHIEF ELECTRICIAN is a misnomer. No more is that personage designated by that qualifying term; he is now the Chief Engineer, engineering all and sundry tasks. He is responsible for the maintenance of the motion picture plant, all lighting problems and mechanical effects come under his scrutiny and supervision. His regal equipage includes an ancient airplane motor, a prehistoric fire engine, and divers discarded and useless concoctions that an efficiency expert, with a penchant for antiques, has collected.

The chief engineer is a veritable tri-god combining all the virtues of Helios, Pluvius and Thor. His daily tasks include the creating of a snowstorm, the pouring down of rain, the shooting of a bolt of lightning, and the fanning of a windstorm.

He is expected to achieve fabulous mechanical effects on short notice, and the word impossible is not imprinted in his dictionary.

If the director chooses to film a scene on an Alaskan glacier, or the top of the Himalayas, or the heart of Death Valley, the chief engineer must devise means of getting power there. Let the director or the author dream the most fantastic of dreams, the chief engineer is expected to rub his magic lamp and by fair means or foul secure the desired results.

He is a voracious beast and dotes on locations.

If war stuff is being filmed and realism is desired, the chief engineer makes the mud and the muck. The battle itself is even fought by him, and he directs the firing of the bombs and the flashing of the star shells.

If a house or a city must be burned, he is the incendiary, and if it must be extinguished, presto! he becomes the fireman.

Indeed, he is the official studio fire chief—a can of Pyrene in a powder magazine!

If the stage is too warm the chief engineer must change the climate, and ditto if the stage is too cold.

Bringing a bucket of steam is no light jest with him—demands more incredible than that have been made upon him.

Fire, flame and water are his playthings, and the elements dance at his command.

He was once called upon to furnish a cat—this coming under his province because the feline was a generator of static electricity.

RIGHT—THE FIRST TIME CHARLIE CHAPLIN WORKED UNDER ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

maniacs

D. Brown

It has even been known that a chief engineer was once required to fire a salute to a visiting admiral. And this he accomplished with the aid of a wooden cannon (left over from some remote battle scene), and several charges of powder ignited at the muzzle of the gun synchronously with the discharging of dynamite on the back of the hill upon which the gun was mounted.

Chief engineers step in where directors fear to tread. Into mountain fastnesses where only seasoned donkeys dare to venture, he will transport monster generators and lights. Here he will make it possible for the director to shoot snow stuff at night and thus win the eulogies of the world for his daring and his artistry. Or he might, with the aid of a roll of tar paper and the sacred fire engine, create a mighty volcano belching forth flame and smoke.

The chief engineer must also be a mind-reader and clairvoyant. He must be able to go into a trance and anticipate the wants of the directors, because he is the Royal Alibi of the lot, and his demon bogey is Behind Schedule.

His genius for deciphering must be equal to that of an Egyptologist. A telegram from location at McCloud, California, might read: *We must shoot interior of log cabin available current* 110 *volts ship equipment immediately.*

From this cleverly worded message he must decide the amount of current available, whether it is alternating or direct, how far the source is from the location, and how much equipment it would take to light the set.

The chief engineer is also a very modest person. There is no record of him having ever hit the front pages wearing the laurels of a testimonial dinner. An opening night never finds him on its dazzling roster, nor has he ever been symbolized as a monumental warning against the use of dope.

He is the first resource of the efficiency expert and the last resource of screen credit.

The chief engineer is the wizard of weather, the genie of juice, the conjurer of climate, the magus of mechanics, the Aladdin of light.

And the *Sine Qua Non* of Cinema.

"A PROMISE is a promise—you've broken yours!"

So did Mary Kornman of "Our Gang" express her opinion of Robert McGowan, their director, when he failed to live up to a promise to take the "Gang" riding with him in the camera car the first time he made a "stunt shot."

As McGowan drove off the Hal Roach lot the other morning the entire personnel of "Our Gang" leaned out of the schoolroom window and complained about being left behind. But McGowan is extremely careful of "Our Gang". Promise or no promise, he wouldn't take them. He was going to ride safely in a camera car photographing a Culver City motorcycle officer, Lee Lindsay, speeding ahead of them, but he had a "hunch".

Red Daniels, brother of the freckled Mickey, drove the car with McGowan in the seat at his side. In front of the radiator on a platform Arthur Lloyd, "Our Gang's" cameraman, crouched over a tripod. Lloyd Campbell, film editor, stood on a running board.

Somebody misunderstood instructions and as the officer turned a corner and slowed down the camera car followed at full speed instead of going straight ahead. Lindsay felt the big car bump his rear wheel and suddenly did about ninety miles an hour. The car went over the curb and turned over. All of its passengers were shaken up and bruised while Lloyd and Campbell went into the hands of Dr. George S. Murphy in Culver City with serious cuts and bruises. Lloyd's camera was collected in a hundred pieces and the man behind the crank had one gash ten inches long on his leg besides other injuries. He and Campbell were thrown twenty or thirty feet.

"Our Gang" henceforth is playing Mr. McGowan's "hunches".

* * *

THE Llewelyn J. Morse, ancient clipper ship which has hauled strange cargoes on the high seas for years, is today cruising over the waters of the Pacific near Catalina with the most unusual boatload in her history.

Manned by a crew of half-clad pirates, bewhiskered and bloodthirsty in appearance, the Llewelyn J. has as special guests Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks who occupy a cabin specially built for them.

Doug and Mary are taking their first vacation in months, while Doug's pirates are capering about in the final scenes of his new picture, "The Black Pirate".

Offered the use of a palatial yacht for the trip, the famous pair declined, and preferred to make it a real vacation on board the old trading ship.

"It's more fun than a yacht," Douglas declared, "And there is really more room to leap about. This is the kind of a craft I'd like to keep for sea cruises, fit it up for comfort and just roam about."

"This is the funniest honeymoon we've had yet," Miss Pickford asserted. "We try to take one every year, and I'm getting a thrill out of a honeymoon with pirates and sailors and everything."

The Llewelyn J. Morse has been rebuilt to resemble the pirate craft of olden days, and may give some bibulous skipper along rum row a real thrill before the cruise is ended.

* * *

WHEN it comes to queer purchases and the task of renting things that apparently don't exist, L. A. French, assistant general manager and purchasing agent of the Hal Roach studios, knows as much about the business as anyone in pictures. Here is a list of some things wanted for "Our Gang," Charley Chase, Glen Tryon, Clyde Cook and Hal Roach Star comedies in the past few weeks:

One rooster which would crow without looking at the camera.

One dog trained to run away when called and come when ordered away.

Seven tons of corn foddy, a by-product very popular with bakers who fear the high cost of shredded cocoanut, but possessing also a remarkable photographic likeness to snow.

Three big apes, one trained to do the Charleston and one trained to walk sideways, facing the camera.

Some workmen's clothes resembling leather but made of a substance which would tear easily (this was a snap!)

One automobile wrecked and then put together in such a way that it would fall into 1,216 pieces at the director's orders.

One parrot with a fondness for riding on steering wheels.

One brand new, nifty-looking roadster, equipped for a romantic driver, with all dashboard fixtures and the hand-brake, gearshift, etc. on the left side of the steering wheel.

* * *

"IT never rains but it pours," quotes Sally Long, former Follies beauty now in pictures.

Saturday, December fifth was her birthday.

Saturday was the first anniversary of her arrival in Hollywood.

Saturday she started work in her first leading part in pictures opposite Buck Jones in "The Fighting Buckaroo" for Fox Films.

Saturday she arrived home to find her sister, Elizabeth, calmly sitting there. She hasn't seen her for years.

And Saturday she was told that she was to be one of the Wampas 1926 Stars.

* * *

FISH, fish, everywhere, but not one that has a head!

That was the cry of property men who received an order from Producer Raoul Walsh to obtain three, fifty-pound sea bass with the heads in tact to be used in scenes for "The Wanderer", Paramount's screen spectacle telling of the story of the prodigal son.

The task proved more difficult than it sounded. After a thorough search through all the sea-food shops in Los Angeles the men made a trip to the ocean front to meet an incoming fishing tug in the hope that it might have the fish. But they were doomed to disappointment. The fisherman had

several sea bass on board but the heads were already cut off.

Undiscouraged and in true "Message to Garcia" fashion, the men then chartered a small tug, determined to catch their quarry themselves.

This time they were rewarded because at nine o'clock the following morning they appeared on the set dragging three fifty-pound sea bass—head and all.

* * *

TOM McNamara, famous comic artist who titled and helped to direct Mary Pickford's "Little Annie Rooney" and "Scraps," has gone to New York to greet his old pals along Broadway, where Tom was formerly a newspaper cartoonist.

He expects to pay a visit to the old ruins of all the ancient tea rooms, where the boys used to gather when "Sweet Adeline" was the national anthem.

* * *

THE little blonde lady and her auburn haired companion sat at a Los Angeles lunch counter during the Christmas shopping rush.

"Gosh, look at that ring! Ain't that a swell pearl?" said a man sitting nearby in a hoarse whisper to a friend.

"Yeh, but she's married; there's the wedding ring under it," was the reply.

The blonde lady risked a glance out of the corner of her eye in the direction of her secretary, who couldn't suppress a smile.

The little blonde lady was Mary Pickford. * * *

MEMBERS of Director William K. Howard's "Red Dice" company, of which Rod LaRocque is the star, recently enjoyed a "ritzy" luncheon served with all the frills right on the DeMille Studio set where they were working.

The set happened to be an almost too good to be true replica of an exclusive delicatessan, with show cases brimming to overflowing with honest-to-gosh Virginia baked hams, tasty salads, and other delicacies. When Director Howard called it quits for luncheon, he suggested that all partake of the edible "props", and it is said, the players, who throughout the morning had been gazing upon the tempting dishes needed no second invitation.

Jeanie MacPherson and Douglas Z. Doty collaborated on the adaptation of "Red Dice" for the screen from Octavius Roy Cohen's, "The Iron Chalice".

PAT O'MALLEY recently discovered that due care and attention should be paid when it comes to naming a dog.

A few months ago "Old Dutch", Pat's German police dog named for "My Old Dutch", O'Malley's recent successful picture, died. The O'Malley children were heart-broken so Pat purchased two police dogs in order to play safe. The older one he named "Benedix" and the five weeks old pup he called "Ignatz". But "Ignatz" was a misnomer. "Ignatz" wasn't that kind of a pup and now answers to the name of "Ignacia", which fits its sex much better.

O'Malley is trying to work both dogs into "Wives For Rent" in which Universal is co-starring him with Virginia Valli but Svend Gade, the director, seems unable to find parts for them.

Howard Hawks makes his first stab at directing. Having achieved a distinct success as scenarist, he has now picked up the megaphone and is seen here discussing details of his first picture, "The Road to Glory," with May McAvoy and Ford Sterling.

* * *

SVEND Gade, Universal director, who is now filming "Wives For Rent" featuring Virginia Valli and Pat O'Malley, thought everyone in Hollywood could do the Charleston. He changed his mind however, when he assembled a crowd of several hundred extras, in evening clothes, for a big ball-room scene. He discovered that only one couple in the whole mob knew the intricate steps of the dance, and had to wait two days before he could assemble a group of players who did know it.

* * *

ARTHUR RANKIN has become a stranger in his own home town, and a bottle of peroxide is to blame.

A few weeks ago Arthur had coal-black hair and a large number of Hollywood acquaintances. Today he has brilliant yellow hair, a featured part in Cecil B. DeMille's current production. "The Volga Boatman", and can walk down Hollywood Boulevard without being recognized. The fact that it will take almost a year for him to recover from the effects of an enthusiastic peroxide shampoo worries Arthur not at all, for he considered it worth the while.

* * *

MARY PICKFORD has found a form of exercise that beats lifting weights, running mile races, rolling on the floor to the radio exercises or dieting.

She developed the muscles of her shoulders and back in about two weeks as they were never developed before. She did it while making "Scraps" her baby farm story.

Miss Pickford carried a thirty pound baby tied to her back in a part of this picture. With the baby fastened there, she climbed trees barefooted, swung from ropes, tramped through mud knee deep and did other strenuous stunts in spite of the fact she was carrying one third of her own weight.

"The first day I thought the task would be impossible," Miss Pickford said. "The baby seemed to get heavier each hour, and I almost gave it up.

"The next day the load seemed a little lighter, and after a week of this work she seemed light as feathers.

"It is remarkable how you can accustom yourself to such tasks by simply keeping at it."

The baby was Mary Louise Miller, a curly-haired little tot who was perfectly at home on "Mama Mollie's" back, and who never complained, even when Miss Pickford fell into the swamp with her.

* * *

RUMORS that Huntly Gordon may join the ranks of free lance actors following expiration of his present optional contract with Warner Brothers shortly after the first of the year were verified with his statement that he has asked for release. It is understood that the friendliest feeling exists between Gordon and studio officials and that he is certain to obtain his freedom.

Gordon came to Hollywood about three years ago to play the featured masculine role in "The Famous Mrs. Fair" for Louis B. Mayer. Before completion of the picture he was placed under two years' contract by that producer. It was as a Mayer star that he was loaned to Famous Players-Lasky for his second outstanding screen

role, opposite Gloria Swanson in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." The two pictures immediately established Gordon on the screen.

Although his three years in Hollywood's film colony have been spent entirely under contract, first to Mayer, then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and finally to Warners, Gordon has been loaned to every other big organization. This fact, coupled with recent demands for his services here and in New York, explains his desire to become an independent artist.

Besides "The Famous Mrs. Fair" and "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," among Gordon's most popular roles have been those in "The Enemy Sex" and "Shadows of Paris" for Paramount, "Wine" for Universal, "Married Flirts" and "True as Steel" for M-G-M, "The Gilded Butterfly" for Fox, "Never the Twain Shall Meet" for Cosmpolitan, "The Wanters" for First National and "My Wife and I," "The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted" and "The Golden Cocoon" for Warner Brothers.

* * *

FRESH from an eight years' engagement at the Majestic as leading man, Edward Everett Horton has just started his role in "Poker Faces" at Universal under the direction of Harry Pollard.

Horton, who will be co-starred with Laura LaPlante, recently decided to leave stage work permanently for pictures and "Poker Faces" is his first effort under his new arrangement.

Pollard, who just finished "The Cohens and Kelleys," is famous for having directed Reginald Denny to stardom and himself to fame as a megaphone wielder. "Poker Faces" will be a comedy.

In the supporting cast are George Siegmann, Tom O'Brien, and Tom Rickets. Mel Brown adapted the story.

* * *

NUMEROUS screen stars have discussed at length the art of making up for motion pictures. Others have told how grease paint and powder may accomplish many guises. It remains for Helene Chadwick star of "The Golden Cocoon" and "The Still Alarm," respectively Warner and Universal pictures, to tell the actual need of makeup.

Grease paint and powder are to the screen cameraman what retouching tools are to photographers, Miss Chadwick says. She explains that when a person sits for a group of photographs, the first proofs he sees of the pictures are always dark, shadowy and rough. But when the photographer retouches the negatives (retouching them means to remove the shadows and spots) the finished portraits are smooth and beautiful.

A single foot of film contains 13 small photographs. In a reel, Miss Chadwick says, there are about 13,000 tiny pictures. It would be a mammoth, almost impossible task to attempt to retouch each of them. Therefore the player dons makeup (which serves to "retouch" the face before the pictures are made.

* * *

WILLIAM DE MILLE'S next Paramount production will be made in Hollywood, not New York, as previously planned. The director-producer, who went east a few weeks ago to select the material for his next picture and to decide where he will film it, has advised Victor H. Clarke, general manager of the Lasky studio in Hollywood, that he will return shortly to being preparations.

DeMille took to New York the first print of his most recent production, "The Splendid Crime," featuring Bebe Daniels, Neil Hamilton, Anne Cornwall and Anthony Jewitt.

* * *

IRVIN WILLAT, Paramount director, and Billie Dove, his beautiful screen player wife, are east bound from Hollywood on the first part of their belated honeymoon which will include visits in New York, Miami, Palm Beach and Havana and a stay of nearly two months in Old Mexico.

Miss Dove and Willat wedded two years ago but until now picture work has prevented the honeymoon trip they had planned. More than a score of players escorted them to the station in Los Angeles, the crowd including Jack Holt, Florence Vidor, Noah Beery, Mary Brian, George Bancroft and Richard Arlon, who were featured in Willat's latest production, "The Enchanted Hill."

The romance of this happy couple began during the making of "Wanderer of the Wasteland," produced by Willat in techni-color for Paramount with Miss Dove as one of the players. Incidentally, it is Willat's first vacation in eight years of picture work with Paramount.

* * *

AN adventure seeking and big fish searching expedition into the waters of New Zealand will be embarked upon by Zane Grey, novelist, fisherman and lover of the open spaces, who sailed for the Antipodes from San Francisco December 30.

Preparatory to his departure Grey has been holding almost daily conferences at the Paramount studio in Hollywood with Jesse L. Lasky, Hector Turnbull, and George B. Seitz, concerning the filming of his novel, "Desert Gold," which Seitz will direct. Production of this story of Arizona, that inexhaustible field of romance, is scheduled to begin about January 15.

* * *

THE smartest fashion display ever shown on the screen will be included in "Miss Brewster's Millions," according to the promise made by Travis Banton, Paramount's Paris fashion creator, who was called back from a six months' tour of Europe, to design gowns for this forthcoming production.

Since his return from abroad, Banton, whose artistry in creating styles for "The Dressmaker from Paris" added to his fame, has spent several weeks at his sketching board.

Hundreds of yards of fabric, ranging from broadcloth to almost priceless souffle de soie, have been arriving daily at the wardrobe department of the Paramount studio in Hollywood, together with costly furs, spangles, beads and other accessories for milady's gowns. The personnel of the department has been increased in order to handle the work.

Clarence Badger, who will direct "Miss Brewster's Millions," and Hector Turnbull, associate Paramount producer in charge of this production, have been conferring on the selection of the supporting cast and will decide upon it shortly.

* * *

A LITTLE bit of Denmark in Hollywood! That is what Svend Gade intends to make of his new home, now in construction. To this end Gade has had send to him many interesting furnishings from his old home in Copenhagen, Denmark. The shipment includes antiques and rare tapestries, to say nothing of a library of 4,000 volumes and a pair of skiis. One of Gade's hobbies is skiing. Now he is looking for the snow.

Gade has started production at Universal of "Wives For Rent," co-starring Virginia Valli and Pat O'Malley. He is hitting it off at the rate of 25 scenes a day. This certifies the business office, but behind it is Gade's desire to get up into the mountains where there is snow, so that he may renew his acquaintance with his skiis.

* * *

PREPARATIONS for Victor Fleming's forthcoming production, "The Blind Goddess," have been completed at Famous Players-Lasky studio. The picture went into production on December 28. The story is from the novel of the same name by Arthur Train, and centers around the intricacies of the New York law courts and politics with the famous Tombs prison as a background.

* * *

THE Stendal Galleries is now showing an exhibition of water colors by Harold Miles, Hollywood artist who designed sets for "Dorothy Vernon," "Don Q" and "Ben-Hur." Miles recently took a trip through Europe and Northern Africa, and the exhibit is a record of his impressions.

In Southern France, Spain and Tunis, Miles found his material—where the brilliant sunlight and varied architectural features offered everything an artist could desire in the way of color, light and shade, and beauty of line. The exhibit consists of about twenty-five water colors and as many black and white studies in pencil. The latter were done in Paris, and in Carcassonne, the famous old walled city of Louis IX.

The Shadow of Zukor

(Continued from Page 23)

the Public Theaters, as his theaters will hereafter be designated in their separate corporate identity.

Verily, it appears that the independents who have sent up this sinister and mighty hymn of hate for Zukor have deleted their nostrils to spite their visages.

The logical solution of the present problem of the independents who wail that they are unable to cope with the Zukor forces, is to effect a booking, production or distribution combination among themselves and fight it out.

As for the American public, it cares nothing at all who makes, sells or shows motion pictures, just as long as the pictures are good, the theaters good and they don't get held up with silly admission prices.

As for Adolph Zukor . . . he has demonstrated his faith in the kinetoscope of yester year by building the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; by establishing and exploiting the trade name of "Paramount Pictures"; by surrounding himself with enthusiastic, young workers who have contributed much to the cause of the photoplay; by organizing and bringing to super-efficiency an enterprise engaged in a business notorious for its lackadaisical administration, and by conscientious endeavoring to fulfill the promise of his company that "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town".

This Zukor . . . being of human flesh and blood . . . has human limitations. He may be good . . or he may be bad. He may be shrewd . . . or he may be villainous. He may be philanthropic . . . or he may be avaracious. He may be headed for doom . . . or maybe many more golden years await him.

Regardless of what you may think of him, you cannot deny that he is one of the most spectacular figures the motion picture has ever brought forth; you cannot deny that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is a criterion of film producers everywhere; and that people go to see 'Paramount Pictures'.

We are inclined to favor him; to recognize what he has accomplished in the face of accusations of what he may be trying to accomplish. Actions speak louder than words . . . Always.

Who can tell . . . maybe five or seven years from today the same people who now villify Adolph Zukor will laud him as a champion of independence. It may be that in the shadow of Zukor many independents who now condemn him in the giddiness of their dilemma will eventually find their place, and thank the tremendous resources of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation that made their success possible. Changes are made quickly in motion pictures.

Who can tell what Adolph Zukor will be remembered as when he passes on?

Who can tell . . . in this business . . . . . or this art?

India

(Continued from Page 27)

and Italian way. I do not think that any of these countries can hope to compete with America for motion picture supremacy of the world, until they learn to tell screen stories in the American way.

Another powerful factor in favor of America is the financial power of its film industry which, strange to say, also fosters artistic development. The American film backers are willing to gamble huge sums. These huge sums bring the greatest artisans of the world to the film center of the world, they enable producers to achieve startling artistic effect, and by sheer power of the dollar, lavishly spent, they outdo, all the earnest, thoughtful or divinely inspired efforts of countries which could excell in the opera, for instance, but are hopelessly outclassed in the production of the motion picture.

Back to India. What are the chances for development of film production there? In all sincerity, and with knowledge gained not only from living there but from deep, earnest study of the conditions affecting motion pictures, I say that they are tremendous. Only the surface possibilities are being touched. But it is to America, to Hollywood and nowhere else in the world, that India must look for the knowledge, experience, and talent in motion picture organizing, producing, distributing and advertising.

With American methods and Indian or American capital, the great possibilities of the land will be utilized, and then the films made in India will be important not only at home, but will take their place among those in the international market. By grafting American thought and methods upon India's embryo industry, the whole world will come to know them in their particular, and not unimportant, place.

Fur

(Continued from Page 19)

Other furs, formerly heavy and stiff, are now dressed down in the leather until their weight is negligible.

wear the fur scarf will be universally worn. Fox scarfs in white will be very popular with the younger set, as well as all the delicate shades of brown, tan and gray. Silver fox will be in greater demand than ever. The richness of the dark blue, black fur with the touch of silver points, proclaims an air of value and beauty not obtainable in other furs.

The outstanding feature of the mode for furs is its general acceptance for wear on all occasions. As the standards of dress have risen, so has the demand for furs for both comfort and for effect. Whatever the requirements of dress you will find a component, if not a conspicuous, part of the toute ensemble will be of fur.

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BILL HART REMINISCES

(Continued from Page 57)

both in the spirit of the race—it seemed real to us! When the curtain fell—as the populace rushes in to crown the victor with a prop laurel wreath, they naturally hastened to Ben Hur (though on this occasion he was anything but the victor) and before he could move had planted the wreath on his curly locks, as usual.

"Bill dashed it to the stage, and cried—half in anger and half in sorrow:

" 'Take it away! Take it away!' "

"Which they did!"

"BAD men of the early frontier days or of later periods in the west," says Bill Hart, in discussing this much-mooted question, "were bad just as men in other places and times have been and are bad. The difference was principally in conditions and the effects of environment on the individual.

"There were plenty of the cowardly, stab-in-the-back types of bad men, but they were despised even by others of evil proclivities. The typical bad man was usually brave enough—he had to be, because it was a case of quicker dispensing of justice if he was caught than it is nowadays. A rope and a tree, or a few ounces of lead, spelled the finish of most bad men of the west in its days of early development.

"Bad men were perhaps more plentiful in those days, though one doubts it somewhat when the daily papers are scanned!

"They followed the crowd. They came with goldseekers, homesteaders, any 'rush' that meant chances for gain. Also they developed as a result of the mining industry, the cattle business, and the population of new territory, in the form of 'rustlers,' highwaymen, gamblers, etc. The gambler was of a higher type, usually, than other doubtful characters. There were plenty of 'honest gamblers'—at least they were honest within their limitations and had their own code of honor which they lived up to.

"The peace officer developed as the natural antithesis of the bad man. He was tremendously essential—and he more than balanced the scale, for in time even the worst-infested localities were cleaned out by the arm of the law in the shape of gun-fighters who could beat the bad-men at their own game. There was small chance of a peace officer making a mistake; justice seldom miscarried—unless the bad man drew quicker than his enemy. There was no sentiment about the 'poor criminal' and if there was, he generally was not there to know about it! There were no sob-sisters in those days!

"Men such as Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and other great peace officers, held their lives in the hollow of their hands every day of their careers in the wild times of the west. There were plenty of men who had sworn to get them. Often it was a matter of sheer nerve that pulled them out of desperate situations.

"Wild Bill Hickok, another famous peace officer, faced eight men who had been planted to kill him in a saloon in Abilene, Kansas. He got them all!

"If the bad man was brave, he at best was always in the 'shadow of the rope' and at a pinch this may have affected his courage and given the officer of the law a shade the best of the encounter—psychologically, at least.

"Certainly, I think it is a mistake ever to aggrandize a bad man on the screen. He must receive his proper punishment, even though some artistic standards based on the argument that 'art has no morals' would make a detestable wretch a hero and show him 'flourishing like the green bay tree.' Probably he frequently does — in real life, but we must, in plays for the screen, take a different attitude. Too much responsibility rests on the shoulders of the producer to risk showing evil triumphant to countless thousands of impressionable people—not to say youngsters.

"I am not attempting to moralize, but I've seen quite a bit in my day and I've never seen any real happiness result from doing evil. Something higher than mortals seems to take care of that, in the long run.

"Someone may say, 'Ah, yes, but you have played bad men on the screen!' That is true, but the bad men I have depicted have been invariably of the type which consistently refused to have a hand in anything savoring of petty crime. Granted, their vocation was an evil one and they deserved punishment, yet they pursued it in the open, their lives in their hands, the odds ten to one against them. This was no excuse for their evil careers, however. But ultimately they reformed, perhaps sufficiently punished by conscience, and became respectable citizens. Usually in such pictures, the character was driven into his erroneous, twisted way of thinking as a result of some great injustice. In those days men often took the law in their own hands. I do not argue that this was right—but it was done. And ultimately the self-appointed dispenser of justice was either punished or mended his ways, after terrific stress, sometimes becoming a peace officer and giving real service to the community! Besides, it was all a part of American history and should be so presented.

"I do not feel that any such characters as I have portrayed could ever be regarded as bad examples. While I believe in reformation and that there is good in all of us, I do not believe that a criminal should ever escape punishment. It is too bad, I often think, that the 'Mikado's' idea of making 'the punishment fit the crime' cannot be put into practice!

"In any case, the 'bad men' I have depicted on the screen should act as a deterrent; certainly they could never encourage anyone to follow their example!

"All the surviving great gun men of the West—peace officers or ex-bad men—with whom I have talked, agree that the expert target-man with a six-shooter was never the successful gunman. These old-timers all believe, and backed up their belief with their lives, that the quick draw was what counted and nothing else. They relied absolutely on their trained judgment to release the shot as soon as the gun reached a proper angle, which meant without sighting, the example being that they released the bullet as a pitcher would throw a ball, or a boy a stone."

As an exemplification of the foregoing, attention may be called to the accompanying photograph—and its accuracy without sighting. In this double exposure, Bill Hart pulled the two guns and struck the pose to fire—and the camera was snapped. Note the position of both guns and of both thumbs; the alignment of the barrels, which seems to bear out perfectly the teachings of the old-timers who pulled guns when lives were at stake, as Bill pulls them in pictures.

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IT WAS the custom in the old days of "rep" shows doing classical plays on the road for the company to engage members of the stage crews of the various theatres where it played to interpret minor roles. This frequently led to amusing situations, many of which Bill Hart recalls with relish. It was on one such occasion that an incident occurs that he delights in telling.

"We were doing 'Hamlet' and I was playing Horatio," he says of this occasion. "It was in a small Illinois town and the prop man of the local theatre was employed to play Marcellus. The lines of that part were not many and were largely echoes of Horatio's words.

"The chap was willing and anxious enough and we anticipated no trouble. During the first act, in the scene where Horatio tells Hamlet of having seen the ghost of the latter's father, Hamlet exclaims:

" 'Stayed he long?'

" 'While one with moderate speed might tell a hundred' is Horatio's reply. I spoke the lines and waited for Marcellus to delaim his two words, 'Longer! Longer!' But Marcellus had forgotten the words. 'Longer!' hissed Hamlet fiercely. 'Longer! Longer!' I also prompted in a stage whisper. Poor Marcellus plucked up courage:

" 'Well, say two hundred!" he cried in a loud tone, much to the joy of every Shakespearean student in the audience."

"IT WAS the last night of 'As You Like It,' when as a very young actor I was playing Orlando in Miss Julia Arthur's company at Wallack's Theatre in New York," he says of another occasion. "We had employed for the part of Charles the Wrestler a pupil of William Muldoon. He was a husky chap, but the action of the play necessitated I should best him in the wrestling bout. Some of the fellow's friends used to kid him, I imagine, about being defeated every night, and on this final performance in the city, he decided to have some fun with me. At the moment when I was supposed to throw him finally, he suddenly picked me up bodily and rushed across the stage. His sandal caught in some obstruction on the stage, and he came down like a ton of bricks with myself underneath. I felt as if the roof had fallen on me, and when I finally extricated myself the house was in an uproar and I saw to my horror that, besides the scene having been spoiled, my wig was gone from my head and lay conspicuously in the center of the stage!

"Miss Arthur was enraged. I pleaded for the chap who had been my opponent but she refused to take him on tour and so we decided to engage local wrestlers wherever we played.

"At Buffalo the champion of the mat was a young Irishman named Dennis Gallagher. The proud management of the theatre with an eye to more business, placed a sign outside the house announcing that Dennis the local champ would wrestle a bout with Orlando in every performance of 'As You Like It.' About nine o'clock one evening an elderly son of Erin came to the box office.

" 'Give me a dollar seat,' he said, 'an' put me right down front—I'm here to see our Denny wipe up the mat with that foreigner.'

" 'But the wrestling scene is over,' said the box office man. 'I can't take your money, if that's all you came to see.'

"The old fellow looked flabbergasted: 'O'ye mean that Denny is all through?' he asked pathetically.

" 'Sure—the match is finished."

"Denny's admirer leaned his hand through the box office window and in a hoarse whisper asked: 'Who won?'

" 'Why, Orlando, of course!'

"The old chap looked at him in infinite amazement for a moment and shoved the dollar back into his pocket. He straightened up with a look of defiance:

" 'Who th' h—l is Orlando?' he cried and walked away in utter disgust."

"WHEN I first came to New York City," says Bill of his screen experience, "I was a green kid from out west and I'd hobnobbed so much with Indian boys that I hardly knew how to act among whitefolk. So I got to be a sort of solitary, staying by myself a lot. One day I was standing on the street corner, wishing I had something to do, when a joyful sight met my eyes—a colored boy on a horse, leading a lot of mettled steeds and having considerable trouble doing it. So I went over and helped him get untangled and then I asked him if he couldn't aid me to get work where he was employed—as I was familiar with horses. So he took me down to a stable—Dickel's Riding Academy it was called—on 56th street, where he introduced me to the boss and I got a job exercising the horses, which were fine high grade stock and pretty lively, in Central Park. I went to work at 3:30 a.m. and quit at eight and earned fifty cents a day. But I soon exercised myself out of a job, because I got all the horses so quiet they didn't need me any more.

"Well, here's the odd part of the yarn: Years afterward I was making a film called 'Branding Broadway' in New York and as I had to go quite a distance to the place where we were shooting the scenes, I was told to go to the Famous Players-Lasky studio to make up. And what do you think? They took me into the old riding academy where I got my first job—yes, sir, that was the studio and even the old tanbark arena was still there. If that isn't a coincidence, I don't want a cent!"

"BACK in the old Triangle days; in fact, on the very first picture I made, we went out to Santa Ynez canyon for scenes. I had put on my cowboy togs and by the hitching rack I ran into a chap named Whitey Sovern, who had charge of the horses and hands, and asked him for a

RUTH STEWART—*study by Mandeville.*

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horse. He gave me a quiet animal and next day when I came back he wanted to know if I would rather have something livelier. I told him I didn't mind. He didn't know who I was and decided to have some fun with me, I reckon.

"He brought out a good-looking animal and I got in the saddle and trotted off up toward the hills. I soon realized that the horse was cold-jawed, but it didn't worry me any. We kept on quite a ways, when he decided he'd gone far enough and turned round and headed for camp.

"I might as well have tried to hold back a cyclone, so I just kicked him plenty and let him run. We came back faster than a whirlwind and fetched up at the hitching rack, where I unsaddled and left the horse.

"You see, I hadn't ridden for some time before that and I wanted to get kind of broken in again. I did—all right! But the kick of the story was this: Whitey went over to E. H. Allen, who was managing the company:

" 'Who's the new hand?' he asked. Allen wanted to know who he meant and he described me.

" 'Oh,' says Allen, 'he isn't a cowhand, he's an actor.'

"Old Whitey just shook his head: 'He's kidding you,' he observed, 'he ain't no actor! Why, he came down off the hill just now on that cold-jawed hoss like he was goin' into town for a new cook!' "

CHAPMAN'S

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"SOME years ago while in Chicago for a short stay" says Bill Hart, "I encountered my friend Jack Dempsey, who was already champion of the world. We were together one evening and after a time dropped into the theatre where Fred Stone, the well-known comedy star, was playing an extended engagement. Fred and I were old friends, but he had never met Dempsey. We went backstage to call on him, but before knocking at his dressing room door, I asked Jack to wait for me a moment in the corridor.

"I greeted Fred, who was making up, and after a brief chat I said: 'Fred, while here in Chicago, I've run across a young chap who shows wonderful promise as a fighter. The trouble is, he needs advice for he's quite alone here and you know how liable he is to get into the wrong hands. If I were going to be here long, I'd try to do something but I'm leaving right away. I thought, Fred, that maybe you'd be willing to sort of take him under your wing and look after him till he gets started right. I've brought him with me —he's outside now.'

"Fred looked surprised, hesitated, and tried to explain how busy he was and all that. Finally, being a mighty fine fellow, he agreed to do what he could for my 'find' and told me to bring him in. I went to the door and called Jack in:

" 'Here's the boy,' I said, 'and I hope—'

"I got no further. Fred, of course, knew the champion at once and collecting a large handful of grease paint threw it at me. Then the joke was explained to Jack and he had a hearty laugh over it."

WILLIAM S. HART'S world-wide reputation as a rider has sometimes placed him in embarrassing positions, as witness the experience which befell him when, some years ago, he had to go to New York to make scenes for a picture which were to match up with other scenes made in Los Angeles.

It was necessary to get a horse with a long mane and tail and as most of the equines in Manhattan have their manes roached and tails docked, it was not an easy task. Finally a Kentucky thoroughbred with the necessary qualifications was found and proudly exhibited by the director, Lambert Hillyer, to Mr. Hart. It was a big, powerful horse and seemed quite gentle.

The scene required Bill to chase a taxi up Sixth avenue and finally into Central Park, where he was to catch up with the car and drag the villain from the seat without slackening speed to any extent. The cameras were ready, Bill mounted the horse and kicked once and only once.

"I never went through a street in New York or anywhere else half so fast," he says, describing the incident. "We turned a corner at such speed that the horse tore off a shoe which went through a plate glass window. Cameras, director and everyone were left in the distance. I tried every trick known, but I couldn't stop him. I headed him toward the rear end of a trolley car and that eased him up a bit, but just as soon as he could he got around the car and kept going until we hit the bridle path in the Park. When I passed the taxi it was standing still or coming backward —at least that's how it seemed to me. Finally, around 92nd, just as we were about to emerge into a crowded street, and while I was thinking—'here's a fine finish for Bill Hart, a western picture star—to come to New York and get smashed up riding a horse!'—the animal got tired or something and slowed up a little. The minute he did so I was off and hanging on to the bridle and at last I got him stopped. I walked back to 62nd street—where Hillyer was—leading the horse all the way. Lambert was scared to death, but when he saw I was alive and no bones broken, he felt better. I turned the horse over to the man from the livery stable.

" 'Ride him back,' I said. The fellow just looked but didn't answer. He put on the blanket and started to lead the horse out.

" 'Ride him,' I insisted. 'Here's ten dollars if you do.'

" 'Nothing doing!' he answered.

" 'Twenty,' I said, raising the ante.

" 'Not for all the money in New York,' he responded, 'that horse has hurt everybody in the stable—he ain't mean, understand, he's just ambitious—not having had a race in months,' and he quietly led the horse away."

THE personality of "Big Bill" Hart—or whatever it is that makes him so popular with the public—was never more forcibly exemplified than it was during the past February, when Bill was in New York. There he accompanied Tex Rickard, a friend of long standing and another westerner, to the latter's big Madison Square arena where a young friend of Bill's happened to be boxing in a bout which practically meant the lightweight championship. The clever youngster was Sammy Mandel, and his opponent was Sid Terris. Bill was the guest of Rex, and they sat side by side at the ringside. As the bout progressed Bill Hart's rooting for Sammy became so vociferous and infectious that the staid, calm and cool-eyed Tex actually began to root also. Sammy, incidentally, had often acted as Bill's opponent in volley-ball contests at the latter's California gymnasium.

When it is taken into consideration that Tex Rickard must, above all things in the world, be absolutely impartial regarding matches held in his "emporium," and that, on this occasion, he became so imbued with Bill's spirit that he had to get up and leave the arena, or forfeit his position of neutrality, it shows how strong is that influence—that "something"—that endears Bill Hart to screen fans everywhere—what is it?

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THE NIGHT BRIDE

(Continued from Page 52)

She decided to drift along for a while and trust to her wits and the gods, to see her through.

"Mumsey," she said finally, in girlish joy. "I want you to go back to father and tell him this."

She gave her a quick outline of Stanley's handling of the affair. Minerva's eyes filled with tears.

"Thank God for that!" she breathed fervently. "You lucky girl—to have such a husband! This will put new life in your father. I must hurry back; but first, you must tell me all about your marriage; when, where and how it happened. I'm just wild with curiosity."

The masquerading Mrs. Warrington felt her heart skip a few beats, then she calmly took a header into an ocean of lies.

"It came about very suddenly," she said glibly. "A kiss—a proposal—and a justice of the peace."

Her mother nodded understandingly, then her face assumed a puzzled look.

"But Cynthia, dear," she said, "why did you let us go on with the wedding preparations—up to the very last minute? Fortunately, it turned out beautifully. Everybody had a gorgeous time. But I couldn't figure out why you didn't come and tell me."

Cynthia's brain had become nimble of late, and leaped to her rescue.

"You see, it was like this," she said. "Stanley liked me, I knew that, but I didn't know whether he loved me or not. I couldn't ask him, could I?" Of course she couldn't. "I felt in duty bound to marry Mr. Walsh to save father. Stanley proposed at five—and at six we were married. You remember when I sneaked out?" Minerva remembered. "Then I read that awful article in the paper — Stan wrote that, mother, wasn't it clever? I was in a rage—and wanted to publicly denounce Addison Walsh before everybody—right at the altar, but I couldn't go through with it; and so I just cut, and ran—for—home."

It was not very convincing, but Minerva made allowances for a girl's hysteria at such a time.

CYNTHIA stared at a certain finger of her left hand. A wedding ring was conspicuously absent. A tiny brass circlet, hanging from a curtain cord at the window, caught her eye. She looked out, as if searching for her husband.

"I'm sorry Stan isn't here," she said, in well-feigned tones of disappointment. "He had to go to the office. You must meet him, he's a dear."

She jerked the ring from its moorings and slipped it on her finger. Thank heaven, it fitted!

"See, mother," she said, proudly, extending her hand. "The very latest—virgin gold—from the Yukon." She thought gold came from there.

Her mother touched the ring casually.

"Something new? Very pretty—but plain. "Now, she demanded, rising to her feet, "I must see this marvelous house. It is just like stepping into a king's palace."

Cynthia rang for Biggles. She hoped he would answer.

"I haven't seen it myself," she observed. "We'll tour the place together."

A carpet bodkin lay on the floor. As a good housekeeper should, Cynthia picked it up.

To her relief, Biggles entered the room, albeit reluctantly.

"This is Biggles, mother," Cynthia told her. "Stanley's man. My mother, Biggles, Mrs. Stockton."

Minerva nodded as servants should be nodded to. But Biggles never so much as flicked an eyelash.

"Will you show us over the castle, Biggles?" Cynthia demanded coolly. "My mother is anxious to see it before she goes."

"It's been closed up," he began. "Some of the doors is locked—"

"Then get the keys, please," commanded Cynthia, her face hardening.

"I'm afraid the keys is—" but Biggles never finished the sentence.

Cynthia had given him a sly jab in the thigh, that caused him to grunt and almost lose his balance.

Mrs. Stockton, who had been admiring a piece of statuary, turned suddenly.

"Come, mother," said Cynthia sweetly. "Biggles will do his best, I am sure."

With a doubtful glance at the bodkin in her hand, he gave a begrudging nod and clumped out of the room. The two ladies followed amiably.

"It's almost like going through a museum," said Mrs. Stockton enthusiastically, as they passed from room to room.

There was a trophy room, a gun and tackle room, several bed-chambers, a sunken bath, gymnasium, and his own suite, where he spent most of his time.

As they stood there, in his rooms, Cynthia recalled the scene of the night before. She could see Walsh whirling his whip in a circle about his head—and Stanley, bare-shouldered and helpless. The memory of her undraped self intruding into the fray brought a rose flush to her cheeks. She wondered if she would ever enter those rooms again. The cloud of her doubts obscured the sun of her desires.

The inspection over, she saw her mother to the door.

"My dear," Minerva said, after a kiss of farewell, "you must give a reception, something worth while. Oh, you lucky girl! Isn't it wonderful how everything has turned out? Bring Stanley over soon, we are anxious to meet him—and thank him for being such a wonderful husband to our baby girl."

She was gone at last.

Cynthia went back to the library and sat down—to think. A pyramid of lies was toppling over her. It was liable to fall at any moment and crush her.

"Where do I go from here?" she asked herself, with a wistful sigh.

STANLEY had driven his big car out into the country. He didn't know where he was going, but he was on his way. Two motorcycle cops started after him, but gave it up as a bad job. He wouldn't go to the office and face Cal and Bill. He'd have to lie like a trooper. Neither did he care to pass through the village and have to answer a lot of fool questions.

He pulled up at a lake. A sign: FISHING TACKLE AND BOATS RENTED HERE appealed to him. He picked out a boat and tackle and rowed out into the middle of the water. He baited a hook and dropped it overboard. They couldn't find him there and tangle him up in a jumble of explanations. His cork bobbed vigorously, several mosquitoes sunk their shafts into his neck and struck oil, but he failed to notice them.

He was back at the breakfast table, and it was just occurring to him that she looked nice in brown.

When Stanley arrived home at the dinner hour, he found the table set for one. Dinner was ready—Biggles had been waiting for him.

"Ah, Biggles!" he exclaimed jovially, almost effervescently, unfolding his napkin, "I see the young lady has cleared out."

Biggles silently handed him a note which he extracted from his coat pocket.

The curious young man read it with avidity.

Dear Mr. Husband:

Am dining with mother and father. I held Biggles up and took the door-key away from him. It looks like another night in the Ogre's castle for little Cynthia. I promise not to bother you. Please be patient with me.

Your wife that ain't,

Cynthia.

P.S.—I am the busiest little liar in seven states.

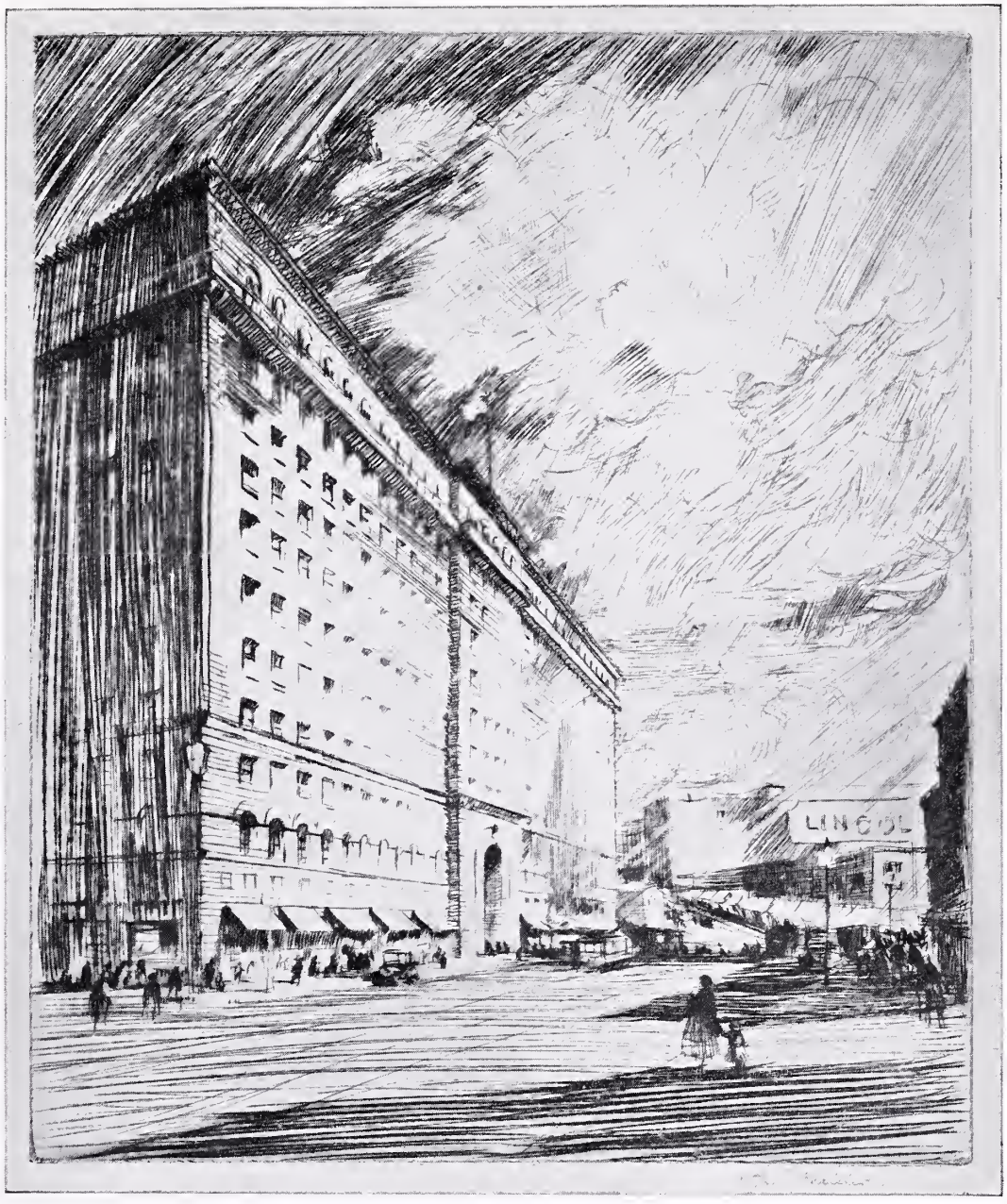
Inwardly Stanley chuckled, but outwardly he fumed.

That was for Biggles' sake.

"Damn!" he yelled, banging his fist on the table. "Biggles, how are we ever going to get rid of her? She's a pest!"

Somehow, he guiltily admitted, he wished she were sitting in her chair, right then and there, and wearing her brown dress.

(Continued on Page 75)



VERY VERY soon Barker Bros. move to their new home—*7th Street, Flower and Figueroa.* A massive new building, this, built in response to the increased interest in the creation of *Better Homes.* An interest largely fostered by the inspiration of Motion Pictures.

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WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

COMPILED BY RICHMOND WHARTON

Sylvano Balboni	Directing "The Far Cry" for First National release. An all-star cast is featured. Scenario by Katherine Kavanaugh.
William Beaudine	Directing "Leave It To Me," featuring Patsy Ruth Miller and John Patrick; Warner Brothers release. Scenario by E. T. Lowe, Jr.
J. Stuart Blackton	Finishing "Bride of the Storm" for Warner Brothers. All-star cast. Scenario by Marion Constance.
Clarence Brown	Directing Norma Talmadge and Ronald Coleman in "Kiki" for First National release. Scenario by Hans Kraely.
Edwin Carewe	Directing "The Twentieth Century Limited" for First National release. All-star cast. Scenario by Lois Leeson.
Benjamin Christensen	Directing Norma Shearer in "The Light Eternal" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Scenario by Mr. Christensen.
Allan Crossland	Directing John Barrymore in "Don Juan," for Warner Brothers release. Scenario by Bess Meredith.
Irving Cummings	Directing "The Johnstown Flood" for Fox release. All-star cast. Scenario by Bingham.
Allan Dwan	Directing "Sea Horses" for Paramount release. All-star. Scenario by James Hamilton.
Cecil DeMille	Directing "The Volga Boatman." All-star cast. Scenario by Konrad Bercovici.
James Flood	Preparing for his next Warner Brothers feature, which will be titled, "Why Girls Go Back Home."
Emmett Flynn	Directing "The Price of Pleasure" for Fox release. All-star cast. Scenario by Bradley King.
John Ford	Directing "Three Bad Men" for Fox. All-star cast.
Sidney Franklin	Directing Marion Davies in "Beverly of Graustark" for Cosmopolitan Pictures. Scenario by Agnes C. Johnston.
Al. Green	Directing Colleen Moore in "Irene" for First National. Scenario by June Mathis.
Hobart Henley	Directing Charles Ray and Eleanor Boardman in "The Auction Block" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Scenario by Frederick and Fanny Hatton.
George Hill	Directing the famous Rex Beach story, "The Barrier," for Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer. All-star cast. Scenario by Harvey Gates.
Lambert Hillyer	Directing "The Second Chance" for First National. All-star cast. Scenario by Eve Unsell.
William K. Howard	Directing Rod La Roque in "Red Dice" for De Mille. Scenario by Jeanie MacPherson.
Rupert Julian	Preparing "Silence" for De Mille. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix.
Earle Kenton	Directing "Other Women's Husbands" for Warner Brothers, featuring Marie Prevost and Monte Blue. Scenario by E. T. Lowe.
Walter Lang	Directing "The Earth Woman" for Mrs. Wallace Reid. All-star cast. Scenario by Norton Parker.
Rowland V. Lee	Directing "Daybreak" for Fox. All-star cast. Scenario by Robert M. Lee.
Robert Z. Leonard	Directing Corinne Griffith in "Mlle. Modiste" for First National release.
Marshall Neilan	Directing "The Great Love" featuring Viola Dana and Robert Agnew. Scenario by Glasier.
Fred Niblo	Putting the final touches on "Ben Hur" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Scenario by Bess Meredith.
Albert Parker	Directing Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate" for United Artists release.
Harry Pollard	Directing "Poker Faces" featuring Edward Everett Horton for Universal. Scenario by Mel Brown.
Roy Del Ruth	Directing "The Grifters" for Warner Brothers. All-star cast. Scenario by Daryl Francis Zanuck.
Edward Sedgwick	Directing "The Square Head" featuring Jean Hersholt, for Universal. Scenario by Curtis Benton.
William A. Seiter	Directing "Rolling Home" featuring Reginald Denny, for Universal.
Paul Sloane	Directing "Eve's Leaves" featuring Leatrice Joy, for De Mille. Scenario by Elmer Harris.
Sam Taylor	Directing Harold Lloyd in his next feature comedy.
King Vidor	Directing "Bardelys the Magnificent" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel by Raphael Sabatini.
Roland West	Directing "The Bat" for United Artists. All-star cast. Scenario by Mr. West.
Raoul Walsh	Directing "The Golden Journey" for Paramount, featuring Greta Nisson and William Collier, Jr. Scenario by James O'Donough.

THE NIGHT BRIDE

(Continued from Page 72)

The old mariner was deceived. "There's some nice, fat frogs in the pound," he said joyfully. "I could put a couple in her bed."

The young Ogre shook his head.

"Wouldn't do," he said. "She'd find other beds in the house."

"I could put a couple in every bed to make sure."

"She'd sleep on a divan. The girl is resourceful."

"I'd have her arrested and let her sleep in jail," was Biggles' final solution of the problem.

Again Stanley vetoed the idea. "We've got to remember we're gentlemen," he said reprovingly. "In spite of the fact that at times you seem to forget." He stole a mischievous glance at the troubled old salt.

"Oh, well," Stanley sighed in resignation, "as long as she doesn't bother us, I guess we can put up with her for another night."

He sniffed.

"Smell anything?"

Biggles sniffed.

"Yes, sir," he answered in a tone of disgust. "It's her perfume. Every room in the house smells like her. I've had the windows open all day, but it didn't do any good. I can see, sir, as how this place is going to the dogs. And speaking of dogs, she took Hector out for a walk and now he won't mind me, or even look at me."

"A discerning canine, Big, old man."

Biggles tried to respond to his master's levity, but failed dismally.

"I never dreamed for a moment, sir," he ranted on protestingly, "when we came here, we was going to be invaded by a half naked woman. I'm surprised, sir, you don't do something. This can't go on forever, sir. It's—it's indecent."

"You forget, Biggles," the young man gently observed, "what she did for me last night. If it hadn't been for her, I might be on my way home—in a pine box—like the old Ogre. We owe her something."

The ex-sea captain shuddered. He loved this boy—it would have killed him to have something serious befall his young master.

"What you say is quite true, sir," he admitted. "Maybe I'm inclined to be harsh with her. But there ought to be some way to fix things. Why, sir, she made up your bed and mine—she put flowers in your room—and cleaned your pipes. She cut up an apple and put the parings in your tobacco. She threw my old pipe out the window and gave me ten dollars to go buy a new one. I don't want a new pipe—and it took me an hour to find the old one."

"Then you're ten to the good," said Stanley. "Not so bad, for one day."

"She even darned your socks and sewed buttons on your silk pajamas, sir. If that ain't scandalous, then I'm a singing sea gull."

Stanley leaned back and roared. Somehow he felt pleased, although he wouldn't admit it to Biggles.

CYNTHIA, an adept by this time in the art of fabrication, made a good excuse for Stanley's absence to her mother and father. It was a happy reunion and somehow it made her feel as if she were really Mrs. Stanley Warrington at home visiting.

They drove over with her, and left her at the steps. She unlocked the front door, crept upstairs and soon was snuggling in her pillow.

Another milestone on the highway of fibbery had been safely passed. She sighed and fell asleep.

As Biggles said, it couldn't go on forever.

Cynthia kept out of the young Ogre's way or, rather, he kept out of hers, which made it easy. The third night she hid in the pantry, foraged her own dinner and sneaked up to bed.

Meanwhile, Stanley's absence from the office meant nothing to Cal and Bill. They missed his editorials, but they knew their boss was honeymooning. Who wants to write when he can love?

The fourth day,Stanley was closeted in the library with his lawyer and accountant. They submitted their reports. When they left, they carried a check made payable to Walsh and a new note was left with Stanley, bearing John Stockton's signature.

Two high-salaried men were telegraphed for, to come out and put the Stockton factories on their feet.

Cynthia, an eavesdropper, learned all this at first hand. She tiptoed to her room and marveled at the young Ogre's gift of business acumen.

Incidentally, she offered up a sweet little prayer for him.

Then Biggles upset the apple cart.

He met Delia, the Walsh housekeeper. When, where and how, he never would disclose. The designing woman suspected something, and she laid her snares for the old sea-captain. He was easily trapped, which went to prove that Biggles, the woman-hater, was susceptible. By the light of a bewitching moon, she wormed the truth out of him. He wondered why she had left him so abruptly.

She had gone to report to Walsh.

That individual was astounded. He took a day off and did some scouting around. It was true. The record showed up marriage of Stanley Warrington to Cynthia Stockton on a certain day.

The unforgiving banker, cheated of his revenge against the house of Stockton—he had been paid off that very day by the Warrington lawyer—saw a new way to bring the girl who had ditched his matrimonial equipage, to her kness in humility.

Not married? Gad—what a chance for reprisal.

A TELEGRAM reached Mrs. Warrington, of Baltimore. It sent her flying to catch the first train west.

As for Cynthia's mother and father, he was going to open up his volcano at a propitious time. That would be after the young devil's mother arrived.

Walsh, like a cat who has found a bed of catnip, mentally wallowed in the ecstacy of his coming exposure.

On the sixth day, Stanley sent for Cynthia. She reported in the library. Her attitude was similar to a child who had been told to go to the store and had forgotten.

The young man was plainly irritated.

"Miss Stockton," he opened up without ceremony. "This is the sixth day of your sojourn in this house. It looks to me as if it is liable to be a thousand and six. I have felt sorry for you and tried to help you to the best of my ability. But this is getting on my nerves. You have upset me so that I can't write—I don't dare go to the office—and—and I'm tired of fishing."

Fishing? She wondered what he was talking about.

"I am going to my ranch in Canada. I leave you here, monarch of all you survey. You can live here until you either give up, or are found out. When you decide to vacate, kindly wire me and I'll come back—but not until you have gone."

He stiffened and went out.

The poor girl stood glued to the floor.

At first, she was hurt, then the volcanic seething in her soul, stirred her to anger.

He was running away—he was a coward. He made her feel as if she were stealing her board and lodging. He was a spoiled and selfish boy. He hated her—of that there was no doubt. Very well—this was the finish. She was through.

She ran up the stairs to her room and started to toss her things pell-mell into her trunk. She would go away—simultaneously with him. If he went north, she'd go south. She had some money of her own—a little, but enough for a while. She would not go down to defeat until the heavens opened upon her.

And the heavens were seemingly about to do that very thing; for Walsh, Mrs. Warrington and Mrs. Stockton were at the threshold seeking admittance.

When Biggles swung back the door, to be confronted by the stern-faced mother of his young master, he stood wild-eyed and open-mouthed. She whisked by him without a word, the other two following close upon her heels. At the library door, she turned, casting a look of disapproval at her son's man-servant.

At the Stockton mansion, there had been a terrible scene. Walsh had doggedly stuck to his accusation. Minerva, with all the righteous wrath at her command, had defended her child and defied them to prove their awful allegations. She knew they were duly and legally married and she had dared them to say otherwise.

Mrs. Warrington had invited her to accompany them to her son's home, there to confront them and get at the truth. With misgivings, for the seed of doubt had been sown in Minerva's mind, she had accepted their challenge; and there they were, two mothers, one on the offensive, the other on the defensive, but both ready to condemn if needs be.

If what Walsh had said were true, this boy and girl had violated the sacredness of youth—had broken a law, punishable by that law itself.

AS Biggles hurried to the side door to find Stanley in the garage and warn him of the unexpected that had happened, he paused as Cynthia came down the stairs.

She had heard voices and a terrible suspicion urged her to learn the worst.

"Oh Lord, Miss!" gasped the terrified man. "The ship be sinking, our boats is stove in—and we're all goners, or I'm a blue-nosed bottle fish!"

He appeared to be in an awful funk.

"What is it?" she asked quickly.

"Mrs. Warrington, your mother and that banker feller—they're in the library, now—," he wheezed. "There's blood in their eye—they've sent for you and Master Stanley. I'd better warn him." He stumbled away, mumbling strange sounds.

Cynthia sat down on the lower stair to keep herself from falling. They had found her out. This was the jumping off place. Here was where she took her last plunge, to be submerged by the consequences of her rash act. She started to laugh, but her eyes trickled tears. It was a nervous hysteria. How could she face them? She knew what they'd say. Her mother might believe her and take her back, but there was Walsh to be dealt with. That Shylock was there to take his pound of flesh, and it looked as if he were about to collect it. He would broadcast the story, in any event. That would be his revenge. She was doomed.

She hid her face in her hands and shuddered. The ordeal was of her own making. She must go in and calmly confess. She wondered if she would be able to walk to the guillotine.

When Stanley heard Biggles' spasmodic story, he grabbed up his coat and started for the house, Biggles pounding after him, the laws of instinct directing him to take his stand by his young master in times of stress.

Strangely enough, Stanley gave no thought for Cynthia or himself. Walsh was again within the four walls of his home. This time things would be different. All he asked was an equal break.

They entered the house by the side door. As Stanley came into the great hallway, he stopped short. Cynthia was slowly walking towards the grim and forbidding library door, a wavering, faltering, pitiful penitent. He could picture the grim jury waiting to brand and condemn her, the sweetest and purest girl he had ever met.

A wave of sympathy submerged him. His heart went out to her. Something snapped in his brain and he almost cried out for her to stop. But an idea—a wonderful idea, embryonic at first, grew into a great and glorious hope, a dream of a possible reality.

He whipped out his note book, he was afraid the slightest sound would bring the trio out into the open, as it were. Hastily scrawling a few words, he thrust it into Biggles' hand with a hoarse whisper of instruction, and vanished, out from whence he came. Biggles, now a staunch ally, one of three, ready to stand and take his punishment with the others, reached her as her hand groped for the knob of the door.

Startled, as from a dream, she took the note mechanically—and read it. She had to piece it, word by word, for Stanley's penmanship was execrable, as we already know. She finally made it out.

Don't go in, stand pat. Meet me at the side door. Biggles will handle them. Stan.

She looked up at the old hulk of a big fool, standing there, with tears in his eyes. The ashen gray of her face stabbed him like a knife. Then slowly a delicate pink swept her cheeks. She breathed in short gasps—a reprieve—and he had signed himself Stan.

What did it all mean?

Biggles gave her a gentle shove, nodding towards the side door. She found herself moving, but her actions were like those of a marionette.

Biggles stiffened and growled a command to himself to play his part like a man. A grim suspicion had come to him that he was responsible for all this.

He opened the door and went in.

CYNTHIA awoke from her stupor on the driveway. The soft purring of a powerful motor made her look up. The big, cream-colored car was standing there and Stanley was at the wheel.

"Get in!" was his quick command.

She hesitated, her limbs were slow to obey. The young Ogre reached over and jerked her into the seat beside him in a forceful manner. They shot out the gateway, and were speeding along the highway towards the village before she had adjusted her legs and skirt into a dignified position.

No Sterlingite ever saw anything go so fast. Just before they entered the village she pressed his arm and indicated her wish that he stop. He pulled up under a big oak tree.

His glance was miscievous, yet withal, tender.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, as soon as she could get her breath.

The wind had blown her hair into a helter-skelter of curls. She looked like a wild wood-nymph.

"We're going to the minister's," he told her.

"What for?"

"To be married, of course."

Cynthia stared at him as if he were a perfect stranger, then she looked away.

It came to her. He was doing this because he was sorry for her. It was an hereditary chivalry, born of the blood. A BRAS OUVERTS. She knew her French, she had seen the shield hanging in his room. WITH OPEN ARMS. She understood. It was noble of him.

Slowly, very slowly, she turned her eyes to his. What she saw made her draw in her breath, a tremulous sigh, as of startled surprise. Yet those horrid goggles might reflect falsely, they might be deceiving.

"I know," she said, trying hard to smile. "You're doing this out of sympathy for me. You'd give me your name, to save mine. But it won't do. I won't marry you—take me back. I'll face them—" Her voice broke as she bowed her head.

The young man's strong, bronzed hand closed over hers. "Sympathy be damned!" he said fiercely. "Cynthia—it's because—I love you."

He lifted her chin with his hand, and brought her eyes up into focus with his.

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Then she saw something there—she had never seen it before—and she knew what it was.

With a smothered cry she found herself enveloped in his arms, his lips gently pressing hers. Then he stepped on the gas and they were gone.

MEANWHILE Biggles the brave had informed the silent and grim trio in the library that Master Stanley and his WIFE would return in fifteen minutes. He would serve them tea.

Walsh had emitted a snort of derision at his remark, and Minerva had glared at Mrs. Warrington with an "I told you so" expression.

Stanley's mother, simple, sweet little lady that she usually was, looked from one to the other in bewilderment.

"I don't know what to think," she said. "Biggles called her his wife, and he is a wise old man. He would know—if it were not so. We must be careful—and feel our way. To falsely accuse them would be something I never could forget to my dying day. I know Stanley to be an upright and honorable man, and I feel sure Miss Stockton is all a mother could desire."

She turned to Minerva, who was sobbing silently in her handkerchief, and laid her hand gently on hers.

"We mothers must stick together," she continued. "If Mr. Walsh's suspicions are true, then we must work together to adjust these errant children, and sift their thoughts and motives to the bottom."

"I don't know how they are going to explain it," said the smug banker. "But I feel sure, upon a rigid cross-examination, you will find that I am right."

"In any event, Mr. Walsh," said Mrs. Warrington sweetly, "we, no doubt, can rely upon your chivalry to allow this affair to go no further. This is a sacred matter; and if you have been the means of enabling us to learn the truth, we must be left to solve the difficulty in our own way."

Walsh hesitated. He could make a promise and keep it, the story could leak out in other ways.

"You may rely upon my honor," he said with dignity.

Biggles wheeled in the tea cart, served them with tea and cakes, then went out and gently turned the key in the door and put it in his pocket. They would stay there until Master Stanley told him to let them out.

AS we have said before, when Stanley's brain said "go," he went.

The car purred up to the front door of the castle, no side doors for them from now on. They went boldly in. Biggles silently handed Stanley the key to the library door, and sat down in the hall to be within call when the trumpet sounded for a charge.

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"Send Miss Stockton into the library, if she is here," she commanded. "If she is out, we will wait until she returns. Also, find my son—and send him to me as quickly as possible."

They went into the library and closed the door.

Stanley and his bride fairly burst in upon the trio. Walsh discreetly took a position behind a table. Mrs. Warrington gathered her boy in her arms, while Cynthia crushed her ewe lamb to her bosom and sobbed.

"Mother!" cried Cynthia, "what has happened—why are you crying?"

Mrs. Warrington released Stanley and studied Cynthia with a glance of keen appraisal. What she saw seemed to melt her, for her voice broke, and she found it hard to speak.

"My dears," she finally said, "a terrible accusation has been made by Mr. Walsh. He claims that you are not married, that you have been living here together as man and wife. What have you to say to that? Is—is it true—or not?"

Stanley whirled around and confronted Walsh. In his breast pocket was the marriage license. On Cynthia's finger was the brass curtain ring, her emblem of his love. She had refused to use any other; later perhaps—a platinum one, set in diamonds—but not now.

As Stanley moved forward, Walsh retreated. It seemed like a game to the boy. He burst out laughing. With Cynthia, his to hold, and love forever more, he could be magnanimous, and laugh his enemy down to defeat. Turning to his mother, he took her hand in his and gently patted it.

"I can understand Mr. Walsh's motive for all this," he said, finding it irksome to hold his temper, "but I am afraid he is doomed to be disappointed. I suppose, mother, when I give you my solemn word that Cynthia is my wife you will believe me."

Minerva gave a shriek of relief and sank to a chair.

Mrs. Warrington stole a quick look of hatred at Walsh, patted Minerva on the shoulder, then went to Cynthia and quietly kissed her.

"I'M SO glad," she kept saying, "I'm so glad."

Walsh stood as one petrified. Then he gave a short, sarcastic laugh.

"I suggest, my dear Mrs. Warrington, he said, "that you demand proofs of all this. I tell you they are not married."

Before Mrs. Warrington could defend her son's word the young Ogre had leaped over the table, grabbed Walsh by the coat-tails and collar, and propelled him out and down the hallway to the front door. Biggles was there to open it wide. There was no pause or delay. It was a concerted action. Walsh went spinning down the terrace steps in a tangle of grunting protest, and landed, as one might truthfully say, on his ear.

Biggles went tearing for the kennels.

A firebrand of a young man stood by with a grim smile, and waited for the enraged man to pick himself up and depart. Walsh struggled to his feet and frothily mouthed certain threats at his Nemesis, which in this instance was not a goddess, but a young god of righteous wrath.

A yipping yelp from Hector broke the spell. Biggles had contrived a fitting climax to the occasion. With a "Sic 'em, Hec, old boy!" he unsnapped the chain, and a fleet collie was dashing across the lawn.

Walsh saw him coming and knew he was to be the point of contact. With a gurgle of fright he turned and ran for the gates as fast as his fat calves could carry him. He had a good start, and reached the main highway ahead of the dog. But Hector, not to be cheated this time, as he had been in the race for Bill Dobbins, put on double speed and was after him like a flash.

Bill Dobbins, on his motorcycle, almost fell off into a ditch as he saw a fat man doing a sprint that did him great credit, the Warrington collie coming on as a close second.

He recognized the banker and yelled: "Go to it Hector—go to it—and bring back a souvenir!" Bill slapped his knees, danced up and down and waved his cap with joy. To him it was the race of the year.

A delivery wagon jogged along. Walsh saw it and by a superhuman spurt reached the tail-board and tried to clamber aboard. He was blessed with strength born of terror, but the dog was fleet. As he hoisted himself up Hector's jaws snapped. They closed upon the seat of Walsh's trousers. Maybe they sank even deeper, from the yell Walsh emitted. But there was a ripping and a giving away of cloth, and Hector trotted back, wagging his tail at Bill.

In his mouth was a generous portion of Scotch tweed, that had recently adorned the portly form of a dignified man.

A penitent Cynthia sat before the two mothers. Stanley had taken his place beside her, his hand resting upon her shoulder, in gentle assurance of his love and desire to stand by her.

Cynthia had confessed—everything.

The two mothers managed to weather the shock. Their tears were of sympathy and understanding; their laughter—in appreciation of these two, who had come through the fires of impulse, and landed right where they belonged.

Not to be outdone on such an occasion, Hector trotted proudly into the room, his head held high, and his tail waving majestically in the air.

He went directly to Cynthia and laid the seat of Addison Walsh' trousers at her feet. It was a fitting gift.

THE END

To Do Titles

RUPERT HUGHES has been signed by Warner Bros. to title "The Cave Man." This picture is Marie Prevost and Matt Moore's latest feature. It was directed by Lewis Milestone, who has now been loaned to Famous Players-Lasky to direct Thomas Meighan in "A Florida Roman." The picture will be made in New York.

The writing of sub-titles for any pictures outside of his own productions is something new for the Major, but he signed to do "The Cave Man" after completing the titling of John Barrymore's "The Sea Beast" also for Warner Bros.

The titles for "The Sea Beast" from Herman Melville's novel from which the screen story was adapted, are works of art. They carry the swing of the picture and are timed for tempo to a nicety.

The title of J. Stuart Blackton's latest picture for Warner Bros. has been changed from "Maryland, My Maryland" to "Bride of the Storm." The story is taken from the novel by James Francis Dwyer. Dolores Costello and John Harron have the leading roles with Sheldon Lewis, Tyrone Power and Otto Mattieson prominent in support. This is the second of the Blackton pictures to be made on the Warner lot but the first that is to be released under the new agreement whereby the Commodore's productions are to be sold as a part of the Warner program.

Signs New Contract

LOUIS B. MAYER has signed Hobart Henley to a new contract to direct a series of pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the organization with whom he has been associated during the last eighteen months.

Henley was the first director to start production after the merger of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer forces, and since that time has become one of the leading directors of popular and artistic successes on the M-G-M lot.

The director is at present making his seventh picture for the Culver City studios, and has a record that few directors can top. His first was "Sinners in Silk," then he made the sensational comedy of 1924, "So This Is Marriage," followed by "The Denial," "A Slave of Fashion," "Exchange of Wives," and the recently completed picture, "His Secretary," which is declared to be the best thing he has ever done, and which is now showing at Loew's State Theatre.

Henley is now directing "The Auction Block" with Charles Ray and Eleanor Boardman in the featured roles, and Sally O'Neil, Ernest Gillen, Edythe Yorke and James Corrigan in the cast. His new contract begins with the completion of this Rex Beach story.

Writer Becomes Movie Director

JAMES O. SPEARING, for the last three years a member of the Universal scenario department, has been made a director, Carl Laemmle has announced, and will direct a feature with an all-star cast within the next two months.

Before entering the motion picture industry, Spearing was a member of the editorial staff of the New York Times for ten years, and for the last five years of that period, was motion picture and dramatic critic. His comments on pictures attracted the attention of Mr. Laemmle, who brought him out to Universal City. Spearing has made an intensive study of the technical side of pictures during his stay in Hollywood.

Universal to Star Laura La Plante

LAURA LA PLANTE will be elevated to actual stardom as soon as she finishes her featured role opposite Edward Everett Horton in "Poker Faces," Harry Pollard's present Universal production.

The decision to advance Miss La Plante to the position of star was made on the suggestion of theater exhibitors and releasing experts, who report that the young comedienne in the past two years has built up a tremendous following.

Miss La Plante just finished a featured lead with Reginald Denny in "Skinner's Dress Suit," and before that played the lead in Dimitri Buchowetzki's Super-Jewel, "The Midnight Sun." In leads with Denny, and with featured parts in "The Dangerous Innocence," "The Beautiful Cheat," and other pictures, she has shown remarkable ability as a comedienne, and that it is expected that her stories will be along the line of light comedy.

A New Continuity Writer

EVERY so often a Wampas member, just to demonstrate the versatility of his typewriter, dashes off a short story, a scenario or a play. The latest member to indulge is Jay Chapman, who with Burl Tuttle authored the continuity of Bob Custer's latest vehicle, "The News Buster." Chapman has been in the studio publicity and scenario departments and connected with local publications for six years, and has various screen stories, adaptations, continuities and short stories to his credit.

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And in the meantime don't forget to write to us on any subject pertaining to the production of motion pictures in which you are interested. The Motion Picture Director is of, by and for the motion picture industry and all concerned with it.

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The DIRECTOR

J. STUART BLACKTON,
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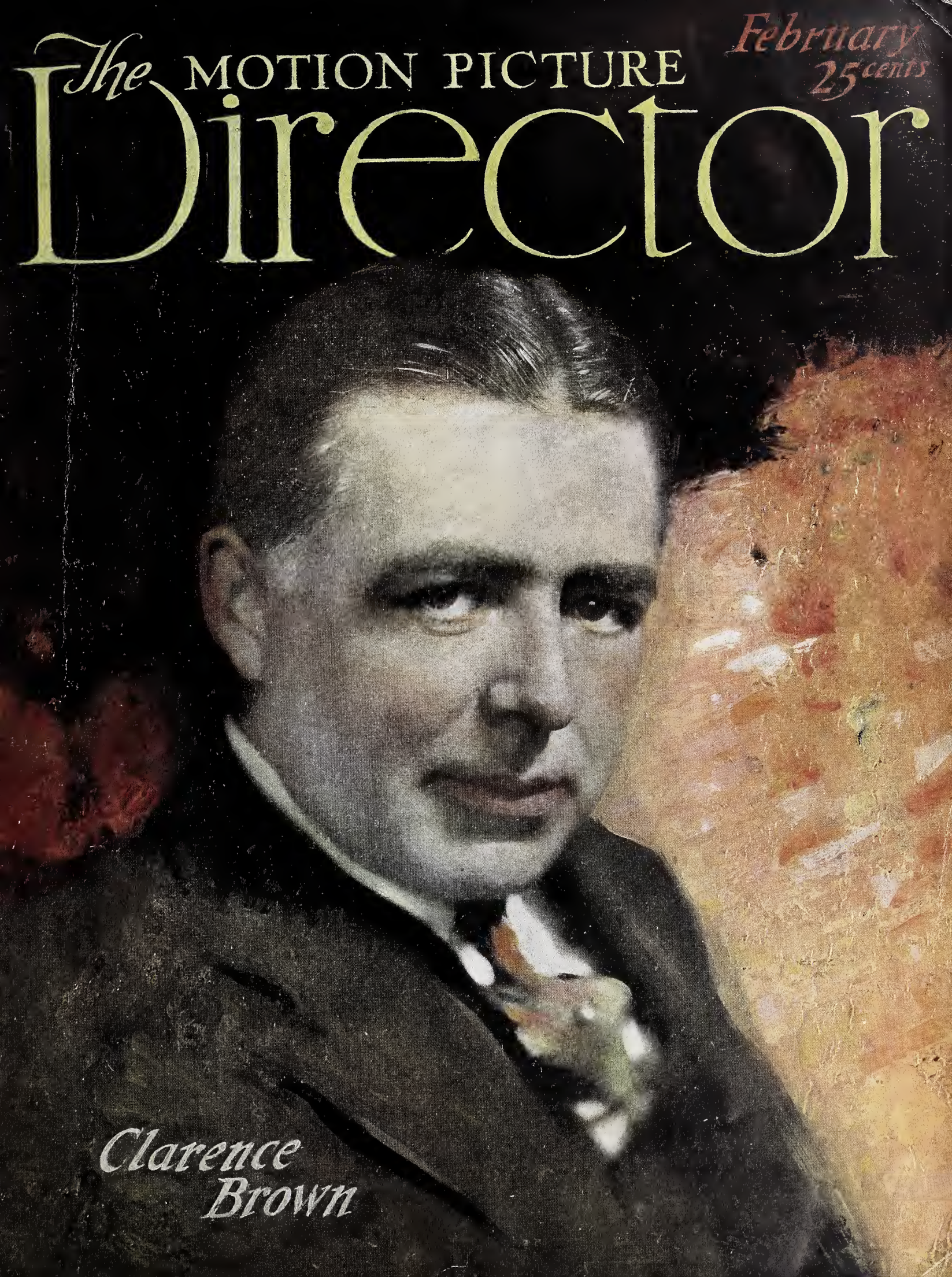

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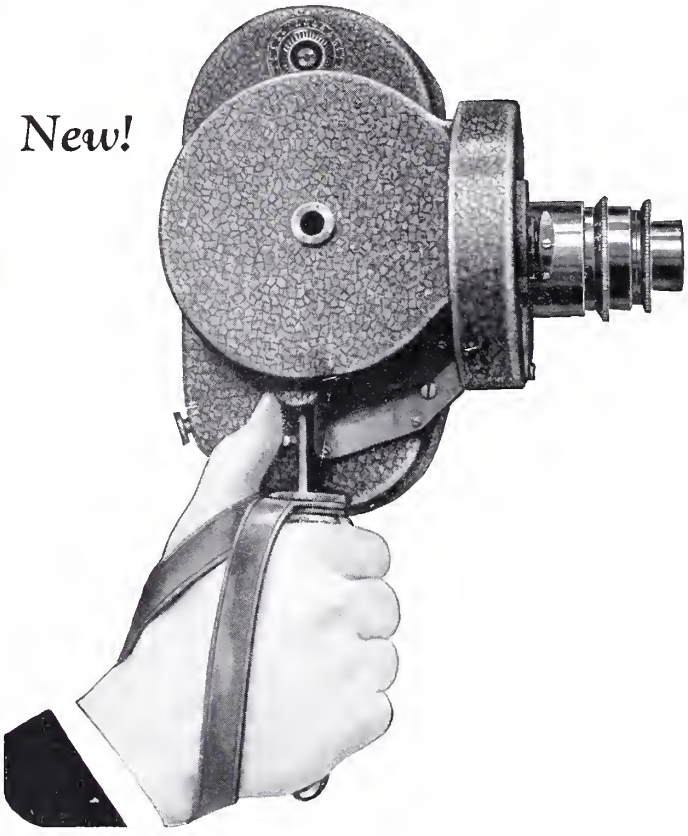

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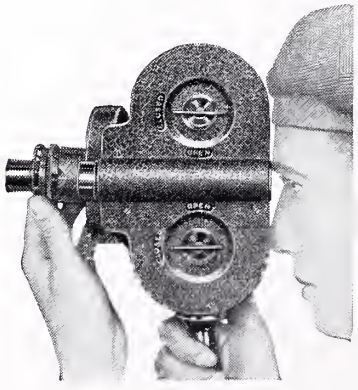

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"A Better Understanding Between Those Who See and Those Who Make Pictures"

Volume 11
Number 7

The MOTION PICTURE Director

February
1926

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Managing Editor

J. STUART BLACKTON
Editor

JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN
Assistant Editor

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The Open Door

From Those Who See To Those Who Make Motion Pictures

Editor,
THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR:

In recent issues you have asked your readers to express themselves freely in regard to the pictures that they see and the pictures that they would like to see. You have told us in your editorials that, through THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR magazine, we have an "open door" to the producers of pictures. Accordingly I want to register my vote for the type of film that I really like and enjoy.

Motion pictures to me are not just mere entertainment but virtually a panacea for all human ills. When one is in a joyous mood one goes joyously to a downtown theatre or to a neighborhood house and enjoys a good picture. When one is blue, in the dumps, one goes to the films to forget and to get away from one's self. At all times pictures take one out of one's self and into a land of romance, and adventure. One the silver sheet we see often ourselves in romantic roles—as we would like to be, perhaps.

Taking these things into consideration I believe that I am speaking for many others when I say that the films that are most enjoyable are those that entertain and amuse, that take one's thoughts from oneself and one's own problems and leave one with a pleasant feeling of having, for the time at least, completely lost one's self in the entertainer.

The intensely dramatic picture, on the other hand, not only is depressing but because of its intensity frequently proves an emotional strain that is exceedingly tiring. Personally I incline to the belief that the American people of today more thoroughly enjoy the lighter themes. Such pictures as "Best People" for instance with its delicious satire are thoroughly enjoyable. One relishes the satire, one enjoys the dramatic features, the suspense of the plot and working out of the story to the happy ending that we Americans so insistently demand. It so happened that on the same evening that I saw "Best People" I also saw a preview of "Dance Madness." I went into the theatre tired and out of sorts, I came away refreshed and with the feeling that I had had an enjoyable time. While much more dramatic I have enjoyed equally as much "The Merry Widow" and "The Eagle." In neither instance was there the dramatic intensity nor the emotional strain that I have referred to.

Just the other evening I attended the preview of what is probably a big production. It features a famous star and a strong cast of film favorites. It was directed by a director who has made a notable name for himself as the director of unusually powerful pictures. It was adapted from a world-famous story. Yet I came away worn out—exhausted. The tenseness of the dramatic suspense, the vividness of the emotional scenes and the unhappy ending left me depressed and regretting the evening spent. I am making no quarrel with the unhappy ending in this instance. It had to be in order faithfully to follow the original story. To do otherwise would be to have created a picture that had no excuse for being. But even without that ending the story left a "bad taste."

Undoubtedly such a picture will appeal to people who seem to derive a certain degree of enjoyment from morbid scenes. Probably it would be a tremendous success in Europe. But to me it is the antithesis of the type of production that American audiences desire and really enjoy.

The American people are living essentially in the present. We are keyed to a high pitch all the time and, whether we realize it or not, under a constant nervous strain,—a feeling that we must keep up with the procession. Yesterday has gone, tomorrow never comes. It is today that counts. "Then, why mourn for about what is gone or worry about what is to come?" may be said to be an expression of the national outlook on life. It is in such a spirit that we attend the motion picture theatres, seeking relaxation, amusement and relief from the every day problems of life. Give us pictures that entertain without engendering emotional exhaustion and you will give us pictures that we, who constitute the American theatre-going public, thoroughly enjoy.

M. J. D., *Los Angeles.*

Editor,
THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR:

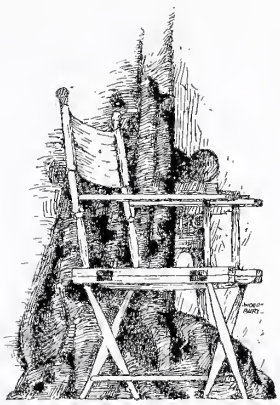
I am very much interested in the making of moving pictures, especially after reading about "Ben Hur."

I think that moving pictures are nearly as valuable as educational matter as they are for entertainment. For a few cents we can see before our eyes "How the other side of the world lives." Every school should use more educational pictures in the class room. I think they would make more impression on the young mind than hours of study. We use them in the Navy to instruct our Engineers in operation of new machinery. For preserving historical events they have no equal and to my rather inexperienced mind they should be placed side by side with steam engines, telephones, radio, automobiles and electric lights in everyday usefulness.

I am very anxious to be allowed the privilege of visiting some large studio with soneone who can explain the "inner workings." Some time ago a certain moving picture company took a few "shots" aboard this vessel. They didn't cause us one bit of inconvenience; in fact, they caused a lot of enjoyment. The director said he would show us the finished product some evening. The evening arrived and he said he was bringing a *few* of the actors along.

When they came on board there were about twenty persons. The picture was shown and a very interesting picture too, featuring the life of a Navy man on sea and on shore. To us, who *know* the Navy Man on shipboard it was very true to life, and great credit is due the director and company for their excellent acting. The picture was full of comedy and thrills. Not only did they honor us with their

(Continued on Page 68)



IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

By J. Stuart Blackton

The Battle of Bunker Hill

ABOUT the year 1900, the motion picture appeared and in ten years it began to take its place with the kindred arts, Literature and the Drama.

Today, literature and the drama enjoy the same freedom of expression that was their heritage from the War of Independence.

Today, the motion picture is the victim of a pernicious and growing class legislation.

In the year 1909, the writer produced a two-reel historical film portraying the life of George Washington.

Then an unbelievable thing happened!

Our Chicago office wired that the Chicago Board of Censors, headed by one Major Funkhauser, refused to permit the showing of our Washington film unless we eliminated the Battle of Bunker Hill and the Siege of Yorktown.

Further particulars convinced us that it was not a huge joke as we first suspected. The redoubtable Funkhauser and his misguided associates were in deadly earnest.

When asked for an explanation, he pointed to Clause V in the list of scenes and action subject to elimination under the local censorship board's ruling. There it was, in black and white: "Clause V. It shall be a misdemeanor to exhibit in moving pictures on the screen in any public place, scenes showing firearms being used with intent to kill, and such scenes shall be eliminated before a permit can be issued for exhibition."

The Battle of Bunker Hill and the Siege of Yorktown typified the beginning and end of the Colony's struggle for freedom, but the Colonial and British troops were "using firearms with intent to kill," and so the stupid censors, in their doltish and destructive ignorance, applied Clause V to the case in hand without regard to the injury it worked upon those who made the picture and those who wanted to see it.

As a matter of fact there is no need for censorship as it is imposed on the American screen. The sternest censors of motion pictures after all are, first, the public itself, and secondly, the exhibitors—the men who show the films. The big, high-class theatres will not debase themselves by showing the type of pictures that is essentially censorable. The neighborhood theatres would not dare to show them. Such houses cater to a regular clientele which would quickly draw away were pictures of a genuinely objectionable nature to be shown.

If a picture is so bad that it is not fit to be exhibited anywhere there are very plainly worded laws on the statutes of every community providing for just such contingencies. But as a whole the petty censorship imposed by the self-appointed censors of the smaller communities accomplishes nothing and is seriously damaging the picture that is made for and belongs to the American public.

The very people who are themselves most directly affected by censorship—the theatre patrons of the country—are the ones who have it in their hands effectively to eradicate a censorship that arbitrarily imposes its will and its whims on the screen and permits literature and the dramatic stage complete freedom of expression.

Suppose, for instance, that every novel that is written were at the mercy of local censors, that before the people of a community could buy it or read it, it had to be reviewed by the local censor boards. Suppose that every traveling theatrical company when arriving at a new city or town had to change the lines and rehearse the show in order to conform to some notion of the community censors, what kind of a play would it be? Certainly it would soon cease to be the author's work as originally conceived and presented.

Actually this censorship question does not affect the producer of films one-half as much as it affects the rights of the public in the kind of picture they want to see. And the people have at their hands the most potent of weapons to combat pernicious censorship in the power of public demand, a power that, expressed at the box office, has greater force than all attempts at regulation exerted by individually created censor boards.

Let us for a moment consider the film situation in Russia. In a recent article in *The Film Daily* Ernest W. Fredman explains that in Russia the government recognizes what a force the cinema plays in the lives of their people. The government controls films by a state department under the name of Sovkino that entirely deals with the film industry. The Sovkino is a big renting organization which has the monopoly in film renting throughout the whole of Soviet Russia and to whom every foreign country sells its product. A stranger to a Moscow or Leningrad cinema gets the complete shock of his life when he sees an American picture. If it is a social drama and contains scenes of high life, it is either cut to shreds or it is twisted about so as to convey propaganda that the rich are living at the expense of the poor.

Native production gets preference and, as almost every one of these films has propaganda of some kind, it can be easily understood how the Soviet subtly weaves its ideas into the minds of the people.

The Censor Board is very strict in Russia. They view everything from the revolutionary point of view. Films in which monarchy is portrayed are utterly taboo; kissing frowned upon, and all Biblical films have been banned.

Not much difference between Funkhauser and Sovkino, except in the spelling.

One hundred and fifty years ago, the war for independence was fought and won. Our forefathers fought and died for the high principles of Liberty—liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of action, liberty of government "of the people, for the people, by the people."

For nearly one hundred and fifty years this country rejoiced in what was recognized throughout the civilized world as the most perfect form of government. Class legislation was not permitted and trades, professions, societies, religions and the arts and sciences were allowed full freedom of expression. If they transgressed the laws and statutes based upon the Constitution of the United States, means were provided by law to punish them. It was not until censorship singled out the motion picture, over fifteen years ago, that class legislation began to be permitted and suffered. Motion picture censorship was the original Sovkino. Censorship is class legislation pure and simple. It prohibits the cinema from doing what the press can do with complete freedom. It denies the motion picture the freedom enjoyed by literature and the drama. It very definitely indicates that the police and other proper authorities deemed competent to handle every sort of crime, are incapable of exercising control over motion pictures.

Censorship could easily be considered as the greatest laugh of the century if it were not working such injury to the very principles for which the patriots fought at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Melbourne Spurr

Pola Negri in pensive mood. She is finishing her first production for Paramount under the direction of Dimitri Buchowetski to be released under the title "Because I Love You."

Melbourne Spurr

Alice Terry is again to play the feminine lead in Paris-made productions for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and has returned to Paris where she will rejoin her director-husband, Rex Ingram.

Melbourne Spurr

Marion Davies in her new production, "Beverly of Graustark", is introducing some spectacular thrills that promise genuine entertainment.

Marie Prevost, following a successful career in featured leads at Warner Brothers, has now been signed by Metropolitan and elevated to full stardom.

Hartsook

Lilyan Tashman found January a busy month, appearing in Metropolitan's production of "Whispering Smith" and being loaned to Fox for an important part in "Siberia."

Harold Dean Carsey

Ronald Colman as Renal in the Norma Talmadge production of "Kiki" is giving the screen another of his convincing portrayals, particularly when cast in a French role.

Norma Talmadge is playing "Kiki" as the lovable, fiery little bundle of impudence appears on the stage, a role so utterly at variance with her customary portrayals as to cause one to wonder, "Is this Norma Talmadge, or a totally different person whom we have never met before?"

NORMA *Plays* KIKI

by Jay Brien Chapman

THE announcement several months ago that Norma Talmadge would make "Kiki" as her first contribution to motion picture theatregoers for 1926, caused a great deal of speculation within the motion picture industry.

While interest was focused on the question of what Miss Talmadge would do with a role so different from those she usually portrays, as that offered by Belasco's sensational stage success, a wider significance attaches to the making of "Kiki" and the success or failure of an individual production.

No one can doubt the ability of Miss Talmadge as an actress. If she were merely a versatile character woman, there would be no question of her ability to please the public in the role of "Kiki." But she is more than a capable actress. She is a star whose great popularity has created two distinct Norma Talmadges.

One of these Talmadges is the actress herself, apart from her reputation. The other is the formidable Norma Talmadge of the public mind, who, as one of the screen's best-known and best-loved personalities, belongs not to herself but to her audience. It is this second personage, and not the first, who may be limited in her capacity for versatility; not by her ability but by the conception of her that dwells in the minds of this great audience.

Her case is not unique. Chaplin might excel his own record of artistic achievement if he were to turn to tragedy—but could the Chaplin who lives in the public mind be replaced by another, however capable? Mary Pickford is another of several of today's stars who are bound to a general type of role by the shackles of popularity—and one may ever go beyond the beginning of motion pictures and consider the stage for further examples. Sarah Bernhardt was always the divine Sarah of the public's conception, a great actress whose genius deprived her of the privilege of versatility.

The fact that the role of "Kiki" is so great a departure from the portrayal of the certain definite type which has made her famous, injects considerable suspense into the present speculation in film circles regarding the success of her undertaking. The question arising in their minds is, will the public accept Norma Talmadge as comedienne, and in the role of a French gutter-snipe?

The launching of a star of such powerful reputation into a character vehicle so different from those upon which she had built her fame is a courageous venture, and one in which the whole motion picture industry has something at stake. Her success as "Kiki" may be the means of destroying certain musty traditions now existing which have heretofore discouraged individual producers and artists from departing from "type." A greater variety of expression, and as a result, a greater freedom from box office limitations may be established.

Even if "Kiki" should not be received with favor by her public, Miss Talmadge will have achieved a definite accomplishment as well as having succeeded in a courageous venture. And the point proved will be that a star-personality, built through adherence to a single general type of role until it dominates individual ambition, but continue to prevail, so that the star of outstanding reputation cannot be allowed to exceed certain limits of versatility without suffering temporary retrogression in the public favor.

Norma Talmadge is playing "Kiki" as that lovable, fiery little bundle of impudence appears on the stage, and the production and technical staffs under Director Clarence Brown are giving the screen play a background of color, atmosphere and setting that fully takes advantage of the cinema's greater facilities in this direction.

Standing, one afternoon, in the heart of the famous Montmartre section of Paris—or to be more accurate, standing beside the cameras that were filming a very fine reproduction of that section as it had been built on the United Studio lot—the impression of the screen's vast resources came to me with unusual force.

It was a bustling street scene, filled with the polyglot, cosmopolitan crowd that throngs that section of the Parisian's playground. The old buildings of the Montmartre shouldered each other down the street and vanished around a corner in the foreground. The narrow pavements were crowded with push carts, omnibuses, bicycles and Renaults of all vintages. On the sidewalks was a colorful mingling of various foreign types and individuals. An artist with a framed canvas under his arm hurried along close to the wall. A gendarme flirted with a saucy girl who was burdened with various hat boxes. A street gamin, feminine gender, offered papers to the passers-by, her stand the vantage point of an omnibus "Stop."

I looked around for the star, and in doing so, unconsciously looked for Norma Talmadge as I had come to know her in

The old buildings of the Montmartre shouldered each other down the street and vanished around a that throngs that section of

previous productions. Suddenly I realized, with a shock, that my eye had passed her as casually as I have described, in the above scene, the character she represented —that of the little paper seller!

Truly, Miss Talmadge was playing "Kiki" as we know her from the stage. The stately Norma of "Graustark," had become the true Parisian street gamin, the saucy model for everyone's rags, instead of being merely superimposed upon the personality of Miss Talmadge.

Ronald Colman, in the part of Victor Renal, has many opportunities particularly suited to his ability, and Gertrude Astor, who plays the role of "Paulette," is an admirable foil for the star as well as the villainness of the piece. Marc McDermott as "Baron Rapp" is another antagonist in the play, while the more-than-ordinarily interesting servant role of "Adolphe" rests with the capable George K. Arthur.

The task of adapting the Belasco stage play to fit the requirements, utilize the facilities of and conform to the limitations of the screen was entrusted to Hans Kraly, whose splendid work in adapting "Her

corner in the foreground . . . . a bustling street scene, filled with the polyglot, cosmopolitan crowd the Parisian's playground.

Sister from Paris" has won him a high place in the scenario field.

Judging by the detailed synopsis of "Kiki", Mr. Kraly has done equally good work with the harder problems it involves. Harder because of the fact that in visualizing the action of the star, Kraly was obliged to create, in his own mind at least, a new version of Norma Talmadge.

Those who have been fortunate enough to have seen the play in New York or elsewhere may have heard that the American stage versions differed somewhat from the French that may have been made, are probably to spare the feelings of the censors. The screen version which must be offered to an audience so widely opinionated, has probably been slightly toned down from the stage version for the same reason, but it has not suffered in dramatic interest in the process.

The screen play will introduce "Kiki" as the guttersnipe of the Paris streets, seller of papers in the Montmarte. Difficulties with her landlady threatens her with eviction, but instead of paying her

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Estelle Taylor

As she will appear in the role of Lucretia Borgia opposite John Barrymore in the forthcoming Warner Bros. production of "Don Juan". Costume of green velvet trimmed with gold and silver lace, diamonds and pearls, designed by Sophie Wagner, Photo by Harold Dean Carsey.

Irene Rich as "Lady Windemere"

Motherhood *and the* Screen

by Irene Rich

"YOU can't be a real mother to your children and an actress too!" they told me.

"They" were the usual groups of friends and relatives who surround anyone who is going into motion pictures, or to move to another state, or to choose a college or to buy a hat.

"It's a matter of duty to the kiddies," they continued. "You know what the screen career is. It isn't fair to the children to take them into that atmosphere, or to take their mother away from them."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I'm going into motion pictures because of the children."

A gasp! They all looked at my mother who, bless her sensible heart, was on my side.

"I *don't* know what the screen career is," I continued, "and if you'll pardon my saying so, dear friends, neither do you. But I have reason to believe that as a motion picture actress I can raise the children in a better atmosphere, can give them a better home, a better education and more of my own care than I could if I were going to become a stenographer, a bookkeeper, a —"

"But, my dear girl! Surely you know that there are such occupations as professional hostess, social secretary and others in which one's social training may be capitalized—"

"And one's time monopolized!" I retorted. I'm afraid I wasn't altogether polite or considerate, but as a matter of fact I was secretly agitated. In spite of careful consideration of the problem, and arrival at a decision that I had no intention of changing, I had little disquieting fears—little jangling nerves that were easily aroused to the "jumpy" state.

"I am going into motion pictures as I would enter a business venture," I said. "I'll have a sinking fund. I'll be prepared to wait for business. I'll invest in ways and means of attracting business, such as advertising and publicity. If I fail I can always try to find some other market for my personality and limited talents."

"You're going into it, child, because you're caught by the lure of acting, just as any silly little girl with no responsibilities might rush to Hollywood and destruction!" The speaker was a friend old enough and dear enough to speak her thoughts without reserve—and on this occasion she spared me nothing.

"I plead guilty of feeling the lure, as you call it," I said, "but it isn't just the glamor of the thing. I've always wanted to try acting for the screen, because of the scope of the medium. Now I have an added incentive in the matter of its financial appeal. If I do succeed, I can do more for the children than I could do in any other way, I'm sure. So—"

Every time I hear of any girl or woman breaking the home ties and launching forth, from some distant circle of friends and familiar atmosphere, into the struggle for film success in Hollywood, I think of that scene. No doubt it is rather typical, for if children do not figure in the problem, inexperience in life or any one of many obstacles will be held up before the eyes of the aspirant to career, and magnified, I believe, beyond a just proportion.

I'll add my voice to those of the many who have said that the screen career offers no broad, easy highway of approach, no flower-strewn path of progress, no sinecure when success arrives. But we cannot keep up with the bandwagon of the times and still preserve those ideas of the not distant past that if possible girls should be kept from seeking a career other than that of marriage.

Duty to children? As I saw mine, it

was to give them the best in the way of education and surroundings that I could procure for them, plus home life in their tender years, and their mother's own care, love and attention. I was not entirely confident of screen success, and I did not know for sure that I could, in pictures, do what I hoped to do for my two girls. But I had thought it over carefully, and decided to try.

I have never been sorry.

The girls are growing older. Now, having attained a degree of success in my work, and a degree of experience and insight into the screen as a career, I can bring not only the point of view of the actress to bear, but also that of the mother whose girls will some day seek careers of their own, I know the mother's fears. Knowing, too, the spirit of independence in the kiddies, I have decided not to try to raise them in the way I was raised, but to prepare them for whatever may come in this lively age of ours, not only by giving them the best cultural advantage possible, but by aiding and abetting their natural wish for independence.

They're now in Switzerland, adding finishing touches to their preparatory education, and learning for the first time what it is to do without their mother. I'm now in Hollywood, trying to learn to do without them. And deep down in my heart, I have a feeling that my lesson is the harder to learn!

A thing that has impressed me during my travels—not that portion of them abroad, but in our own dear homeland—is the fact that Hollywood and New York no longer stand apart from the rest of the country. The radio, the motion picture, the printed word, the transportation facilities have lit the fires under the melting pot. The city dweller and the country dweller are fusing in temperament; the small townsman and the about-town-folk of the great cities are thinking alike. These things, of course, apply with greatest force to the new generation, and that is why, with bewildering rapidity, some of the older generation are losing perspective.

As a motion picture actress familiar with the supposedly sophisticated and ultra-modern life of Hollywood, I'm amazed to find that I am nearly as far behind the generation to which my children belong as some dear friends of mine are in their home in a country town in the east. Emotionally, I'm sometimes at war with the new conditions; intellectually, I'm not, for I perceive that these times are wonderful ones, that our young folk are wonderful young folk, and that if there is a bit of chaos, it is because of the lack of adjustment. The children go too far in seeking independence; the parents put too much pressure on the reins.

It is because we who have children, though our own childhood isn't so terribly far distant, are far behind the generation into which our children are growing. We contributed to the bringing about of a degree of independence and equality with men, of our women-folk. We, in fact, created the environment that is shaping the much-talked-of new generation, and we tend to sit back and contemplate our work with a bit of fear, simply because it has grown beyond us.

It would seem that we must be educated, that we must take forward steps, that we must strive to understand our children and their problems rather than striving to make them understand our own, unless we are quite, quite sure that we understand the problems which, far beyond any control that parents can exercise, confront the new generation.

The fact that country and city have been brought closer together by a process of amalagamation of thought brings the career of a film star and that of a wife and mother nearer to each other. More girls who sincerely feel and respond to the urge for artistic expression through the shadow-stage medium, are going to attempt the film career. More women whose marital barques have been upset by death or unhappiness are going to turn to the screen instead of to second marriages or millinery.

As happily married women seek independent careers (and that is one of the newest and most rapidly growing customs of our times that has come to my attention), more and more of these will turn to motion pictures as well as to other artistic careers. And I wish to say here that if such women have children, there is no reason why they cannot give those children proper mother love, care and personal attention while pursuing screen success. If success does come, the children inevitably will be benefited.

The picture actress does keep very busy, when success comes her way—and yet there is plenty of time, ordinarily, to keep in touch with children as a mother should. If her own mother, the children's grandmother, is there, so much the better; that was an advantage I enjoyed.

The "atmosphere" of Hollywood as it concerns the children of professional folk, is just as much one of the home as any, except, perhaps, for a little note of artistic enthusiasm that enters it everywhere. The note of artistic enthusiasm I mention is healthy rather than otherwise. Bringing my theory home again, for the sake of illustration: I do not believe that my profession, my study of the screen art, or friends from the studios introduced into my home socially, in any way adversely affected the welfare of my children. At the same time, we were kept alive mentally by that enthusiasm I have mentioned, brought into our home by those contacts.

There was none of that, "Oh, dear—another dead, weary old day past—nothing to do until tomorrow!" attitude. I was vitally and constantly interested in my work, and the children to a certain degree shared my enthusiasm. They were brought up with an attitude of interest toward work, in general, that, I think, will go along with them into whatever careers they may elect to follow.

Another important point in connection with their moulding in the environment of a screen actress' home—they will never invest the idea of a career in pictures, on the stage, or in any other line of endeavor, with false glamour. To them any sort of art will appear simply a very interesting, absorbing kind of work.

They have studied the screen with me, and if any phase of their environment has tended to make them precocious, it is that. But the development they were given in that way is along the lines of close, accurate observation and criticism. It was balanced by physical development and outdoor sport of the healthiest sort, and I believe that the result will be faculties of quick, accurate judgment; of self-criticism as well as criticism of others, and a well-balanced healthy temperament.

Living in the picture atmosphere, we probably saw no greater number of pictures within any given period of time, than the average family does. But for my own sake as well as that of the children, I was careful to analyze, within their hearing, the pictures we did see. Insofar as I was able, I separated for them the true from the false, the real from the actual, the good from the bad.

"Why did so-and-so do such-and-such a thing, mamma?" was a question frequently asked.

There might be a perfectly logical reason I could explain to them. Or, if it was one of those slips of the artist in mirroring life, often to be found in the best of films, I would blame it on the person I thought responsible.

"That, Jane dear," I'd say, "is the continuity writer's idea of what she'd do. We don't think so, do we? But you see, he may have been in a very great hurry when he wrote the scene, or he may not have been able to imagine what the scene would look like when it was complete."

Then we'd decide what "she" should have done under those circumstances, instead of doing what she did. We may have been right or we may have been wrong. But whichever it was, I was in position to give things the sort of interpretation, in general, that I wished, in accordance with my ideas of what was good for my little ladies.

I have tried, also, to give them an impression similar to my own of the motion picture in its general aspects. They have a respect for the institution that is similar to my respect; I think they are proud of their mother for what she has been able to accomplish, proud of her association with the motion picture industry, and proud of the industry itself. *(Continued on Page 64)*

The Irene Rich of "Lady Windemere's Fan" and the home-loving Irene Rich are two very different personalities. Dramatic art of high order created the former—and a delightfully natural mood of the latter is expressed by the camera study above.

The Bride of the Storm

by FRED APPLEGATE

VIDOR may have done the most touching, Webb the most powerful, Von Stroheim the most artistic, and Niblo the most spectacular moving pictures of the season, but J. Stuart Blackton has done the most unusual.

To the habitual picture-goer sated with "Northwoods stuff," "flapper stuff," "epic stuff," "costume stuff," and other "stuff," his production of "Bride of the Storm" for Warner Brothers will come like a cool sea breeze on a suffocating midsummer night. It is as strange and intriguing as a lost city.

"The Bride of the Storm" was cleverly adapted to the screen by Marian Constance from "Maryland, My Maryland," a short story by James Francis Dwyer, which at the time of its publication in Collier's weekly attracted considerable attention and comment because of the originality of its setting and the freshness of its theme. It is said to have been inspired by the song "Maryland, My Maryland" and although the entire story hinges as much on the song as did Ernst Lubitsch's "Lady Windermere's Fan" on the fan, it does it in an entirely novel and unexpected manner.

Pictures pivoting upon or inspired by famous songs have of late enjoyed an astonishing popularity and success. Two of the most noteworthy of recent release counted among the top-notchers of the last season are "Little Annie Rooney" directed by William Beaudine, and "Kiss Me Again" directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

Commodore Blackton explains this prominence of music as the theme and inspiration of picture successes by the important part which music has played and the increasingly important part it is now playing in the affairs of the human race. An art which has the human emotions as its medium could hardly ignore the most elemental, universal, and emotional of all the arts, music. It could not represent life without representing the profound effect of music on it.

Tyrone Power
as Jacob Kroom

As usual Blackton has assembled a well-balanced cast of extraordinary strength. Many years ago he began and sponsored

the film career of the greatest star of his day, Maurice Costello. In "Bride of the Storm" he had the pleasure and satisfaction of helping launch the promising career of that favorite's remarkable daughter, Dolores Costello. Her rare type of wistful, spiritual beauty was ideally suited to the characterization of Faith Fitzhugh, the little Maryland girl, who shipwrecked off Pag lighthouse in the Dutch West Indies, becomes the slavey of the three keepers. In a short glimpse of her father's mansion in Baltimore at the beginning of the picture, and in the shipwreck and rescue by the keepers, Julia Swayne Gordon is seen as Faith's mother.

Tyrone Power as Jacob Kroom, the hook-handed grandfather in charge of the light, Sheldon Lewis as Piet, his crooked-backed monster of a son, and Otto Mattieson as Hans, his idiot grandson, form a particular sinister and repellant trio. Aware of Faith's identity and comprehending that she comes from people of means they keep her so that they may marry her to Hans and come into possession of her property.

Faith arrives at womanhood ignorant of all but the bleak cramped world of the lonely light house isolated on tiny, rocky Pag island, the memories of her earlier, happy life almost blotted out by the drudgery, hardship, and loneliness of her existence under the brutality and ignorance of her masters. Old Jacob regards her as a heaven-sent bride brought by the storm for his grandson, whom he knows no woman would willingly have and this thought of marriage with Hans is a constant horror to her.

Then one day from the balcony of the lighthouse she sees a destroyer anchored a short way off and the sight of the American flag at its peak stirs old memories. Something wells up in her throat and she sings —"Maryland," the words meaningless to her and garbled with Dutch which has replaced what little she knew of her native tongue. Dick Wayne, a young lieutenant played by John Harron catches a snatch of the song as he is coming up on the other side of the lighthouse and this and the hostile reticense of the Krooms, who deny the presence of a woman piques his curiosity so that he returns another time to find Faith alone on the beach.

As he maneuvered for a landing in a small rowboat, a breaker neatly capsized it and drenched him. Scrambling ashore to where Faith has been watching the accident

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Wilfrid North as Mynheer Tom, the renegade parson

Otto Mattieson as Hans, the idiotic grandson

Sheldon Lewis as Piet, his father

Dolores Costello and Johnny Harron, the lovers, about whom the maelstrom of a gripping, dramatic plot whirls, with malevolent intensity

DRAFTING OF EUROPE AMERICAN

VICTOR SEASTROM

BENJAMIN CHRISTIANSON

SVEND GADE

Freulich

ERIC VON STROHEIM

THE vast, world-conquering popularity of American screen production has resulted in the drafting of the best directorial brains of Europe into the work of film production in Hollywood.

Of the group pictured above, the majority have come from Europe after outstanding achievement in the film industry there had attracted the attention of American producers. Eric Von Stroheim is the only real exception to this rule among those listed here; while he studied the stage and was an actor in Europe, he worked in pictures in Hollywood as an extra, a character player and a star before becoming a director.

Inevitably, one tends to put the foreign directors into one group classification, and American directors into another, and to say that the work of the former differs from that of the latter. Actually, the director whose natural dramatic methods most resemble those of Ernst Lubitsch, for instance, is not one of the other foreigners, but an American. The same might be said of Svend Gade, as we know him by his work to date; while Benjamin Christianson groups with the foreigners only by race.

The closest bond that exists between any of the foreign directors occurs in the case of Victor Seastrom and Mauritz Stiller. The latter was a pioneer European director, and Seastrom was an actor in Stiller's pictures. Seastrom, how-

THE BRAINS FOR THE SCREEN

ERNST LUBITSCH

Freulich

MAURITZ STILLER

ever, first attracted the attention of the American producers, while Stiller is one of the most recent importations. In the case of Dimitri Buchowetzki, the Russian's work is as distinct from that of his foreign colleagues as it is from that of the indigenous directors.

Buchowetzki directed "Sapho," "Danton," "Othello" and other notable pictures abroad, and his most recent American films are "Graustark" and "The Midnight Sun." Christianson produced "Blind Justice," "The Witch" and other films for Ufa, and has just done "Devilkin" here. Stiller is such a recent arrival that his first production in Hollywood is only now under way, but great things are expected of him since his foreign production, "The Atonement of Goesta Berling."

Seastrom attracted attention here principally through his European production, "Give Us This Day." His most notable productions here are "The Tower of Lies" and "He Who Gets Slapped." Ernst Lubitsch made that remarkable German film, "Passion," and in America has made "The Marriage Circle" and many other notable contributions. Svend Gade scored a particular success with "Hamlet" abroad, and has to his credit in America, "Peacock Feathers" and "Watch Your Wife." Von Stroheim's great success with "Foolish Wives" definitely placed him upon the cinema map, preparing the way for such accomplishments as "Greed" and "The Merry Widow."

Richee

DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI

The Man on the Cover

CLARENCE BROWN, the man, is an infinitely more interesting subject for editorial comment than Clarence Brown, the director. Naturally, it is the man who actuates and motivates the director. But to know the man aside from the director is to plumb the depths of his sincerity. Let it suffice to say that the Brown of this dawning epoch of heydays is the same man of yesteryear's turbulent era. Today he would not say anything, nor do anything, that he would not have done yesterday. He is entirely free from the sudden snobbishness and false flourishes that have hurtled many other promising and delightful people of leaner days into a personification of the inane.

When Clarence Brown says something to you, you know that he means it. He doesn't "beat around the bush." He doesn't "talk to the gallery." If he has any serious shortcomings as either man or director they have not made themselves apparent. He is the kind of a man that you can pin your faith on. He would never violate a trust. Those kind of men make good directors. Brown is one of the best in the business.

The physical make-up of Brown is indicative of a thinker and a doer. Of sturdy build, about five feet ten inches in height . . . black hair fringed with gray . . . a penetrating gaze; the gaze of a keen analyst and a sound intellectualist . . . a quizzical smile, at times fading into a vague reverie . . . subduing outward emotions . . . not inclined much to speech except at times when enthusiasm moves him to ardent discussion . . . never indulging in idle gossip . . . and of a temperate nature that is one of the rarities of Hollywood (he neither drinks nor smokes) . . . . he exudes a firm resolve and radiates a dominating personality.

Clarence Brown was born at Clinton, Mass., on May 10, 1890. At the age of fifteen he graduated from high school there. Four years later he was graduated from the University of Tennessee with two degrees . . . those of Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering and Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering. For about six years he directed his knowledge and abilities in the realm of automotive engineering in a worthy capacity with the Stevens-Duryea Motor Co. Unwittingly he was fitting himself for his future work as a film director. For it is the sense of mechanical motivation of drama, drama that however does not lose its emotional power, that sets Brown apart as distinctive in the field of directors.

For six years after his entry into motion pictures in June, 1915, Brown was assistant with Maurice Tourneur. From the start he exhibited his capacity to forge ahead in the young industry. He readily grasped the somewhat intricate engineering of photoplay production. Brown, however, thought in terms of human thought, rather than from the standpoint of what constituted "good drama" from the viewpoint of director and cameramen. He later evidenced this in violating many of the moth-eaten bugaboos about camera angles, sequence of events, in brief, the construction of a motion picture to him was good as long as it abided by the natural trend of progression, and not by the box-office idea of scene assembly.

The most noteworthy of his productions are "The Great Redeemer", "The Acquittal", "The Signal Tower", "Butterfly", "Smouldering Fires", "The Goose Woman" and "The Eagle", in the order of their making. It was the initiation of a new order of consistently fine photoplays that established him. Probably "The Signal Tower", more than any other, served to bring his name to the public foreground. Each succeeding Brown picture has been consistently better, regardless of theme or size. It is generally conceded that "Kiki", the Norma Talmadge vehicle which Brown is now producing, will be the greatest triumph of both Brown and Talmadeg.

At the present time he is under contract to Joseph M. Schenck to make pictures for United Artists Corporation. Brown was maneuvered from Universal by Schenck immediately after the completion of "The Goose Woman", which proved to be one of the biggest hits of 1925 and brought Louise Dresser to stellar fame on the screen.

One thing about Brown that is of interest to the layman—and also to the man

(Continued on Page 62)

Capitalizing Opportunity

An Off Screen Personality Story

JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.

THERE comes a time in the career of every man when he pauses to take stock of himself, and deliberately seeks his proper niche in the scheme of life. And so it happened that a young man stopped to take account of his assets before embarking upon his career. Behind him lay college, athletic achievement, travel and a good deal of money variously spent. Before him lay the world and the problem of how to attack it most advantageously.

Assets: Health and optimism. Cultural polish imparted by Stanford, Yale, Oxford and Heidelburg Universities, and student life abroad. Discipline from experience in the navy during the World War. Friends and connections in the show business. Capital, none to speak of except in the form of those other assets.

The young man was John W. Considine, Jr., son of the John Considine known to fame in the theatrical profession as partner in the enterprises of Sullivan and Considine. Like many young men, he had not thought seriously of the profession he would eventually enter until this particular time. His college studies, beginning with medicine, had been broad and general in their later developments, and they gave him no particular index to the choice of a career.

There came back to Considine's memory a conversation he had had with a room-mate at Yale. He had said, in effect:

"Buddy, if ever I need to go to work I'm going to pick out some big man I like, engaged in a line of work I'm interested in, and get a job with him with the intention of ultimately becoming his secretary."

"Ultimately becoming his *secretary?*" the room-mate had said with justifiable surprise.

"Yes. That's one of the best short cuts to mastery of big business. It happens that I know, because I've made an intimate study of my father's secretary, who was a master of the secretary's art. By studying him, too, I've learned part of his tricks—and in my opinion, the secretary to a big, active figure in any line of business is in position to get into the executive end of that business quicker than he could arrive by any other means. First he makes himself indispensable—"

And so on. As Considine had said, he had made a study of the secretary business, not with any thought of becoming a secretary at that time, but simply because he admired high proficiency in any capacity, and considered his father's secretary extraordinarily proficient.

"What's the future of such a position?" he had asked himself, and instantly found the answer in the fact that aside from his father, no one knew so much about his father's business as that secretary did. Future? All that individual ability and the possibilities of the particular line of business in question could offer.

It was precisely at this point in his introspection that Joseph M. Schenck entered his career as a vital factor. Through his father's association with the Loew enterprises and consequently with Mr. Schenck, he knew that dominant leader, and admired him immensely. The business in which Mr. Schenck's interests were centering, motion pictures, also intrigued the interest of young Considine.

He promptly approached Mr. Schenck for a position. He was in New York, and the date was November, 1921.

"Meet me in Los Angeles," said the producer, "and I'll give you a chance."

At the appointed time and place, Considine reported for duty—any sort of duty there was to offer.

"You'll be the assistant of Sidney Franklin's assistant director," Schenck told him. "Now, before I turn you over to him, here's one vitally important piece of advice. Forget that you're anyone but an energetic young man trying to get along. Forget that you're the product of several colleges. You're in a business now where your personal ability will carry you as far as you make it, and nothing else will help you; in fact, anything else is liable to handicap you. Go ahead and make good!"

Considine found that his new position was, in fact, that of third assistant director. The picture was "The Primitive Lover," starring Constance Talmadge. Following the advice of Mr. Schenck faithfully, and pouring all his energy into the new task, he succeeded in pleasing Mr. Franklin with his work. Winning the

(Continued on Page 67)

Montagu Love, Dorothy Devore and John Patrick in the Warner Bros. Classic, Leave It to Me, *directed by William Beaudine.*

Bill Beaudine says Leave It To Me!

OVER at Warner Bros. a neat little "job" in the matter of a crook movie has been "pulled off" by William Beaudine. Phil Klein and E. T. Lowe hatched the plot by adapting Darryl Francis Zanuck's story, whereupon "Beau" assembled such notorious characters as John Mescall, Gene Anderson, George Webster, "Briny" Foy, and Bert Shipman to aid and abet him in filming, with Dorothy Devore, John Patrick, Montagu Love, George Pearce, Lynn Cowan, Russell Simpson, James Gordon, Frank Brownlee, Fred Kelsey, Charles Hill Mailes, and others, Warner Bros. production of "Leave It To Me."

The conventional "crook picture" deals with gobs and gobs of underworld people in the big city, virtuous lady crooks who reform, big-hearted gent crooks who do the same, faithful "dopes" who get "clunked" in the last reel to everybody's sorrow after saving something or somebody, etc.

There isn't a big city, a "dope," a crook, male or female, who reforms, a mean, nasty detective, a pair of handcuffs, a den, a poolroom, a "fence," or a secret passageway in "Leave It To Me." Nobody gets poisoned, or shot, or stabbed, or what is worse—converted.

Ninety-five percent of the picture was taken on location in woodsy places or little towns. It is a picture of the great outdoors "where men are men," yet it is a crook picture. As a rule the heroine and hero are promising young crooks doing a flourishing trade in crime—not really bad crime—quite chivalrous and respectable in fact. When they meet, their consciences smite them both simultaneously and they begin to long to set each other on the straight and narrow way.

In "Leave It To Me" the procedure is reversed. The young gentleman (of the press, by the way), and the young lady start out perfectly respectable. Circumstance intervenes and brings them together—to impress each other with their wickedness and their bold, bad exploits.

Up to the very denouement of one of the most delightfully interesting tangles seen upon the screen in years, they have each other convinced of their sinfulness. These of course are John and Dorothy. But there are a couple of honest-to-goodness crooks, consistently crooked and proud of it, who serve to liven things up considerably. The big master-brain who is responsible from the first for so much humorous activity, Dr. R. Rappaport Runyon, alias Ducket Nelson, is splendidly charactrized by Montagu Love. Frank Brownlee makes an admirable convict, better than would ninety-eight per cent of those now enjoying the hospitality of our penal institutions.

"Leave It To Me" is a light, swiftly moving comedy-drama wonderfully well suited to the talents not only of Miss Devore and Mr. Beaudine, a working team of long standing, but to those of John Patrick. For Patrick it is the chance for which every picture actor and actress hopes and prays. His star as a comedian has been hanging brightly well above the horizon, giving great promise, but from "Leave It To Me" on just leave it to John. His star is scheduled by this particular astronomer to rise higher and shine brighter at an increasingly steady rate.

The Motor Car Trend for 1926

by CHARLES H. BIRD

ANOTHER great national preview has come to a close, and has been followed closely by many local premiers and debuts.

This screen parlance refers to automobiles, and with good reason: probably no other industry, trade or profession uses more high-class passenger automobiles than the motion picture industry and its workers.

Cars are a vital necessity to stars, directors and members of technical and producing staffs. For the army of extras and other itinerant workers in films the automobile is no less necessary as a means of speedy transportation from studio to studio, and aside from the use of commercial cars and trucks, an unusual number of good automobiles are to be found in studio transportation departments. These cars are used in pictures and for emergency transportation of all sorts. Truly, the motor car has an important place in film production.

Every January, in the Grand Central Palace, New York City, leading motor car manufacturers collaborate in a comprehensive exposition of the latest developments in automotive design. That is the national automobile preview.

Naturally, a good two-thirds of the population of United States are on the qui vive to know what the outcome will be, what new departures will be introduced in various makes of cars, for they all have cars at home, the style and value of which are going to be more or less affected.

The great question of the day on the street, among motor car owners, is "What's the Trend"?

That word trend is a term somewhat difficult to interpret in the face of the kaleidoscopic progress being made in the development and improvement of personal transportation.

And just at this time of year investigations into probable trends are seriously hampered by the amusing "veil of secrecy" in which over-anxious motor car men attemp to swathe their business.

But information as vital as the news of automotive doings, has a way of circulating, and so it may be authoritatively stated that the outstanding trend of passenger transportation for 1926 presents a very definite advance toward a paradoxical combination,—that of speed and safety.

Cars of 1926 are built to travel faster, to afford even greater comfort to passengers, and at the same time, to be controlled with greater ease.

Another encouraging trend is the rapidly spreading custom among leading motor car builders of abandoning yearly models. That, more than anything else, has established owner confidence. Today, the automobile owner, who selects a new car from the line of any of the fifty dependable manufacturers can rest assured that the style and value of his chosen vehicle is not going to be almost totally wrecked by the sudden advent of an entirely new model, sprung on an unsuspecting public within six months of his original purchase.

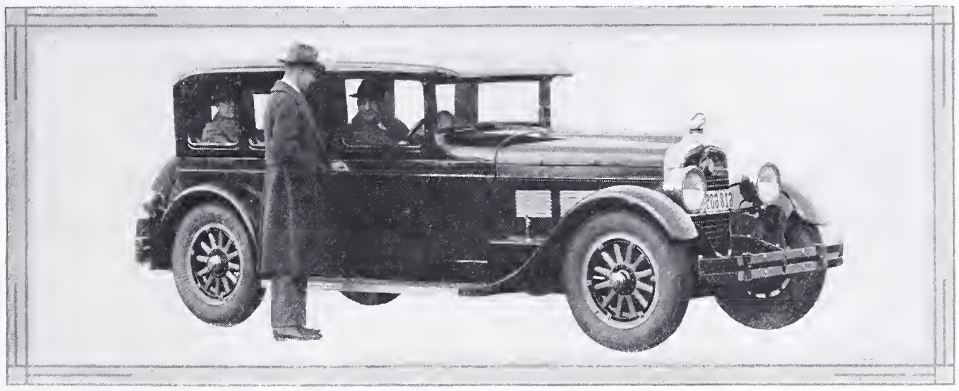
Standardization in basic principles of design and construction has come to stay for two excellent reasons. First, owner confidence, that most vital asset, must be maintained, and second, "Old Man Overhead", the ever present enemy of the manufacturer must be kept down, and radical changes of design send manufacturing costs skyrocketing, to the ultimate ruin of those who persist in attempting to snatch success through sensationalism, rather than achieving it by means of the slower, surer process of sound merchandising of dependable products.

Significant proof of the actual time and space blanking spirit of this present era of rapid transit, is seen in the fact that, simultaneously with the opening of the New York Show, new model cars, identical with those displayed "for the first time" in the Grand Central Palace, began to appear on the Pacific Coast, notably, in the fine salons of the Hollywood and Los Angeles motor car distributors and dealers.

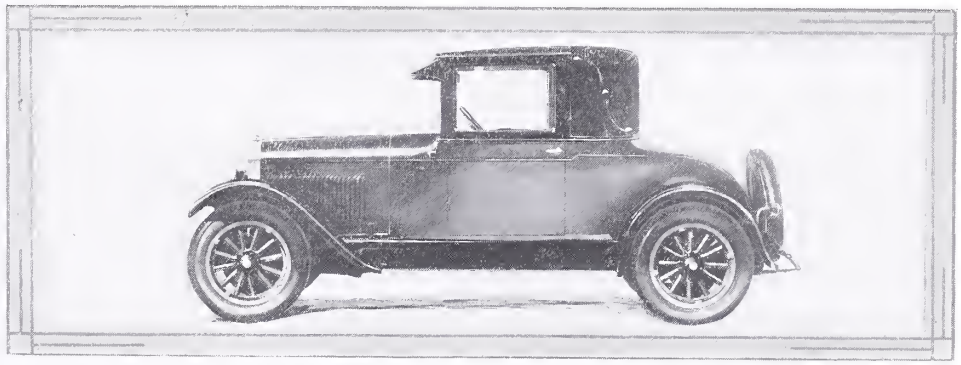
And with them came several surprise announcements of great eastern mergers, all tending toward the inevitable plan of further standardization.

The Stutz vertical eight, one of the most striking developments of the new year, is introduced here under the sponsorship of Lynn C. Buxton, who for years has stuck to the Stearns-Knight line. But Willys-Overland Inc. of Toledo announced the purchase of the Stearns factory. This brings the manufacture of all cars with the sleeve-valve engine under one head, although the various plants are to be operated as separate units.

The new Stutz is replete with unique

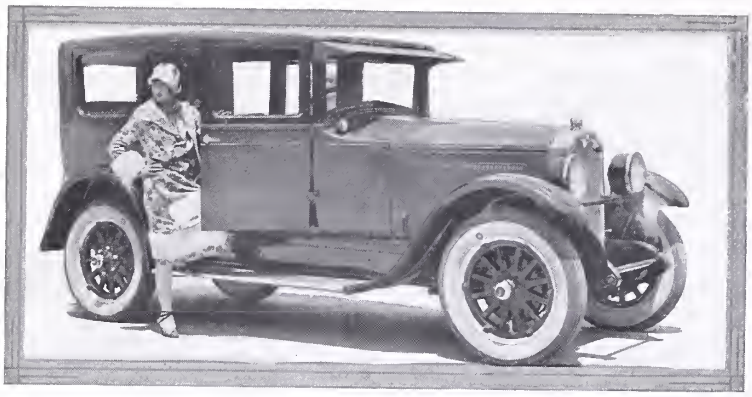


Sensation of salons, the new Stutz Vertical Eight offers revolutionary motor design in six body styles, by Brewster. The Sedan is shown above.

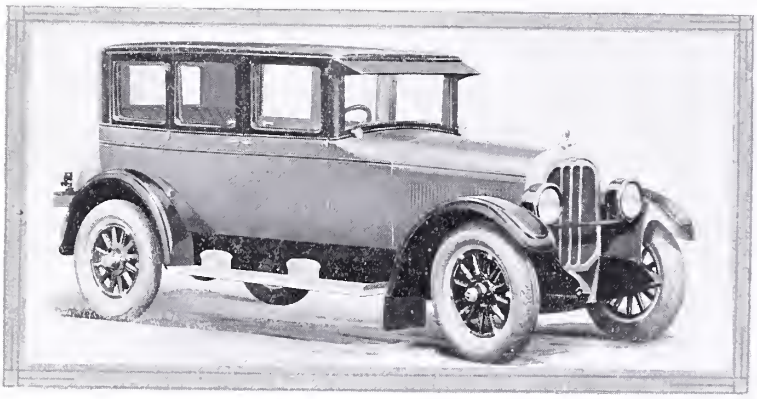


General Motors' new low priced creation is the Pontiac Six, featuring this Coupe and a Coach distributed as companion cars to the Oakland line.

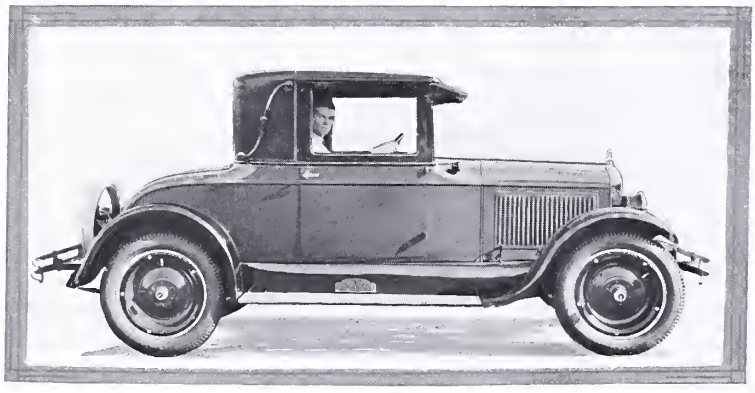
Introducing "Auto



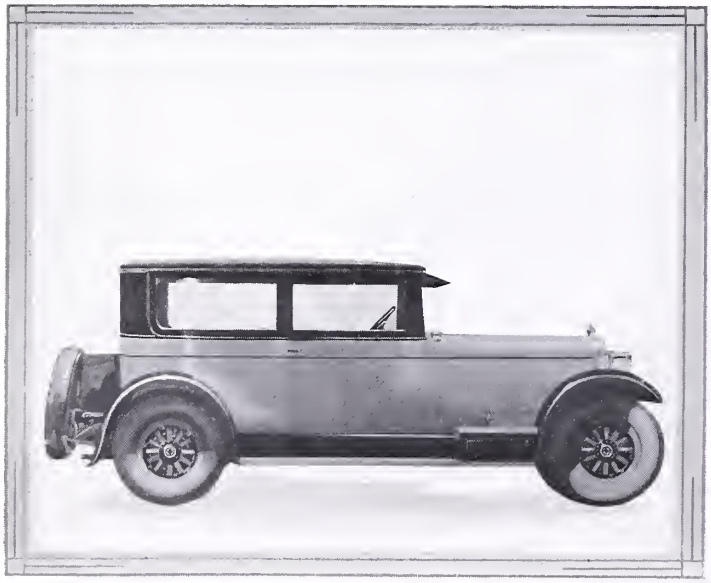
The fastest selling model of the Buick line, with latest refinements, is this new Four-Door Sedan.



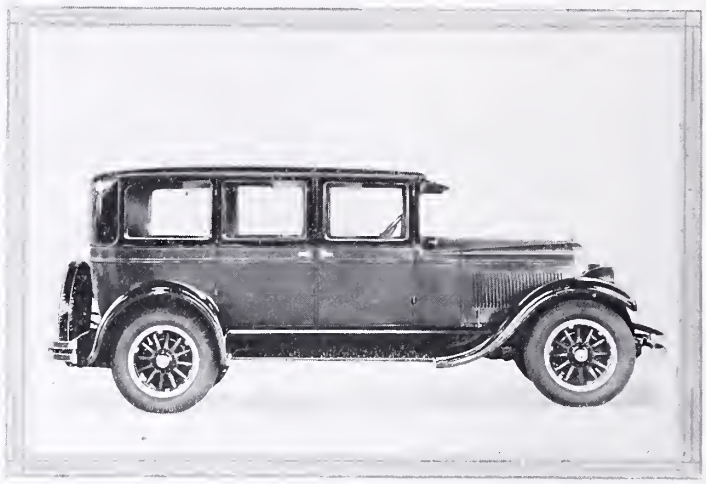
The handy "One-Shot Lubrication" has been added as one of many improvements in this new Twentieth Century Six-Cylinder Sedan by Chandler.



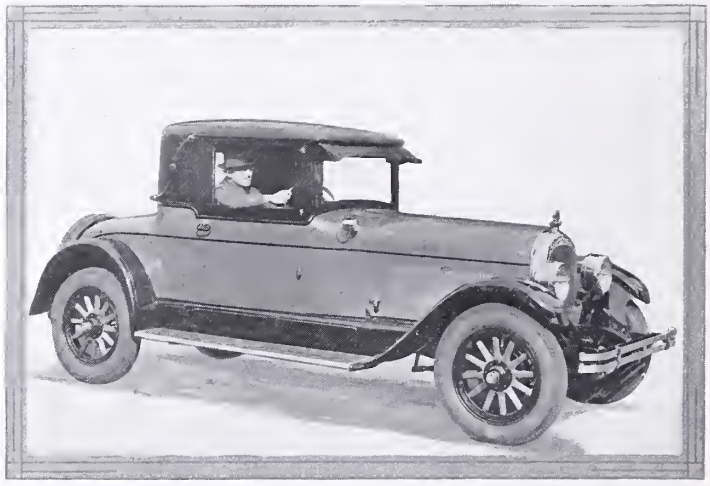
High-class conveyance at mass price is the aim of Oldsmobile in offering this new Utility Coupe and a Coach of similar line and appointment.



Capt. E. V. Rickenbacker declares his new line of straight eights are the fastest cars in America, the Coupe Sedan with two carburetors and a 100 H.P. motor is shown here.



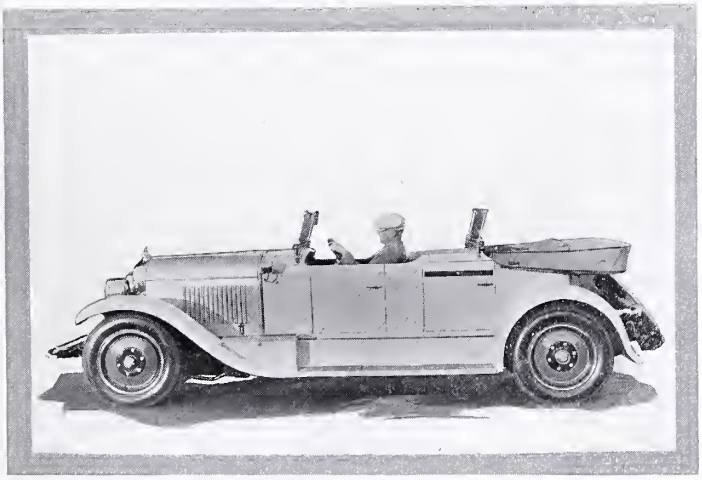
A new Big Six, the "Imperial 80," is presented by Chrysler, with a 92 H.P. motor and speed ability up to 80 miles per hour.



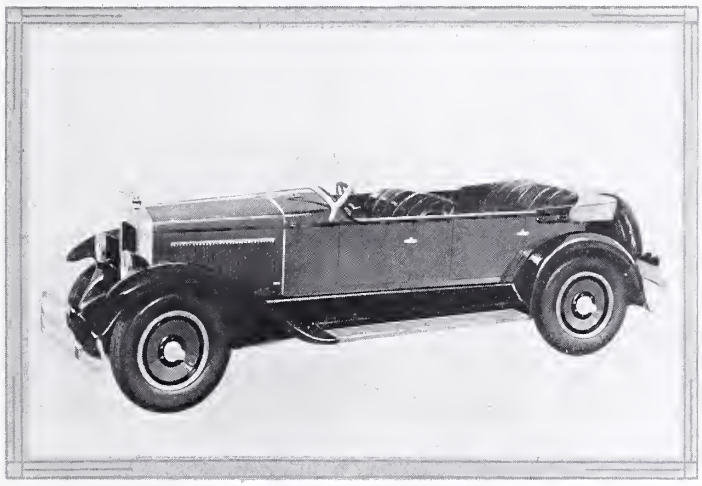
With rich appointments and an improved design of their famous speedway motor, Locomobile offers this new Coupe and a Brougham in the Junior Eight.

The smallest sleeve-valve engine ever built in America, powers the new Willys-Knight Six Seventy, built to sell under $1800.

Debs" *of* 1926

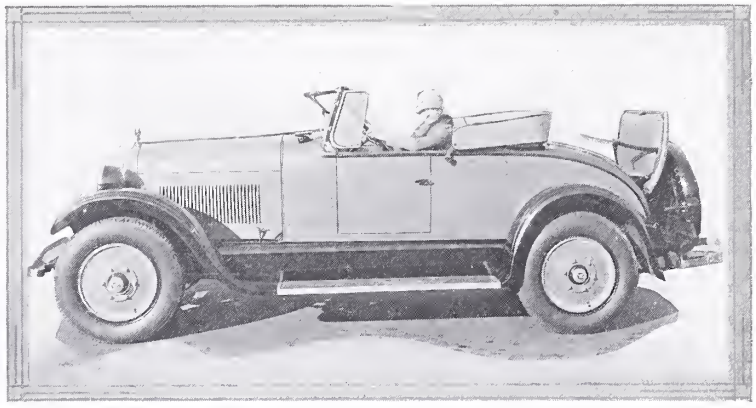


This is a special Sport Phaeton customed by Don Lee on the new "Ninety Degree Cadillac Eight Chassis," with tonneau cowl and European deflectors.

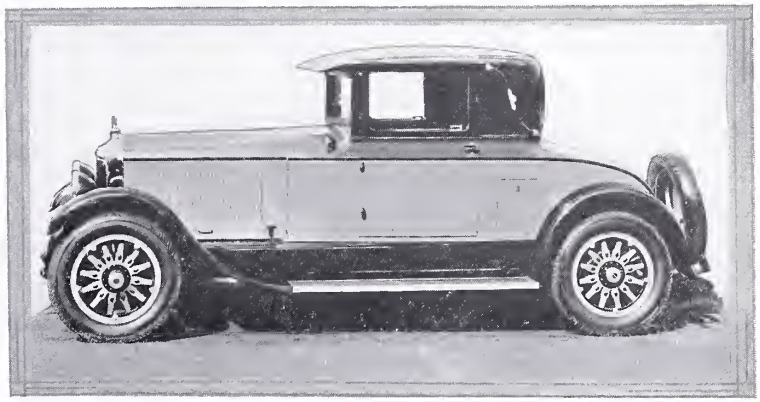


Spirit of Youth is typified in the "Gray Goose Traveler" Sport Phaeton of new Wills St. Claire group, which includes a new V-type Eight.

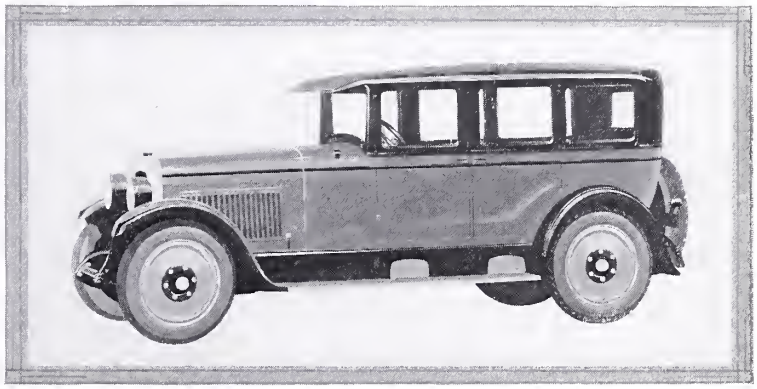
Don Douglas, airplane builder, knows motors. Here he is with his Franklin "Camel" Sport Roadster, the famous air-cooled six series.



Paul G. Hoffman dictated the final design of this new Studebaker Big Six Sport Roadster, and Kathryn McGuire agrees that he is a scientific artist.

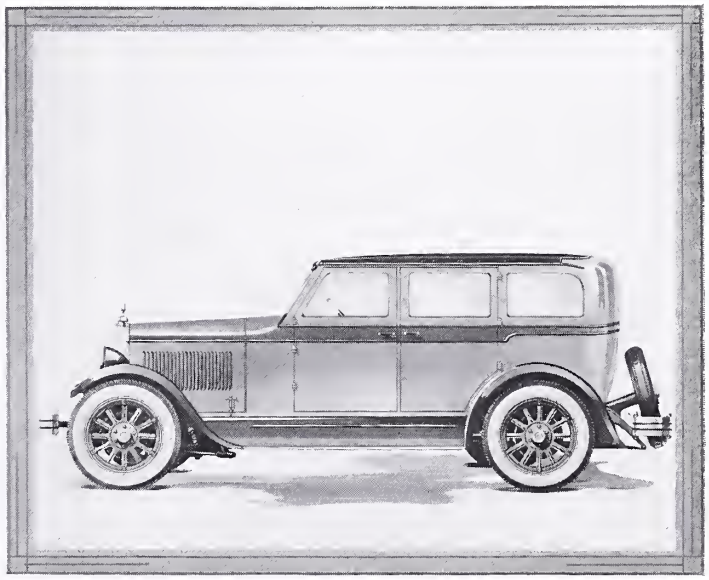


This Diana Line Eight Cabriolet Roadster produced by Moon specialists, is credited with intriguing lines, tiger getaway, and superb comfort.



Nash has designed a new engine used exclusively in his closed models. This Advanced Six 4-Door Sedan has the new "Closed Car Motor."

A Sedan of novel design, built to offset wind resistance, after the German idea, is introduced by Velie in this six, "better vision" closed car.



mechanical features, combined in a long, low, swift looking car. The maximum outside height of the entire line of six body types is 70 inches, making it possible for a person of average height to look clear over the car when standing on the curbing.

One standard price, under $3500, has been set for all six Stutz models, a sales innovation which will no doubt be followed eventually by many builders. The engine is eight-in-line with nine main bearings and an overhead valve control assembly, automatically oiled. Automatic oiling is also carried out in the chassis. The famous Stutz under-slung chassis is retained with refinements and improvements. The seat level is only 30 inches from the pavement, and although the car is rated 131 inches long, it can be turned in a 24 foot radius. Latest type hydraulic four wheel brakes, balloon tires special cam and lever steering gear for balloon tires, with coordinated spring design, are said to make these new cars remarkably comfortable and so easily and positively controlled that they are practically skid-proof, even at high speed, on wet surfaces.

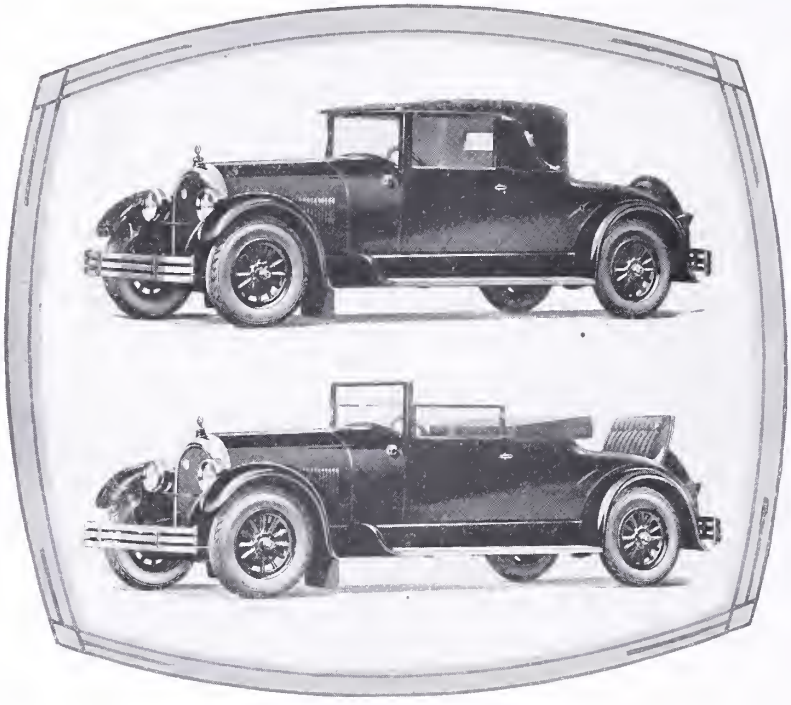
In fact many features of the new Stutz line and the methods outlined for their distribution and sale are prophetic, marking a trend close to policies adopted all along the line by the foremost motor car makers.

Two sport roadsters and four closed body types make up the line.

Most of the new cars for 1926 are closed models, with smart roadsters, equipped with rumble seats, representing the open types. And even the roadsters and speedsters are receiving brisk competition by the advent of many sport coupes.

General Motors announces an entirely new six, the Pontiac, featured in a coupe and a coach to sell around a thousand dollars, distributed as a companion car to the Oakland line. It is reported to be the "last word" in moderate priced transportation, carrying all the newest mechanical and comfort features, such as automatic lubrication, special easy-ride spring design, feather-finger control, and marked operation economy by reason of a friction-free motor of powerful, but small piston construction. The closed cars undoubtedly hold the center of the picture. Some makers have quit building open models, while others offer them only in de luxe designs. Times have certainly changed. Yesterday, the rich man was known by his closed car. Today, the open sport type vehicle is the mark of affluence; for it is usually the second car in the family, reserved for exceptionally fine days. Body finishes continue to lean toward the new lacquer coating, although baked enamel and multi-coated paint and varnish coverings are still favored by some.

Majel Coleman had the first ride in this new Jordan Line Eight Playboy which has an engine designed after the turbine principle.



Readily convertible from sleek sport roadster to snug coupe, this new Kissel model is offered in both six and eight. It is called the "All-Year Car."

Chassis life has been lengthened by improvement in fit and quality of parts. The old song about cars being built better in former years is now passe. Today's cars are actually better than they were even two years ago. Increased life has been gained by improvements in design. Pressure lubrication is now almost universal. That increases bearing life, and all wearing surfaces are larger, and hence slower to deteriorate.

Two new features, the air-cleaner and the oil purifier, or rectifier, adopted by many leading builders have materially increased engine life. The former takes the dirt out of the air which is drawn into the motor through the carburetor, and the latter takes the grit out of the oil in the crankcase; also keeping it free from water and gasoline drippings, thus increasing bearing service.

Another interesting device which is gaining wide acceptance and is installed on many of the new models this year, is the gasoline filter. It became prominent last year when Studebaker adopted it as standard equipment without any special publicity.

Shock absorbers are prominent as stock equipment this year, adding to riding comfort, and nearly all models have balloon tires and four-wheel brakes, with special steering improvements which have increased motoring safety through quick and easy car control, a most vital advantage in

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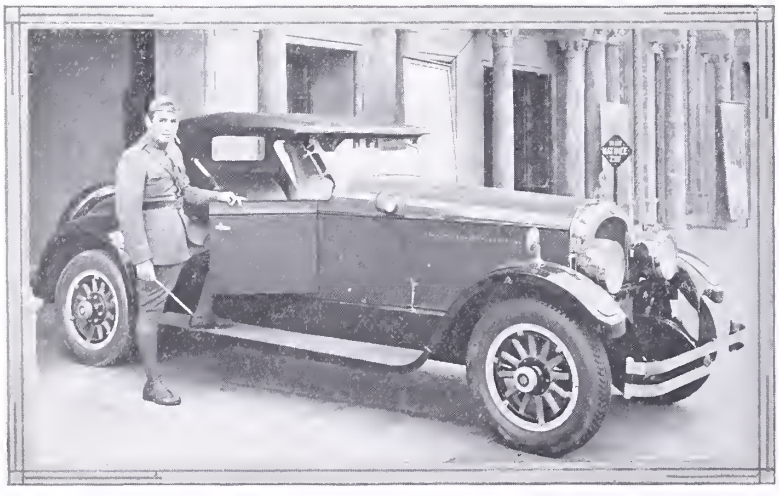


A flash of foreign fashion is incorporated in the design of the new Marmon, and Mitchell Lewis found this Speedster irresistible.

Just an extra who inherits a million, then starts out to spend it.

Brewster's Millions *a la Mode*

IF Dickens were alive today with all his literary urge and power of old, would he write of the old times or of the new?

He wrote of the things modern in his day. Modern life, contemporary problems held his interest. His claim to imortality lies in his revelation of human frailty and strength of humanness in general, unchanging within the short span of history. One is constrained to believe that if the question were put to him, he would reply,

"Of course I would write of the Jazz Age! Character is unchanging, but the conditions surrounding it and modifying its manifestations, change with the passing years. This day is more advanced, more complex, more fascinating in its possibilities than those of my time. It is not fair to let my work, with its comparatively dull atmosphere, stand judgment upon its humanness alone. I would give it the advantage of a modern background, a tempo and color contemporaneous with its modern readers."

A somewhat similar problem confronted the Paramount organization in filming "Brewster's Millions." The George Barr McCutcheon story appeared some twenty-five years ago in the form of a novel and a stage play. Five years ago it was brought to the screen as a Paramount production featuring Roscoe Arbuckle.

Such great technical progress has been made in motion pictures that any reissue of the original film would be impractical.

The change in public taste, the amazing metamorphosis in the lives and surroundings of the screen patrons themselves, is a development that relegates any previous version of the story still farther into the background of the past. Stories of the year 1900 fall into a peculiar class that has neither the romantic color of tales of the more distant past, nor the present-day interest of our own modern times.

A picturization of the exact story against a modern background could not satisfy the modern taste, yet the basic dramatic elements of the story were too good to be laid away in the museum of past successes.

In the topsy-turvy land of "Miss Brewster's Millions," stars become extras and extras become stars. Here are ten extras who impersonate Mary Pickford, Florence Vidor, Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Betty Bronson and Colleen Moore.

Paramount solved the problem by changing the title and placing a feminine star in the leading role, thus accomplishing several things at once. Most important of these is the fact that the present title preserves the identity of the story and at the same time conveys the thought that plot changes are to be expected.

The changes in the superficial elements of the story are radical; those in the basic, human side in which lies the real value of the original "Brewster" are very slight. And all the new and unfamiliar material is due to the influence of the modernization of its setting.

In those times when the original hero was a strictly up-to-the-minute young man, his attempt at spending a million a year was so unusual and presented such difficulties, that it possessed a great "punch." Since then, times have progressed far beyond the author's wildest dreams so to preserve the "punch" of the idea a girl was created to spend the millions!

At present, spending a million in a year isn't such a remarkable feat. Miss Brewster of 1926, as she is portrayed in the Lasky film by Bebe Daniels, must spend the amount within three months!

According to the producer this is a fairly accurate example of the increased tempo of modern life during the twenty-six years that have elapsed since the author's original conception of the story.

In keeping with that increased tempo are the other elements of added "pep" and thrill, flash and color comprising up-to-the-minute ultra-modernism. Lavish clothes, the absence of conventions and social restrictions characteristic of the most colorful phases of modern life will feature "Miss Brewster," and make the original spendthrift of the earliest days of our present century appear dull and uninteresting in comparison.

Instead of making the principal character a member of the "four hundred" as was the case in the original story, the feminine Brewster makes her bow as an extra girl in Hollywood. This new idea holds a special significance. In 1900, New York's famous social circle represented the ultimate in speed, the peak of ultra-modernism, the abode of thrills, the atmosphere into which there entered the greatest liberty of thought and expression, the utmost in freedom from convention.

The life of an extra girl in Hollywood conveys to the general screen audience the present-day ultimate along these lines. All classes of our society meet and mingle in the democracy of motion picture life. The spirit it represents typifies the complete disappearance of artificial social barriers and conventions.

Jazzing up "Brewster's Millions" has been lots of fun for the entire staff. Here Miss Daniels is shown talking over new gags with Clarence Badger, director; Monty Brice, scenarist; Travis Banton, designer; H. K. Martin, cinematographer; Kenneth Hawks, editorial supervisor, and Paul Jones, assistant director.

Incidentally, there's a certain glamor in the life of screen folk that was missing in that of the "Four Hundred." "Miss Brewster," herself a famous star portraying the role of extra girl is seen meeting many other famous stars of filmdom in her rounds of the studios. That in itself is sufficient to interest millions of picture patrons.

Another important character of the story, that of the uncle, has also been remodeled in order to take him out of the class of the ancient villain and thus endow him with a greater humanness. A fuller, truer and less dignified revelation of one's human qualities is permissable today, whereas twenty-six years ago it simply wasn't being done. There has since been added the final touch of destruction to the idea of "poise," for which has been substituted spontaneity. Instead of the stern, dignified, overbearing character of his prototype, Ford Sterling as the uncle in "Miss Brewster's Millions" becomes a humorous, human sort, possessed of all of our present-day weaknesses.

To have attempted making "Brewster's Millions" with a feminine star five years ago might have been folly, for it is a question as to whether or not the public would have accepted the substitution. Since then, however, the screen patrons themselves have so accelerated the tempo of modern life that they have involuntarily created "Miss Brewster's Millions" and successfully influenced the Paramount organization to screen her 'a la mode, proving conclusively that forcing the producer to recognize intelligent public taste stimulates competition and creates better pictures.

If in some future development of the public taste, interest should shift to men instead of remaining, as it is a present, focussed on women and their problems, perhaps some enterprising producer will bring forth "Brewster's Millions" for the third time, and allow a man to spend the millions.

Meanwhile Bebe Daniels as the comedienne who must spend the million in three months, should keep her audience hysterical from the time she makes her entrance on a miniature horse following a wagon-load of hay, all the way through to the high-speed finish of the film. The radical departure of the producers in making the star of the play feminine is more than justified by the promise of her performance for this role, and the lavish staging that is being given the production by Director Clarence Badger. Miss Daniels has, in her role of "Miss Brewster," the sort of opportunities in which she appears to the greatest advantage.

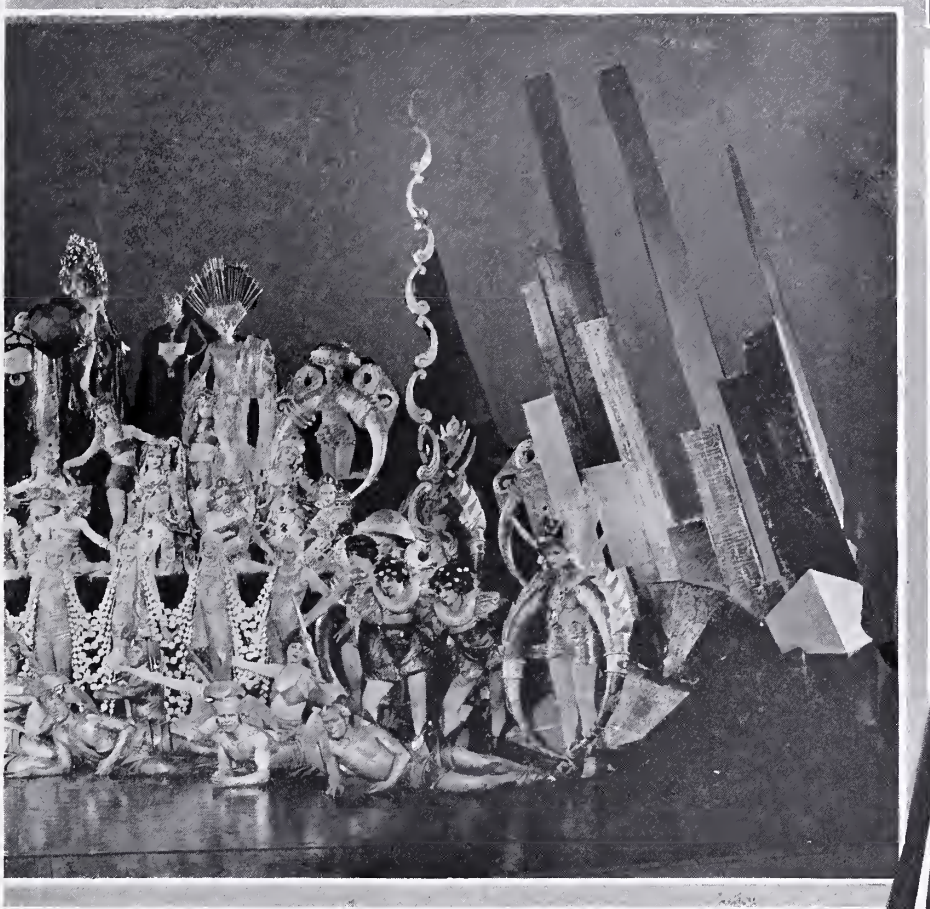
Below—Alice O'Neill in her workshop at Universal City supervising the execution of her designs for the Ballet of Jewels. Right — the Gold Girl as evolved from the original sketch shown immediately below. Right center—Pearl with inset of the original conception.

THE JEWEL BALLET *from*

ALICE O'NEILL, who designed the costumes for "The Midnight Sun," Dimitri Buchowetski's spectacular picture-story of life in pre-war Russia for Universal has given to the film world one of its most colorful and brilliant spectacles in the Ballet of Jewels sequence of that production scheduled for fall release on the Universal Super-Jewel program.

While but a spectacular incident in the dramatic action of the story itself, its sheer beauty and color make it one of the most interesting and attractive highlights of the picture as a whole. The story, which centers around the character of a

Below—Black Diamond, the contrasting note in a kaleidescope of color. This is the evolution of the sketch Miss O'Neill is holding on the opposite page. Left Center—Diamond, with accompanying sketch. Right — The Ring Girl. Center — the ensemble of the Ballet of Jewels in the Grotto of Gems.



"THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

little ballerino in the Russian opera (played by Laura La Plante) reaches one of its dramatic peaks in the ballerino's first appearance in a premiere role. It was to give this feature of the story a proper setting that the Ballet of Jewels was planned. Several suggestions were offered for the particular treatment, but were discarded in favor of the more brilliant spectacle as finally conceived. In planning the ballet full cognizance had to be taken of the limitations of the screen which, strangely enough, in this particular instance, are greater than those of the stage, and several suggestions had to be abandoned for that reason.

(Continued on Page 66)

HOLLYWOOD BUILDS

AMID much popping of fire crackers and oriental ceremonies fitting such an occasion ground was broken January 3 for the building of the Sid Grauman's new Chinese Theatre at Hollywood boulevard and Orchid street, a visualization of which is conveyed by the accompanying pen and ink sketch from the architect's drawings. Below, reading from left to right, and appearing as some of the principals in the event, are shown Sid Grauman, Norma Talmadge, Lige Conley and Anna May Wong, with Miss Talmadge holding the gold shovel with

(Continued on Page 63)

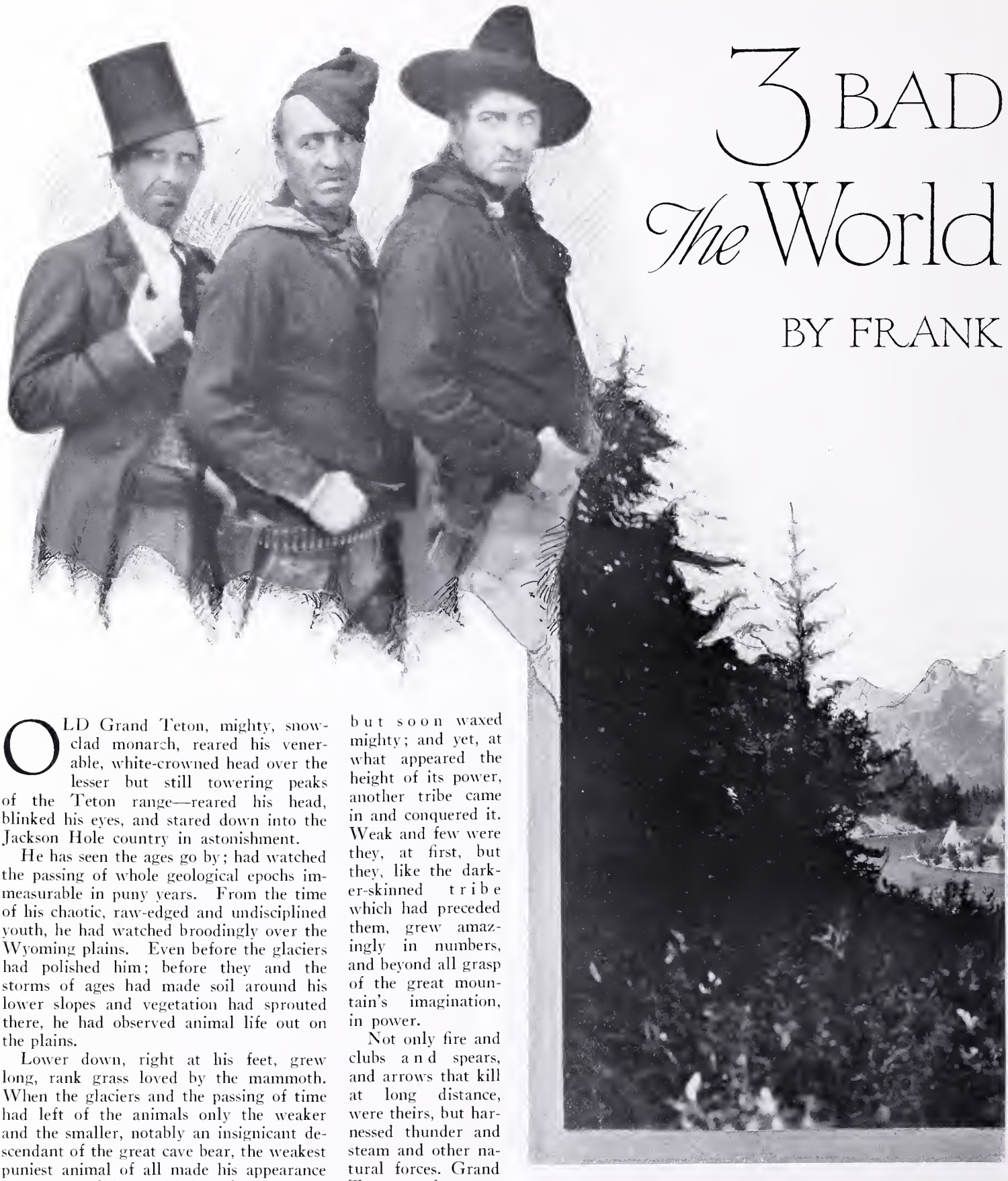
NEW TEMPLES OF ART

AT THE hour of high noon on the second of January Harry M. Warner, president of Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc., presented the gold spade, with which ground was broken for the new six-story Warner Bros. Hollywood Theatre, at Hollywood boulevard and Wilcox avenue, to Motley Flint, executive vice-president of the Pacific-Southwest Trust and Savings Bank, and the first dirt was turned with suitable ceremonies. Charley Wellman was on hand, and his "Don't go 'way, folks!" announced to KFWB radio fans that they, too, were to participate in the exercises. Below are shown the principals who

(Continued on Page 63)

3 BAD The World

BY FRANK



OLD Grand Teton, mighty, snow-clad monarch, reared his venerable, white-crowned head over the lesser but still towering peaks of the Teton range—reared his head, blinked his eyes, and stared down into the Jackson Hole country in astonishment.

He has seen the ages go by; had watched the passing of whole geological epochs immeasurable in puny years. From the time of his chaotic, raw-edged and undisciplined youth, he had watched broodingly over the Wyoming plains. Even before the glaciers had polished him; before they and the storms of ages had made soil around his lower slopes and vegetation had sprouted there, he had observed animal life out on the plains.

Lower down, right at his feet, grew long, rank grass loved by the mammoth. When the glaciers and the passing of time had left of the animals only the weaker and the smaller, notably an insignicant descendant of the great cave bear, the weakest puniest animal of all made his appearance —a man, walking on his hind legs, dependent for protection against the cold on the hides of other animals incapable of much of a fight with tooth, claw and fist—but endowed with a marvelous facility for shaping inanimate things to his needs.

He proved, to Grand Teton, the most fascinating spectacle in the drama of the ages. The tribe was weak and few at first, but soon waxed mighty; and yet, at what appeared the height of its power, another tribe came in and conquered it. Weak and few were they, at first, but they, like the darker-skinned tribe which had preceded them, grew amazingly in numbers, and beyond all grasp of the great mountain's imagination, in power.

Not only fire and clubs and spears, and arrows that kill at long distance, were theirs, but harnessed thunder and steam and other natural forces. Grand Teton at last saw steel rails invading his very range, tunnels through his granite shoulders, cuts high on the sides of his canyons. He finally saw a giant man-made insect that buzzed through the air, bearing men on its back.

Then, as we have said in the beginning, he saw the most amazing thing of all. He had been dreaming of the liveliest, the most interesting and thrilling of all the time he had witnessed since. Earth had thrust him forth into the air. Those times were the days at Jackson's Hole and its surrounding country, when the Indian territories were opened for settlement, and the place became the most noted rendezvous for "band men" in the West.

MEN *in* of Promise

A. MURRAY

Those days had gone by—he had seen the aeroplane and the automobile. But when he had opened his eyes from dreaming of that colorful time, there, before his amazed, far-reaching vision, was being re-enacted the scenes of the past! It was a violation of the evolution that he had watched through the centuries—an evolution so steady that he had learned to bid good-bye to each vanishing epoch as a thing of memory, something gone forever and beyond recall.

Was he still dreaming — or did he see ghosts of the old road-agents gallop madly across the low-lying flat of notorious Jackson's Hole? There were the unending wagon trains pushing forward in the face of almost impossible difficulties. The towns of tents were there, ruled by the worst of bad men, by force of gun and bowie-knife.

No, here were no ghosts, and he was not dreaming. The lurid history of strife, bloodshed, black deeds and gallant deeds of old was once more transpiring before his eyes, curiously mingled with manifestations of the modern age such as automobiles.

The story of Jackson's Hole unfolded as he had seen it unfold in real life. There was the time when the rule of the bad men reached its zenith; when evil force was supreme and lawlessness was the law. Then came stern justice; retribution, swift and sure; the six-gun became the symbol of law and order.

There were, besides automobiles and other modern equipment, and the things of the old times, curious things that belonged to the new times, yet made it possible to link old times with new; to give to a vast audience over all the world eyes that saw farther than the eyes of Grand Teton himself; age and experience greater even than his. Motion picture cameras. . .

John Ford, a young Fox Films director who put on the screen a picture of giant theme, "The Iron Horse," and rose by its fame into the first ranks of directors, was responsible for the spectacle that made Old Grand Teton think that he had been dreaming of the past again; that, more important, will open to the eyes of the world's great cinema audience one of the most picturesque and thoroughly representative periods and locales of the West's storied lawlessness.

The new Ford drama is called "The World of Promise," originally entitled "Three Bad Men"—a tale of empire building, outlawry, and the struggle centering around Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, and having its period at that critical time when the Indian territories were opened for settlement by whites. The theme is great in scope, and yet the story differs from that of "The Iron Horse" and other

JOHN FORD,
The Director

photoplays which have been styled screen epics, in its emphasis upon human drama rather than the movement of peoples, or upon war, or conquest.

With Director Ford and the production staff were George O'Brien and Olive Borden, romantic leads; J. Farrell Macdonald, peerless "Corporal Casey" of "The Iron Horse," Tom Santschi, Frank Campeau, Lou Tellegen, Jay Hunt, Otis Harlan, George Harris and a host of others appearing in chief supporting roles.

In the very heart of the celebrated "Hole," John Ford and his company lived in the open, undergoing the test of the rugged climate of late autumn and early winter. The towering Tetons, on one side, and the glorious Shoshone range on the other with their snow-capped peaks and deep canyons, inspired the production to the greatness of pioneer picture undertakings.

Death Canyon, notorious retreat of the old-time cattle rustlers who inhabited the Jackson Hole country, was used for a scenic background for many of the big scenes in the production. While in the "Hole" filming exterior scenes, the director took advantage of the proximity of the noted landmark and "shot" scenes on the very spot where, in years past, widely known thieves had assembled.

The story of the construction of the Wyoming camp wherein the company was quartered is as full of daring exploits and romance as a fiction story.

The campsite at Jackson's Hole, while it is in northern Wyoming, was situated nearly one hundred miles from the path of "The Iron Horse." The advance guard was sent from the Los Angeles studio three months prior to the time that Director John Ford led his picture-makers to the scene of activity. Three-fourths of this time was used in clearing the campsite of growth to allow for the construction of the tent city. Once this clearing was made, five weeks sufficed for the gang of workmen to erect the tents, build floors and set up stoves.

Difficulties in transportation and the inability of the merchants to meet the heavy demand for material handicapped the construction of the canvas town. Lumber, used in such quantities that mills in the vicinity of the camp were startled at the size of the orders, was purchased from four sawmills, three being located in Wyoming and the fourth in Idaho. The mills were all located more than forty miles from camp, causing a long delay in the delivery of the necessary lumber.

After the first heavy drain upon the resources of the sawmills, these institutions were unable to cope with the situation and as it was vitally necessary to have a constant supply of lumber to complete the camp before the invasion of the production unit, crews were sent into the forest, timbers were felled, snaked to the mills, which turned them into the planks, thus eliminating long delay.

After the initial influx of workmen, the construction engineers were confronted with the problem of keeping their supplies coming into camp. To insure regular deliveries, one hundred and fifty trucks were constantly traveling between the Fox Films camp and Victor, Idaho, a distance of nearly one hundred miles. When climatic conditions were favorable, these trips were completed in forty-eight hours each.

In spite of such difficulties and setbacks, the camp was completely finished when Director Ford and his company arrived. The production unit arrived late in the afternoon and started camera work the following morning with every department functioning as swiftly and smoothly as though the protecting hand of the studio was just around the corner.

From Pocatello, Idaho, to the lower end of Hogback Canyon, Wyoming, a distance of three hundred miles, emissaries of Fox Film Corporation traversed, gathering the herds of horses and wagons; covered wagons and surreys; oxen and wild animals and the vast horde of humans that appear in the production.

Two hundred and fifty horses and fifty wagons were utilized during the construction of the camp. These were added to five hundred saddle horses for the big scenes in the photoplay. Three thousand steers were rounded up for the picture. To feed this large herd of animals, thirty hay wagons, using one hundred and twenty horses, were constantly hauling hay from Jackson, Wyoming, thirty miles away. These teams never stopped. Night and day the procession moved across the Jackson Hole flats with the loads of hay.

One hundred and fifty laborers and fifty carpenters, augmented by machinists and loggers, comprised the working crew. More than half a million feet of lumber was used in building the camp.

The public little realizes what forethought, preparation and organization is involved in a huge motion picture location movement. The only news to reach the outside world during an activity of this nature is of the fanciful brand: interesting notes of the players, fictional tales of the surroundings and catchy paragraphs pertaining to the new experiences of the stars.

In the production of "The World of Promise," a vivid example of motion picture efficiency was shown by the moving of the huge Ford camp from Wyoming to the Mojave desert, near Victorville, Calif.

At the outset the studio officials were confronted with the huge task of providing sturdy, clean, warm living accommodations for nearly five thousand people, which alone constitutes a herculean task. Not only this phase of preparation was intensive. Three thousand horses and other kinds of live stock had to be sanitarily corralled.

Over a million feet of lumber was used in the building of the street sets for use on the desert location. One hundred and fifty carpenters and skilled studio mechanics worked for two months prior to the arrival of the production unit erecting

(Continued on Page 66)

AS WORN BY THE PLAYERS

Margaret Livingstone wearing a black French spider lace gown over flesh colored silk demonstrates in the William Fox production "A Trip to Chinatown" what the well-dressed "vamp" should wear. One sleeve is fashioned of the dress material, the other of georgette. Both are edged in monkey fur. The only touch of ornamentation about the costume is in the elborate rhinestone shoe buckles.

Speaking of Shawls: Dolores Del Rio, (left) and Lilyan Tashman (right) pose for camera studies in new shawls of hand painted design and exotic coloring.

America's Sweetheart

Yes

SHE will never be allowed to grow up. The little girl who, at the age of five, began her stage career with juvenile parts in the Valentine stock company of Toronto, Canada, struck a chord in the heart of America's amusement patrons that has endured, and will endure.

Fame is a peculiar thing. To some who attain it to a great degree, it comes overnight. Lord Byron is by no means the solitary example of a human being waking in the morning to find himself upon its pedestal. But fame enshrouded Mary Pickford gradually, and it is hard to say at what point in her career it really began —just at what time she became "America's Sweetheart."

It would not be too far-fetched, in the light of subsequent developments, to say that it began when she was nine years old. At that age she was starring in stage productions such as "The Fatal Wedding," playing juvenile parts that were usually older than herself; in other words, the nine-year-old girl even then had begun to lay the foundations of her present fame through playing just the sort of roles in which she is beloved today.

As a child nearing her 'teens, she played with Chauncy Olcott in "Edmund Burke," for Belasco in "The Warrens of Virginia," and in many other productions in which her parts were overshadowed by names and personalities who were then famous, and whose roles gave them the center of the stage. Yet her fame as well as her ability may have been growing even then; one might almost say it must have been growing—for is she not, today, in spite of her real-life physical maturity, the same little girl of those early stage roles?

When she went into motion pictures, in the days before the film players were given personal publicity and screen credit, she had to "start all over again" in one sense. She became known as "The Biograph Blonde." But the Mary Pickford personality, in some way, emerged from this trade-marked obscurity, and in spite of the fact that a few more noted stage players had overcome their prejudice against films and were working before the camera, she was one of the first to become known to the public.

Producers began to discover that the people were willing to pay to see Mary Pickford, regardless of film trademarks and story titles. Experiments in placing her in various types of roles established the fact that her following wanted their star to play the sort of stories which her

An early picture of Mary Pickford, showing her at the time when she first appeared on the stage in Belasco productions, and Mary Pickford as she is today. "Little Mary" never grows up and whether it is in her latest pictures, "Sparrows," extreme right, and "Annie Rooney," lower left, or in "Heart o' the Hills" or "The Hoodlum," she is—America's sweetheart.

terday and Today

work had really made popular for the first time. No one wanted her to grow up. Similar experiments have been made ever since, sporadically, and the result has always been the same. There is a Mary Pickford role, typified by her outstanding successes in such pictures as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Daddy Long Legs," and "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley." The international success of "Little Annie Rooney" proves that there is no change of mind and taste on the part of the motion picture goers, insofar as Miss Pickford is concerned.

The picture she has just completed, "Sparrows," presents the star in a role that undoubtedly will take its place in public favor with her past triumphs. "Scraps" was the original title, and the story deals with Mary's adventures with a little band of mistreated orphans on a baby farm.

"Even without Mary, 'Sparrows' would be a great picture," said Douglas Fairbanks when he and Joseph M. Schenck viewed the completed production.

In that remark lies considerable significance. The public will not let Mary Pickford depart from her role, and the star's name is sufficient to make almost any passably good picture a big financial success. But she and her producers are not relying

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Above
Nita Naldi

Marian Davies

Sally Long

Right
Dolores Costello

Below
Helen Lee Worthington

THE FOLLIES GIRL

As told by Sally Long

"HAS a Follies girl any better chance of making a success of a career in motion pictures than another girl of equal beauty, ability and intelligence?"

It was in the early fall of 1924 that I first began to puzzle over this question. It all started when I casually inquired of my chum, Betty Grey, as I dropped into a chair beside her in the wings of the Selwyn Theatre, "Well, where do we go from here?"

Just an expression, something to say, but she chose to take it seriously. "I'm going to Hollywood," she calmly proclaimed. "I'm tired of working all night and rehearsing all day and living in a tiny apartment. People in the show business know who I am now. I can get to see the directors and producers by just sending in my name. I may not be any younger or as beautiful as some of the millions of others trying to break into the movies, but the public—or a goodly portion of it—knows me as young and beautiful and my name, as a Follies girl, has a certain amount of box-office value that gives me an edge on all of the others trying to break onto the screen.

"Then, too, Mat Stone has been hanging around ever since I met him when he came to New York a couple of weeks ago and he can help a lot for he puts up the money for a lot of pictures."

Then began an argument which lasted for months. Betty and I had ten minutes in the wings together, between numbers, every night. And every night we argued the advantages and disadvantages of a career in motion pictures and one on the stage. I pointed to the security of our position with Mr. Ziegfeld. He had made us, given us an opportunity to acquire a certain amount of wealth and a great deal of fame.

Betty spoke of the quicker success to be attained in the films. You get six or eight chances a year to do something big. Here you get your numbers at the beginning of the season and have no chance to try for

Kathryn Perry

Anne Pennington, Jacqueline Logan and Billie Dove at Fox Studios

Right—Dorothy Mackaill

Below—Lilyan Tashman

ON THE SCREEN

to C. S. Dunning

something bigger and better for another year."

Betty won the argument—and stayed in New York. I lost—and came to Hollywood.

I think that it was the list of Follies girls who had come to Hollywood and made a success that decided me. I couldn't think of a one who had failed. And there was Marion Davies, Nita Naldi, Ann Pennington, Dolores Costello, Lilyan Tashman, Jacqueline Logan, Billie Dove, Helen Lee Worthing, Blanche Mehaffey, Jocelyn Lee and a half dozen others who had made a name for themselves in the films.

If the Follies girl, by virtue of her reputation for beauty and the box-office value of her name, had a better opportunity of breaking onto the screen than the average newcomer to Hollywood, she must also have a better chance of staying there, I decided. For hadn't all the Follies girls who had gone to Hollywood stayed there? I had never heard of any coming back, begging for their old job. It must be that the training, the knowledge of how to take direction, of tim-

(Continued on Page 66)

Muskrat fur in plaid design forms a novel idea for trimming this beach Club sport dress. The wide cuffs, band and scarf, all but cover the straight line crepe gown, and the short ruffle at the bottom of the skirt and sleeves are a most unusual finish. Worn by Ruth Stewart of the Majestic Theatre.

Photo by Mandeville

Gwendolyn Lee, featured Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player wearing a cape of silver applique finished at the bottom with sea foam green maline pleating and at neck with maline ruff finished with hand rolled petals. To be worn over a dance frock of same material, with plain silver pumps and diamond buckles.

Alice Calhoun charmingly wears this plaid taffeta and batiste embroidery dress with full flare skirt and full sleeves, one of the surprises in the mode for the coming summer.

Individuality the Key Note of the Mode for Spring

GOWNS—ORIGINAL CREATIONS BY ETHEL PAINTER CHAFFIN

by ETHEL PAINTER CHAFFIN

FUR CREATIONS BY WILLARD H. GEORGE, INC.

I should like to feel, when designing and creating apparel for the women of Southern California, that we have enough individuality to dress becomingly. We must bear in mind that the gown we so much admire on another, even though beautifully designed and executed, may ill become our own personality.

The individual figure, more than ever before, is demanding the attention of the leading French designers, and to it they are turning their entire attention. If your individual figure requires long skirts, do not wear the shorter ones simply because Paris decrees that skirts shall be fourteen inches from the floor. Consider your figure and the effect a long or short skirt will have in giving to you the desired silhouette.

Study the accessories, for they play an important role in the ensemble. Shoes and hose must be carefully considered. Do not wear snake skin shoes and hat and carry a hand-bag of the same material when wearing a dark tailored gown. Accessories are necessary and smart when worn with sport costumes or an ensemble carefully thought out. The women of Southern California are acknowledged among the smartest dressed women of American and in establishing a prestige, we should each one of us wear the becoming things. Personality is the keynote. A gown or wrap correctly designed to the individual will give that certain touch and poise that is recognized instantly as good taste.

The morning sports costume can be severe and plain, but shoes, hose, hats, gloves and bag should be adapted accordingly. There is nothing more delightful than the smart white tailored sport suit, supplemented by the new snake skin shoes, hat and bag. Snake skin will play an im-

portant part in milady's costume this spring, and as it comes in a wide range of colors it is readily adapted to almost any costume design. If furs are worn for sport wear, they should proclaim the purpose for which they are intended. With the various pelts on the market today there is a wide selection from which to choose furs suitable for motoring to and from the Country Club or for the shopping tour.

The familiar nutria is soft and warm, very durable, and of a rich brown shade so becoming to most women. Sealion and the leopard dyed kids, newcomers in this field, many times trimmed with fox or other contrasting fur have a dash that is most youthful.

The luncheon ensemble should become a bit more intimate as it may drift into a bridge or a Mah Jong for the afternoon. A combination of cloth or crepe and chiffon is correct or even a lovely embroidered frock and coat. A bit of fur either in white or pastel shades used for the collar or trimming will do much to soften the lines of the face or figure. The hat may carry softer lines than that used with the sport costume for morning wear. The materials for afternoon run the wide range from brilliantly flowered chiffons to the taffeta plaids. Here the selection is wide and if one will bear in mind her individuality, a costume may be easily created which will have a most pleasing and harmonious effect.

The fur scarf is in many cases a necessary adjunct to the afternoon ensemble. Foxes come in a wide range of colors to suit the personality of the wearer. Indeed they are an indispensable part of every woman's wardrobe and their vogue is undiminished. For those who are short of stature and inclined to stoutness, the sable or marten is more to be preferred.

Delores Del Rio becomingly wears white ermine trimmed with white fox for evening.

For motoring and general utility wear, for comfort and smartness, Pauline Frederick wears this silver American Broadtail coat with platinum fox trimming.

The combination of dinner gown and wrap are most essential for the popular clubs or house parties. The gown is only complete when accompanied by a soft lace wrap or cape for the cool of the evening. Chiffon gowns and capes are always practical and one can appear in a new shade each evening. While those who are susceptible to the chill of the California nights, capes and wraps of fur have a strong appeal. And rightly so. For not only are they becoming but they give a feeling of warmth and satisfying comfort not otherwise obtainable. Royal ermine of snowy whiteness, usually severely plain, sometimes with the black tails lavishly used in the linings are always in good taste. Caracul and broadtail too in various suitable shades usually trimmed with fox or other contrasting fur also have their place in the mode. Organdy, taffeta or net, becomingly designed, are some of the enticing thoughts for spring.

This, indeed, is to be a spring of individuality and while the thought and selection necessary to a perfect wardrobe may appear a bit terrifying at first still the result will fully justify the care expended. Study your individual figure, bear in mind your personality and make your selections accordingly.

Angeleno Decorated

HAROLD DEAN CARSEY, Hollywood photographer of motion picture folks, for the fourth year in succession has been granted the highest award at the Royal Pictorial Salon of Sweden, according to word received from his European representative.

The grand award given after the fourth year, carries with it an invitation to visit Stockholm and there photograph the Swedish royal family. Mr. Carsey expects to leave within a fortnight, closing his Laurel Canyon studio for two months.

One hundred and fifty photographs of motion picture celebrities will accompany Mr. Carsey to Stockholm and there be hung in a special salon to which the award entitles him.

Carsey hung fourteen portraits—two each of Bill Hart and Joseph Schildkraut and one each of John Barrymore, Clara Bow, Anna Q. Nilsson, Jetta Goudal, Anita Stewart, Evelyn Long, Nazimova and Donald Keith—at the Royal Salon. It was a portrait of Joseph Schildkraut which won him the award.

He opened his Hollywood studio about a year ago, coming here from New York. While operating a studio in Greenwich Village he made annual trips to India, China and Japan photographing celebrities in those countries. Previous to his camera career Carsey was a decorative and costume designer of renown.

Styles may come and go, but the charm and usefulness of the cape will always keep it with us. This one is of blond caracul trimmed with golden fox and just fits the personality of Claire Windsor.

Laura La Plante

In a hand-painted afternoon gown in Greek motif designed by Alice O'Neill; an unusually attractive creation of shell pink chiffon and velvet, hand painted in bronze and silver and trimmed with moleskin

A HOME THAT WAS DECORATED

The informal good taste which makes this home so inviting and livable is seen in every corner of every room. The fireplace group in the living room is one expression of it. A portrait of an old galleon rocking on a sea of rich cerulean blue was the keynote for the color scheme. Two little love seats in softest blue velvet make a welcoming gesture to the fireside.

THIS HOME WAS A RECENT COMMISSION OF BARKER BROS.' STUDIOS OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

The other end of the living room—garden view window framed by hangings of blue, hand-blocked linen with designs in piquant colors; two handsome floor candlesticks and two congenial chairs—one in deep apricot hand-woven linen, the other in black and henna striped moire.

AND FURNISHED TO BE ENJOYED

Glazed chintz hangings of glorious "Amaryllis" rose are the high note in this guest room, which is a sunny, delightful place. The carpet is rose taupe and the furniture walnut of a satiny, dull finish.

The graciousness and dignity of Queen Anne furniture are especially appropriate for the guest room. The fine lines, soft lustre and delicate antique gold decorations lend an air of real distinction. The little Louis XVI chair with its needlepoint covering is an arsitocratic note.

The dining room is in distinct but pleasing contrast with the rest of the house, as a dining room has a right to be. The red tile floor is guiltless of rug or carpet. Italian chairs and table, specially designed, fraternize with Spanish sideboard and console which are fine, handmade reproductions of old pieces.

What Is a Wampas, and Why?

by GEORGE LANDY

ONLY five years old, the Wampas—more formally designated as the Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers—has already grown to be an important factor, not only within the motion picture industry but among the national institutions of every description.

It is based on a community of ideas, purposes, policies and ambitions of the men who publicize the various factors which combine to make up the film industry: producing studios, stars, directors and authors, distribution organizations and the motion picture theatres.

From the results accomplished by the Wampas members, individually and collectively, this group of men can certainly take its place among the leading factions which have definitely accomplished great things in the entire history of the world. Certainly no industry has ever grown to such tremendous proportions and, just as surely, no art has ever reached such a high stage of development as motion pictures have achieved in the twenty years of their existence — and it has been the publicity man who has played a big part in this dual progress.

Ray Leek, first president of the Wampas and for the past two years general manager for the Annual Frolic and Ball which has now become a national institution.

Through publicity, the screen has not only opened a new vista of entertainment for the mass population of the entire world—it has a far greater accomplishment to its credit. Through the films, and especially through the publicity connected with pictures, the United States has been "sold" to the entire civilized world as a nation, and the benefits therefrom have been incalculably tremendous, not only from the entertainment angle, but also in the industrial, social and political aspects.

It was about five years ago that seven directors of publicity for various studios in Southern California gathered around a dinner table at one of the local hotels to discuss the dignity and the new purposes of their profession. It was at this gathering that the Wampas was born.

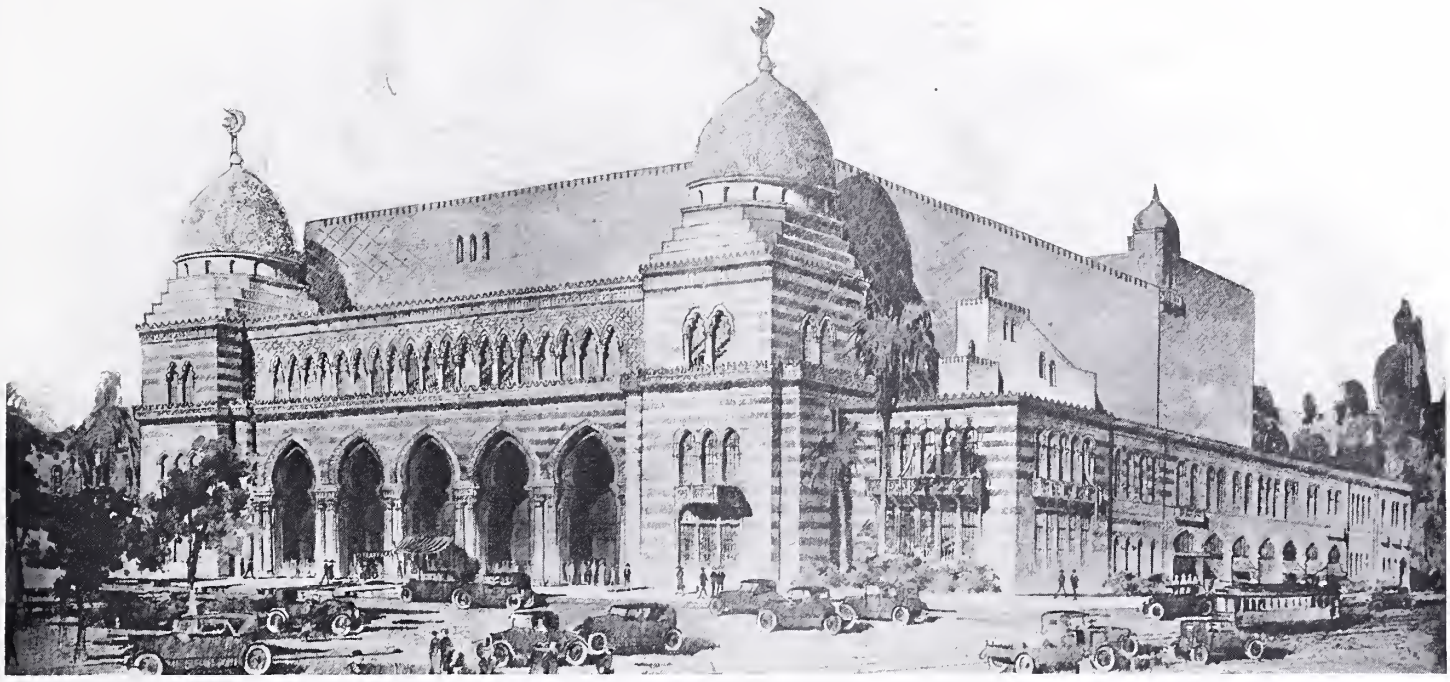
It is a far cry from the hokum press agentry of several years ago to the efficient and dignified service which is rendered to the people of the world through existing newspaper and other periodicals by the Wampas and other publicity men. No longer does the press agent try to foist an unwelcome idea over on an unsuspecting editor or represent things beyond their actual proportions. Practically every Wampas member has real newspaper experience to his credit and, in fact, most of the members of this organization have held high posts on the local dailies. A Wampa knows what the neswpaper wants and he gives the paper news—not just statistical information, but live stories with human interest, legitimately demanding space in the periodicals of the world.

From the seven men who sat together at that semi-social function five years ago, the Wampas has grown until, at present, its roster includes eighty-eight active members, thirteen associate members and eight honorary members. Of the active members, eight are working in cities outside of Southern California and three are in Europe, but all of them religiously retain their Wampas membership. The honorary members include several of the most important men in the entire film world and every one of them treasures his membership card as a reward for meritorious service. Several other members have left the publicity departments to enter the producing field in pictures, and a number of them have risen to the highest ranks; these men also religiously keep up their Wampas memberships and attend as often as their large interests permit.

The presiding office has been occupied in turn by Ray H. Leek, Arch Reeve, Joe Jackson, Harry Wilson and Harry Brand, the present incumbent. To these men should go much of the credit for their untiring efforts and leadership in serving as standard bearers for the Wampas' perennial campaign to elevate the profession of motion picture publicity.

Shortly after the formation of the organization, there was expressed a spontaneous desire on the part of the stars, producers, directors and other executives to make public admission of the service of the publicity men, and it was from this spirit that the idea of the Wampas Frolic and Ball was evolved. The first of this series of annual entertainments, which have become universally conceded to be the leading cinematic social events in California's calendar, was held in the main dining room of the Ambassador Hotel. This room has a capacity of 3000 and it was jammed to the doors! Ever since this first affair, the Wampas has been faced by the necessity of securing a larger edifice to accommodate its co-workers in the film field and the members of the public who wish to attend the Frolics.

The second Frolic served to open the then new Warner Brothers studio on Sunset Boulevard, where the attendance exceeded 6000 persons. The third year found the Wampas faced with a problem regarding late dancing, at that time the civic dilemma in Los Angeles, and after receiving invitations from numerous municipali-



Los Angeles New Shrine Civic Auditorium, where the Wampas will hold their fifth Annual Frolic, February 4.

ties throughout the United States, the publicity men finally accepted the offer personally tendered at a Wampas meeting by the municipal authorities of San Francisco. Accordingly, the Frolic was held in the Bay City, at its Civic Auditorium, where the attendance reached about 8000—almost half as many being turned away when the fire department closed the doors to prevent excessive crowding.

This third Frolic did far more than merely change the dance law in Los Angeles—it served to cement the friendly relations between San Francisco and its sister city in Southern California as no other event had done. It was the occasion for the greatest hegira which has ever occurred in the motion picture world: Seventy stars of the first magnitude, accompanied by Wampas members and their guests, as well as hundreds of other Angelenos, filled the three special trains which took the party north. Every California city within 200 miles of San Francisco sent official delegations to this Frolic, giving it a genuinely state-wide flavor.

Last year the Wampas again had to face the necessity of a larger auditorium to accommodate its potential guests at the Frolic. Fortunately the Ambassador had erected such an edifice in its grounds, and so that was the scene of the fourth Frolic. This year the same problem also arose, and we are very fortunate in having the magnificent Shrine Civic Auditorium to house our guests of that evening.

For the first time in the history of the Wampas, we have been able to offer not only a mardi gras show, consisting of general dancing interspersed by numerous elaborate presentations; this year we have taken advantage of the unparalleled opportunities of the Shrine stage and the tremendous ballroom to offer a twin entertainment, of which the details are narrated elsewhere.

The publicity men who have been responsible for the elevation to stardom of practically every screen celebrity, instituted an official Wampas custom just before the first Frolic, which has continued every year and which we expect to practice annually indefinitely. Each year the Wampas selects the thirteen most promising young leading women of the screen, based on a careful study of their talents, achievements to date and future probabilities. Hitherto, we have called these girls Baby Stars. Starting this year, we are calling them "Stars of 1926," because the Wampas is convinced that these girls will achieve the heights of stardom during the calendar year in which they are selected.

The Wampas selections for each year have been as follows:

1922: Helen Ferguson, Bessie Love, Colleen Moore, Mary Philbin, Pauline Starke, Lila Lee, Jacqueline Logan, Maryon Aye, Louise Lorraine, Kathryn McGuire, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor and Patsy Ruth Miller.

1923: Eleanor Boardman, Pauline Garon, Laura LaPlante, Virginia Browne Faire, Derelys Purdue, Ethel Shannon, Margaret Leahy, Dorothy Devore, Betty Francisco, Kathleen Key, Helen Lynch, Jobyna Ralston and Evelyn Brent.

1924: Clara Bow, Blanche Mehaffey, Margaret Morris, Hazel Keener, Lucille Rickson, Gloria Grey, Elinor Fair, Dorothy Mackaill, Carmelita Geraghty, Julanne Johnston, Lillian Rich, Alberta Vaughn and Ruth Hiatt.

1925: Betty Arlen, Violet Avon, Olive Borden, Anne Cornwall, Ena Gregory, Madeline Hurlock, Natalie Joyce, Joan Meredith, June Marlow, Evelyn Pierce, Dorothy Revier, Duane Thompson and Lola Todd.

Last year the Wampas went one step further: it instituted a Screen Achievement Trophy, which was presented at the last Frolic and will be presented at the next, and annually henceworth. The award is given to the girl of the last four groups of Wampas selections who has made the greatest professional strides since her nomination. The girl is selected by a group of judges consisting of the editors of the national fan magazines, the trade papers within the motion picture industry and the film editors of the local newspapers.

Last year the cup was donated by Arthur J. Klein and was presented to Colleen Moore. This year the great silver cup has been donated by the Paul G. Hoffman Company, Inc.

Even in an industry which has itself been termed an infant, but whose growth has been the most phenomenal in the history of the world, the development of the Wampas has been an outstanding phenomenon. To list its achievements, its charities and its other activities within the motion picture industry would sound like braggadocio. But they have elevated it to an institution of deserved national prominence, known wherever motion pictures are shown, and honored and respected universally.

In elevating the dignity of the profession whose mouthpiece it is, the Wampas has served the entire film field and, through this service, it has made a distinct contribution to the world's progress.

Memories of Yesteryear

by BERNARD A. HOLWAY

DEEP in the hearts of us all there linger memories that are treasured for their association with days that are gone. No matter how blasé we may become in later years it is with a delicious sense of reminiscence that we turn back the pages of memory's book and live again amid scenes and friends of yesteryear.

No more vivid illustration of this truism can I conceive than that which was presented at The Writers on the evening of January 21st when Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, incidental to the previewing of his latest production "Bride of the Storm" brought back to the film colony of Hollywood memories of the Vitagraph days of a decade and a half ago. Mere words on a sheet of paper can not begin to do justice to the heart thrills of that evening as on the silver sheet of the club were flashed scenes and faces dear to everyone who followed the motion picture during its early days.

Commodore Blackton can always be counted upon to do the beautiful thing, to inject the delicate note of sentiment, but I doubt if he has ever done anything that has given greater pleasure to the film folks than his presentation of "Reminiscences of 1915." It was in truth a work of love, for long hours, extending over weeks and even months, had been expended by the "Guv'nor" and his son in digging out of the film archives of the old Vitagraph studio (now a part of the Warner Bros. West Coast Studios) scenes from Vitagraph productions showing the old favorites of the screen as they were in those days of 1910 and 1915.

And then, when this film had been completely assembled, the Commodore did the most beautiful thing of all. Searching throughout the film colony of Hollywood he secured the addresses of every member of what he affectionately terms the Vitagraph Alumni and to each he sent a personal invitation to be his guest on that evening. The response to that invitation is indicative of the love which the old guard of the films bear to him who in those days, was their chief.

Tears were very near the surface as old friends and partners of the films met, some of them after intervals of years, in the assembly rooms of the club prior opening of the doors leading to the large dining room in which screen and stage presentations are made. I am perfectly willing to admit that there was a queer tugging around my own heart and that my glasses fogged up unexpectedly as I watched these favorites of yesterday reliving old memories. And at no time was this feeling stronger in me than as I watched Kate Price meeting, amid such circumstances when memories were so keenly alive, those with whom she was so closely associated in the older days. With the emotionalism of her Irish ancestry, Miss Price made no attempt to hide her feelings as laughing and crying she greeted first one and then another, and was greeted with an affection indicative of her place in the hearts of all.

Commodore Blackton had arranged his program with the true instincts of showmanship, opening with an amusing comedy of the vintage of 1910, bearing the intriguing title "The Boy, The Bust and the Bath," and featuring a cast composed of Florence Lawrence, Bill Shea, Hector Dion and Buster Blackton, then a mischievous boy of nine.

The quaint costumes and sets of that little comedy, not much longer than its title, created just the right atmosphere into which blended the presentation of "Reminiscenes of 1915." The picture opened with a view of the Vitagraph offices in Brooklyn showing Commodore Blackton and A. E. Smith directing the early destinies of what may in all verity be considered the "cradle of the American screen." And then came bits from nearly a hundred productions showing the players of the Vitagraph Stock Company as it was then composed.

While we laughed again as we had in former days at his inimitible drollery there was a suspicious break in our voices, a dimming of the eyes, as John Bunny stepped forth from behind the curtain of the past and greeted us from the screen. It was all so real that the gates of time rolled back, and we forgot the superfeatures of today. The little bit of comedy that followed, in which Bunny and Flora Finch appeared in their familiar roles, brought another flood of memories. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew struck an equally responsive chord as we saw them once more enacting the subtle comedy sequences that endeared them to the hearts of the film world of a decade ago.

It was with a distinct thrill that I saw again Mary Maurice, whose mother roles has so firmly enshrined her in our memories. And how reminiscent it was of those early days that we saw Maurice Costello, dimpled Lillian Walker, Arline Pretty, Edith Storey, Mary Anderson, Wally Reid, and the host of others who were such favorites then and later. Clara Kimball Young in a typical scene, Anita Stewart and Earle Williams; Marc McDermott, Harry Morey, Ned Finley, James Morrison and Hughie Mack. The appearance of each was greeted with enthusiasm and a momentary buzz of voices, as irrepressible reminiscences demanded utterance. Many who were present saw themselves at the outset of their careers. Dolores and Helen Costello, now climbing to stardom as belles of the screen, were seen with Bobby and Helen Connelly in juvenile roles.

Then there were, present on the screen, if not in person, Rose Tapley, William Shea, Florence Turner, Patsy De Forrest, George Holt, Van Dyke Brooke, L. Roger Lytton, Lucille Lee Stewart, Templar Saxe, Leah Baird, Evart Overton, Ralph Ince, Charles Richman, Corinne Griffith, Charles Kent, Hector Dion, Dorothy Kelly, Edward Phillips, Louise Beaudet, Robert Gaillord, Don Cameron, Harry Northrup, Eulalie Jensen, E. K. Lincoln, Alice Joyce, Billie Billings, Naomi Childers, Wilfrid North, E. H. Sothern, Walter Grail, Florence Lawrence, Norma Talmadge, Julia Swayne Gordon, Anne Schaefer, William Duncan, Josephine Earle, Anders Randolph, Denton Vane, Edna May, Antonio Moreno, Peggy Hyland, Jewell Hunt and Katherine Lewis.

As a most entertaining revelation of the strides that have in truth been made in film production since those days the Commodore then gave us a typical drama featuring Helene Costello as "the little child who led them," Louise Beaudet and Donald Hall. In its day this production, the title of which I didn't note carefully enough to remember, was an intense, dramatic thriller. One of those pictures that tore at your heart strings and made the sob sisters sob. As the story unfolded it struck a responsive chord in my memory and I recalled the time when I first saw it and how I was thrilled by its pathos, by the sentiment of its titles and the intensity of its dramatic structure. Yet, when I saw it that night at The Writers, I laughed as I haven't laughed in a long while. It was excruciatingly funny. The titles were a veritable scream. The exaggerated action, so typical of those days, even to the inevitable chase sequence, seemed so ridiculous that I literally howled with the rest of the audience. Verily times have changed and the films *have* advanced in technique, in realism and in artistry.

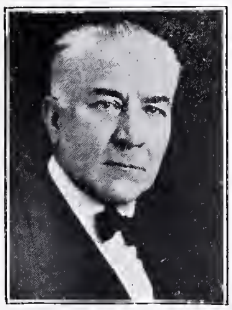
Commodore Blackton had planned his program well. Nothing could have fitted us for the preview of his latest picture more admirably than that old-time "drammer," and when, following his little

(Continued on Page 67)

Angle Shots

Around Hollywood Studios

EMILE CHAUTARD, who a few years ago was one of the industry's foremost directors, has been engaged to portray the leading character role in "Paris at Midnight", Frances Marion's new Metropolitan picture, based upon the Balzac classic, "Pere Goriot".



Chautard's fame in this country has been confined to directing, for although he was formerly one of the most popular actors in France, he has never appeared on either the stage or screen in America. Here he is best known for his direction of many of the screen successes in which Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson and Alice Brady were starred.

In France, Chautard was leading man for the great tragedienne, Mme. Rejane, for nearly twenty years and achieved particular fame for his portrayal of Napoleon in "Mme. Sans Gene". Later he was director of the Royal Theatre in Brussels and still later he created the title role in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in Paris.

Thirteen years ago in Paris Chautard directed a screen version of "The Merry Widow" in which Maurice Tourneur portrayed a leading role.

* * *

MARSHALL NEILAN'S acquisition by Paramount forms one of the most interesting news angles of the month in that it promises theatre goers a series of productions combining Neilan's unfailing entertainment skill with the producing company's extensive facilities.

Neilan has signed a long-term contract with Paramount, under the terms of which he will make his productions at his own studio at Edendale, California, backed by the facilities and resources of the producing organization in Lasky Studio.

The first story Mr. Neilan will produce under the new arrangement is now under way in the scenario department, and its production probably will start near the middle of February. It will be released during the fall of 1926. Following this production, he will direct Betty Bronson in a picture of the type that made him famous as the director of many of Mary Pickford's most successful offerings.

* * *

ANTICIPATING a revival of South Sea Island pictures in the not distant future, Harry Oliver, art director for Mary Pickford, is taking advantage of the Pickford-Fairbanks round-the-world tour to get in a little sightseeing himself and at the same time pick up at first hand accurate data concerning some of the out-of-the-way places of the world. Accordingly, accompanied by Mrs. Oliver and his daughter Amy, he sailed January 27 on the steamer Tahiti for Papeete where he will rest and paint, transferring to canvas the exotic beauties of the southern seas. The Olivers plan to be away from Hollywood some six months.

* * *

MARYON AYE, dainty actress of the stage and screen, appears as the leading feminine role in "Kosher Kitty Kelly," a stage offering in San Francisco.

She was playing in Colleen Moore's "Irene" at the time the stage role was offered her, and the opening of the play was held off for a week, after a long-distance telephone consultation with the play producers, in order to allow Miss Aye to finish her screen role.

A coach was sent to Los Angeles to whip Miss Aye into the "Kosher Kitty Kelly" part between scenes of Miss Moore's production, and through the efforts of Alfred E. Green, who is directing the film, the actress was released as soon as possible, and caught the earliest train for San Francisco.

Miss Aye scored a hit in San Francisco some time ago when she played "White Collars" there, and perhaps it was this role that led to the new one. She will come to Los Angeles in "Kosher Kitty Kelly" before or shortly after this item comes off the press.

COMMODORE J. Stuart Blackton's next production for Warner Brothers will be "Hell Bent for Heaven," Thatcher Hughes' Pulitzer prize play, which has been one of the season's footlight sensations from both artistic and financial viewpoints. The play is being adapted for the screen by Marian Constance, and production will be started as soon as the shooting script is completed.

"Hell Bent for Heaven" will be known as a Blackton Production and one of the season's big specials from Warner Brothers. The film rights of the play were purchased expressly for Commodore Blackton. The play had a long run in New York and has appeared in Los Angeles, where it played for four weeks.

* * *

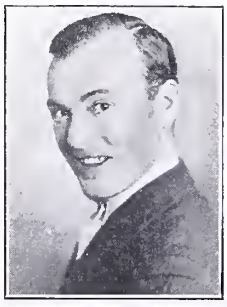
ABILITY to swim came in handy to Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez while filming some of the spectacular scenes of "Volcano," a Paramount production in which they play featured roles.

For the sake of realism, they were not permitted to swim in smooth water, but in the sort of rough water that the technical directors thought would be stirred up by volcanic activity and earthquake. Moreover, a rain of ashes and debris fell all around them during the process of filming those particular scenes.

Wallace Beery, Arthur Edmund Carew and Dale Fuller also play featured roles in "Volcano," which is a William K. Howard production scenarized by Bernard McConville.

* * *

THE golf champion of the Christie studio lot—a studio of golfers, by the way—has hung up an enviable record for his competitors to shoot at, and it will probably require considerable shooting to bring this particular record down. Yes, it's Neal Burns, and his feat was to make the sixth hole at the Lakeside Club, a two-hundred-yard, par-three hole, in two—not once, but four consecutive times. There were witnesses other than the caddy, of course!



It is said that the record is unique insofar as local courses go. If, however, it is open to contest, Burns has agreed to settle the matter with any challenging studio golfer on any tee or green.

Burns is one of the golf stars of the Christie-Metropolitan team, which has only been defeated once in meeting other studios. The team is composed of Charles Christie, Neal Burns, A. C. Cadwalader, Jack Noble, Jack Cunningham and George Melford.

* * *

PART of the atmosphere that is going to be one of the appealing features of "The Volga Boatman" is to be supplied by Vasili Kalmykoff, formerly a line officer in "The White Army" of Admiral Kolchak. Kalmykoff has been added to the technical staff of the second personally directed Cecil de Mille offering for Producers' Distributing Corporation.

He speaks no English, working entirely through interpreters. Theodore Kosloff, Russian dancer and actor, and Kalmykoff will work together on technical points connected with the filming of this love story of a rough, colorful Volga boatman and a gently reared aristocrat. The background action of the story is that of the Russian revolution and social overthrow.

One of Kalmykoff's tasks is the training of Victor Varconi, who appears in the production as a prince in the White army. Other featured players who appear in the story are William Boyd, Elinor Fair, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff and Robert Edeson.

* * *

THE affiliation between Universal and the UFA company of Berlin by Carl Laemmle will, it is said, result in a wholesale transference and exchange of stars from Berlin to Universal City and vice versa.

There are many Universal stars who are quite as popular in Europe as they are in America, and these, probably, will be sent to UFA studios for parts in the German pictures, according to advices from Mr. Laemmle. Mary Philbin is being considered as the "Marguerite" for the big production of "Faust" which UFA is planning, with Emil Jennings as Mephisto. Laura La Plante, Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Jean Hersholt and many other stars may be sent abroad for one or several pictures.

In return, Mr. Laemmle plans to import several stars and directors of the UFA company for work at Universal City. He has already arranged to bring Andre Mattoni, a Czecho-Slovakian actor, and E. A. Dupont, a noted German director, to Hollywood, and future exchanges may involve such Continental stars as Emil Jannings, Werner Krauss, Lya de Putti, Zenia Desni, Lil Dagovar, Conrad Zeidt and others.

* * *

ON THE First National lot Harry Harry Langdon is to be found in the midst of his first feature-length comedy for that organization. In addition to embarking on a new venture, Harry is demonstrating what the artist can accomplish with a bit of make-up, particularly in changing the size of the eyes.

The usual thing in making up the eyes is to rim them with black, so that they will appear larger. Langdon rims his eyes with white in order to accomplish just the opposite result. The white, he finds, makes his eyes appear much smaller on the screen than they really are."

"I wear white makeup around the eyes not only to make them look smaller, but to give a peculiar sheepish expression," says Mr. Langdon. "This helps greatly with my pantomimic imitation of the timorous and bashful lover."

In order to enlarge and deepen the expression of the eyes, Mr. Langdon advocates the use of red makeup rather than black. For giving an impression of dullness to the eyes, he uses green color around them. The white makeup is being used throughout his present feature, which is now in the seventh week of production. The story resulted from an original idea of Langdon's, and is being directed by Harry Edwards.

* * *

TWO very fat and very serious-faced comedians of the screen shook hands on Hollywood Boulevard and wandered into a drug store to celebrate the chance meeting with a drink a la Volstead. Walter Hiers sat down at the counter, but Ned A. Sparks refused to do so, even at Walter's pressing invitation.

"Can't!" he smiled. "I've been learning to ice skate."

"What's that got to do with—" began Hiers. Then, remembering when he had first learned to skate, he stood up and the two comedians drank to the good old days of the high bar and the footrail—standing.

* * *

A MAN who lost his memory during the war and has since been trying to find someone who knows him, has been given a position at Universal Studios by Acting General Manager Harry MacRae.

The name by which he is now known is Jerry Talbot. Talbot has conducted a world-wide search to find people who know him, putting his picture into American and foreign publications. He has an accurate memory of the events of the war and remembers the unit, the Sixth Marines, in which he served. Several buddies he has encountered from that outfit knew him but could not recall his name.

Talbot only remembers the past 18 months of his life since the war, coming to himself in the Veterans' Bureau Hospital at Palo Alto. He retains absolutely no memory of his life before the war. He seems to be of French descent, is about thirty-five and fought in the battle of Bois de Belleau. He also remembers the battle of Chateau Thierry hazily, and believes that the wound which caused his loss of memory was sustained there.

Seventy-five men of his outfit were killed at Chateau Thierry and he believes he is listed as one of these, but an attempt to trace down the names and relatives of these men has proved futile. The American Legion is at present working on the problem of tracing his identity.

Talbot's work at Universal is in the technical department, and he will also do extra work in pictures in the hope that some friend will recognize him when the films are distributed all over the world.

* * *

"MISS DE LA MOTTE," said a Hollywood newsboy to Marguerite, "I gotta kid brother who never seen a movie. You're in a show up the street; will you gimme the price of a couple of ducats?"

Touched by the thought of a child who had never seen a motion picture, the star handed the urchin a dollar. As an afterthought, she asked: "When are you going to take him to the show?"

"I ain't gonna take him," giggled the boy, having removed himself to a safe distance. "I'm gonna take me girl. Me kid brother what ain't seen a movie is just five weeks old."

Miss De La Motte believes that such a good joke on herself is worth the dollar invested.

* * *

A HOLIDAY that cost thirty thousand dollars!

That was the result of a bit of figuring done by Edwin Carewe, producer-director for First National Productions, when he went over his expense list for Christmas week.

It chanced that he was starting "Heirs Apparent," a production featuring Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor. Christmas day would break right into the busiest part of his schedule. But he decided that Christmas must be observed regardless, and although it cost him so much money, he now feels repaid by the added enthusiasm of his cast and production staff, an enthusiasm which may make the work go so rapidly that a good deal more than the thirty thousand dollars will be saved.

The losses had to be figured on set rentals, salaries, the rent of equipment and many miscellaneous items that enter into film bookkeeping. "Heirs Apparent" is to be Carewe's first offering for 1926.

* * *

ACCORDING to Cecil de Mille, 95 per cent of the inexperienced players who appear on the screen or try to break into pictures depend too much on facial expression in their pantomime, or "act all over the place and smother their dramatic points by an abundance of ill-chosen gestures."

De Mille speaks not only with the authority of a great director, but as the discoverer of much talent that now occupies prominent places in the screen limelight. He discovered and trained such stars as Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque and Thomas Meighan.

"The accomplished artist is one whose hands are trained to help and not to hinder. The best facial expression is helpless without thoughtful pantomime with the hands," he maintains.

"Girls beat men at this phase of film work. The feminine habit of 'talking with the hands' is a distinct asset, when used with intelligence and discretion. Unfortunately, through self-consciousness, many girls overdo gesture. Men, conversely, go to opposite extremes and have to be trained from 'woodenness' into graceful use of their extremities.

"William Boyd, featured in my production, 'The Volga Boatman,' once believed that pockets were the only place for hands. But as soon as the stiffness was eliminated from his arm movements, he found the in-between point where gestures are most effective for nicely balanced pantomime. He is but one of the hundreds of actors who have had to learn that their hands are valuable for something other than writing checks or changing tires."

* * *

ACCORDING to an announcement from the Pickford-Fairbanks headquarters, Joseph M. Schenck will take over the studio used by Mary and Doug while that couple are absent on their European tour. It has not yet been decided which of the various Schenck units will work at the Pickford-Fairbanks studios, but indications now point to the transference of the Norma Talmadge and Constance Talmadge companies to the new quarters.

Plans are now being considered for the enlargement of facilities at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios in order that the Schenck units may have more room to work. Already a large piece of property has been added to the rear of the "lot" and there is every possibility that a new stage, larger than any now in existence, will be built.

Moving the Schenck companies to this studio is merely a temporary arrangement, according to the report; if Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford make a picture abroad the Schenck companies no doubt will remain in possession of their studios for a year.

* * *

ESTELLE TAYLOR seems to have a regular menagerie of pets at her house. Separate reports on their doings show that there is a "Patsy," a "Clara," a "Pete," and a "Tom" of the feline tribe, and a "Punch" and a "Duke" representing the canine.

"Tom" is a cat of the garden or alley variety, rescued by Miss Taylor last spring when he came meowing for admittance at her door, dragging after him a maimed leg. He was nursed back to health, and dominated the household, even her English pug "Punch," until the arrival of Jack Dempsey's Great Dane, "Duke." "Tom" gave one look at the newcomer and fled, and he hasn't been heard nor seen since.

Another report concerns "Punch," known as Estelle's "$10,000 dog." It seems that "Punch" is liable to justify his expensive reputation, despite the fact that customs officials finally placed his real value at $58—if he persists in indulging in his appetite for costly bedroom slippers.

"Every year just before Christmas I seem to establish a friendship for some pup who makes his meals on slippers," Miss Taylor remarks. "Two years ago, my sister's fox terrier raised hob with my footwear. All my friends knew about it and they gave me slippers for Christmas. Then last year, Mr. Dempsey gave me a Chow and again I was slipperless."

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

Clarence Badger	Directing "Miss Brewster's Millions" for Paramount, starring Bebe Daniels.
Sylvano Balboni	Finishing "The Far Cry" for First National release, featuring Blanche Sweet. Scenario by Katherine Kavanaugh.
King Baggott	Directing "The Perch of the Devil" for Universal, featuring Mae Busch and Pat O'Malley. Adapted by Mary O'Hara from Gertrude Atherton's novel.
William Beaudine	Loaned by Warner Bros. to Famous Players-Lasky Corp. to direct Douglas McLean in "That's My Baby."
Monta Bell	Directing the famous Ibanez novel, "The Torrent," featuring Ricardo Cortez and Greta Garbo for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Herbert Blache	Directing "The Mystery Club" from the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Universal all-star.
J. Stuart Blackton	Directing "Hell Bent for Heaven" by Warner Bros. Scenario by Marion Constance from the $25,000 Pulitzer prize play.
Frank Borzage	Directing "The Dixie Merchant" for Fox. All-star cast.
Clarence Brown	Directing Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman in "Kiki" for First National release. Scenario by Hans Kraely.
Dimitri Buchowetzki	Directing an as yet untitled picture for Paramount, starring Pola Negri.
Christy Cabanne	Directing "Monte Carlo", featuring Lew Cody, Gertrude Olmstead and Roy D'Arcy for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Edwin Carewe	Directing "The Heir Apparent" with Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor for First National. Scenario by Lois Leeson.
Benjamin Christenson	Directing Norma Shearer in "The Light Eternal" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Scenario by Mr. Christensen.
Eddie Cline	Directing a series of pictures for Mack Sennett featuring Alice Day.
Allan Crossland	Editing "Don Juan," featuring John Barrymore, for Warner Bros. Scenario by Bess Meredith.
Irving Cummings	Preparing "Rustling for Cupid" for Fox.
Allan Dwan	Preparing "Padlocked" for Paramount. Not yet cast.
Cecil DeMille	Editing and cutting "The Volga Boatman." All-star cast. Scenario by Konrad Bercovici.
Reeves Eason	Directing George Walsh in "The Test of Donald Norton" for Chadwick Pictures Corp.
Harry Edwards	Directing Harry Langdon in his first feature length comedy for First National. The title is "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and is an original story by Langdon himself.
George Fitzmaurice	Editing "The Son of a Sheik," starring Rudolph Valentino. A Joseph M. Schenck production.
Victor Fleming	Directing "The Blind Daughter" for Paramount, featuring Esther Ralston, Earnest Torrance and Jack Holt.
James Flood	Directing "Why Girls Go Back Home," featuring Patsy Ruth Miller, Clive Brook and George O'Hara. Warner Bros. release.
Emmett Flynn	Directing "Yellow Fingers," featuring Olive Borden, for Fox. Scenario by Eve Unsell.
John Ford	Editing and cutting "The World of Promise" for Fox. This is the new title for "Three Bad Men." All-star cast.
Svend Gade	(Between pictures.)
Al Greene	Finishing "Irene," starring Colleen Moore, for First National. Scenario by June Mathis.
Alan Hale	Directing "Forbidden Waters," featuring Priscilla Dean, from an original story by Percy Heath.
Hobart Henley	Directing Charles Ray and Eleanor Boardman in "The Auction Block" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. All-star cast. Scenario by Frederick and Fanny Hatton.
George Hill	Directing the famous Rex Beach story, "The Barrier," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. All-star cast. Scenario by Harvey Gates.
Lambert Hillyer	Finishing "The Second Chance," featuring Anna Q. Nilsson, for First National. Scenario by Eve Unsell.
Renaud Hoffman	Directing "The Unknown Soldier" from an original story by Dorothy Farnum. All-star cast.
E. Mason Hopper	Directing "Paris at Midnight" with all-star cast. Taken from the Balzac novel, "Pere Goriot." Scenario by Francis Marion.

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

William K. Howard — Finishing "Red Dice," featuring Rod La Rocque, for Cecil DeMille. Scenario by Jeanie McPherson.

Rupert Julian — Preparing "Silence" for DeMille. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix.

Earl Kenton — Directing "The Sap," featuring Kenneth Harlan and Mary McAllister, for Warner Bros.

Henry King — Recently finished "Partners Again," one of the "Potash and Perlmutter" series.

Rowland N. Lee — In Europe.

Robert Z. Leonard — Directing Corinne Griffith in "Mlle. Modiste" for First National release. Adapted from the stage play by Adelaide Heilborn.

Frank Lloyd — Just finished "The Splendid Road" with Anna Q. Nilsson, his own independent production.

Del Lord — Directing Billy Bevan in all-star Mack Sennett series.

Ernst Lubitsch — Preparing to produce "The Door Mat" for Warner Bros. from the stage play by Ethel Clifton and Branda Fowler. As yet uncast.

Leo McCarey — Directing a series of comedies for Hal Roach, featuring Charlie Chase.

Robert McGowan — Still fathering "Our Gang" over at Hal Roach Studios.

George Melford — Directing "Whispering Smith" from the novel by Frank H. Spearman. All-star cast.

Walter Morosco — Directing "Outlawed," Rin-Tin-Tin's next for Warner Bros.

Marshall Neilan — Finishing "Wild Oats Lane," a Marshall Neilan production, featuring Viola Dana and Robert Agnew.

Fred Niblo — Enjoying a well-earned rest after completing "Ben-Hur."

Albert Parker — Directing Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate" for United Artists release.

Harry Pollard — Directing "Beware of Blondes," featuring Laura La Plante and Edward Everett Horton, for Universal. Scenario by Mel Brown.

Paul Powell — Directing "The Prince of Pilsen," featuring Anita Stewart. Belasco production adapted from the stage play by Anthony Coldewey.

Lynn Reynolds — Directing "Chip of the Flying U," starring "Hoot" Gibson. Universal picture, adapted from the famous B. M. Bower book.

Phil Rosen — Directing an as yet untitled feature for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, featuring Renee Adoree and Conrad Nagel.

Roy Del Ruth — Directing "The Grifters," featuring Dolores Costello and Johnny Harron, for Warner Bros. Scenario by Daryl Francis Zanuck.

Edward Sedgewick — Directing "The Continental Limited," all-star cast, for Universal. Scenario by Curtis Benton.

William A. Seiter — Directing "Rolling Home," featuring Reginald Denny, for Universal.

Paul Sloane — Directing "Eve's Leaves," featuring Leatrice Joy, for DeMille. Scenario by Elmer Harris.

Edward Sloman — Directing "The Old Soak" for Universal.

Sam Taylor — Directing Harold Lloyd's next feature length comedy, "For Heaven's Sake."

Maurice Tourneur — Directing the Marion Fairfax production, "The Desert Healer," featuring Barbara Bedford and Lewis Stone.

King Vidor — Directing "Bardelys the Magnificent" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel by Sabatini.

Raoul Walsh — Preparing to start work on "What Price Glory" for Fox. Still uncast.

Roland West — Directing "The Bat" for United Artists. All-star cast. Scenario by Julienne Josepheson.

William Wiley — Directing "Lazy Lightning," featuring Art Acord, for Universal. Another B. M. Bower novel.

John Griffith Wray — Directing "Hell's 400", featuring Margaret Livingston, for Fox. Scenario by Bradley King.

Fraternities of the Screen

MOTION picture work is never finished. The whistle does not blow to release the men and women engaged in the creative side of the picture industry from their toil and their responsibility. The star who is not before the camera is studying a new role and selecting costumes, or negotiating for a new contract. The extra who is not working is seeking another part. The director who is not beside his cameras is superintending the cutting of a film just finished, or working over the script of a production soon to be begun.

It is this condition which tends to limit personal contacts to business hours, to isolate the social and co-operative forces of the industry, and to narrow the interests and points of view of the thousands of men and women who are engaged in the manifold activities of motion picture production.

The formation of clubs and association of all sorts, linking the interest of individuals with groups, of groups with other groups, and of the motion picture industry as a whole with the public it serves, is a comparatively recent movement. But already it has gone a long way toward accomplishing its purpose. Individual insulation and isolation of interest has been broken down. The force of constructive co-operation is being brought to bear with more and more force. A great breadth of contact has been established.

The result is that today, in spite of the exacting and absorbing nature of the work of most persons engaged in the making of screen productions, the motion picture art and industry has community interests, group and general co-operation, and organized social force for fostering the best of relations with its patrons, comparable to and perhaps excelling those of any other industry. Through clubs and forces of organization of a non-commercial variety, the scattered interests and ambitions of individuals within the industry have been gathered and crystallized into a responsible, co-operative, constructive force of great power and limitless possibilities.

Among the most important and interesting clubs and organizations that have been created as direct or indirect by-products of the screen are The Motion Picture Directors' Association, The Writers Club and Screen Writers Guild, the Society of American Cinematographers, The Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers, or Wampas; its feminine counterpart The Wasps; The Two Thirty-three Club; The Masquers; The Troupers Club and The Screen Club.

Each of these organizations has its separate and individual entity, interests, and functions. Each has its own limitations and scope in membership. Several ties unite them all, however; they are affiliated in general community interest, in working for the welfare of the motion picture industry and its people and in fostering among their members a feeling of joint and individual responsibility to society in the creation of an entertainment of such giant scope and influence as that which the cinema offers.

The Motion Picture Directors Association, of which William Beaudine is president, has on its membership roster many of the most prominent screen directors in the industry. The organization has its headquarters in Hollywood at 1925 North Wilcox Avenue, in a homelike, old-fashioned dwelling house.

There, directors who have wone their place in the sun exchange gossip, ideas, reminiscences and criticism with the newer recruits. Social events, professional or general, are given at frequent intervals, among the most characteristic of which is the custom of giving banquets in honor of outstanding achievements. For example, a banquet of this sort was given in honor of King Vidor, in recognition and praise of his work in directing "The Big Parade." Just before that event, John Ford occupied the place of honor at a similar function, in celebration of his success with that classic of pioneer Western spectacles, "The Iron Horse."

An organization much akin to the Directors' Association is the American Society of Cinematographers. Homer A. Scott is president, and the Hollywood headquarters are at 1219 Guaranty Building, where permanent clubrooms are maintained. The cameramen meet here socially and officially, as an organization or as individual members of the club. The organization has an official publication, "The American Cinematographer," which is devoted to club news and technical discussion.

The Writers Club of Hollywood maintains its separate identity as a local organization, although affiliated with the Screen Writers Guild of the Authors League of America, and also with the Authors League of America itself. It happens at this time that the same president, Rupert Hughes, serves both The Writers Club of Hollywood, and the Screen Writers Guild.

Organized four years ago, with Frank E. Woods as first president, The Writers quickly won a name for their social functions, their banquets, plays, and previews of photoplays. Their clubhouse, which is at 6700 Sunset Boulevard, is a big, rambling, ivy-clad structure of homelike atmosphere similar to that of the directors' headquarters. It has a library, lounging room, billiard room, dining hall and theatre. The latter is well equipped for presenting either stage or screen offerings. The building and grounds are owned by members of The Writers.

The stage plays given at The Writers are, for the most part, written by the members, and since the inception of the club seventy-six one-act plays have been presented. The giving of plays is a regular affair, in charge of a play committee, of which Alfred A. Cohn is chairman. Some of the most successful one-act plays of the past several years have been given their initial tryouts at The Writers, where they are subjected to a merciless but thoroughly constructive criticism.

In addition to banquets and other functions within the club membership, events of importance in connection with the motion picture industry and the literary world have been celebrated. One of the first of these was a dinner welcoming the advent of George Ade to Hollywood, while one of the most recent affairs of this sort was held in honor of Michael Arlen's visit to the film colony.

The Wampas is a familiar name for The Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers. As the title indicates, this association is composed of advertising and publicity men connected with all branches of the motion picture industry. Wampas semi-monthly meetings are held at the clubhouse of The Writers.

Each year, the Wampas stage a very large and highly advertised event, the Wampas Frolic. At this function, which is an entertainment open to the public, the most novel attraction is the introduction of thirteen young women whom the organization has selected by vote as the most promising actresses not hitherto presented by the Wampas, or already famous as stars. Further details concerning the Wampas organization are given in another article in this

(Continued on Page 60)

The Motor Car Trend for 1926

(Continued from Page 28)

these days of ever-increasing wheel traffic throughout the country.

Super-chargers to pep up fuel combustion, increasing power and speed and materially decreasing fuel consumption are still being tested by race drivers and technical engineers for future adoption on stock cars. That will usher in a still more startling era. Some makers have incorporated the super-charger idea to a limited extent but sensational results as to high mileage are still to come.

Some fours have been replaced by sixes just as some sixes have been supplanted by eights. There are about fourteen eights of various types now being built by well-known manufacturers.

Twenty years ago it was a triangular battle between ones, twos and fours. Now the contest is between fours, sixes and eights, with the two latter fast outstripping the former.

On the whole, car performance will be found to be better than a year ago, and that, in the broadest sense, is what everybody buys. Comfort, economy, reliability, power and quietness of operation have been enhanced.

Valve assemblies have been silenced, crankshafts have been stiffened, balancers have decreased vibration, springs have been balanced to balloon tires, brakes have reduced collision hazard, and steering control has very definitely increased motoring security.

In presenting a pictorial array of the new cars here, an attempt has been made to include as many prices classes as possible and at the same time provide illustrations of the newest models which are attracting nation-wide attention.

Besides the Stutz and Pontiac, outstanding models which are proving show sensations are the Chrysler Six, Rickenbacker Eight, Willys-Knight Six, Nash Advanced Six, Hupp Eight and Paige Six.

Walter P. Chrysler's new Imperial "80," a larger, finer, faster six, was given its Los Angeles debut the same day that the New York show opened. It has a ninety-two horsepower engine with a speed range up to 80 miles an hour. Six body styles include roadster and phaeton of sport type, coupe, five and seven-passenger sedans and a sedan limousine. Rubber cushion clamps take the place of shackle bolts at the spring ends, increasing riding ease, and eliminating lubrication.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker says his new straight eight super-sport roadster is the fastest stock car in America. He declares he has driven it 97 miles an hour. It is mounted on the regular Rickenbacker eight chassis, has a 100-horsepower motor and is guaranteed to deliver 90 miles an hour, which probably makes it the fastest stock car in the world. The sedan shown here is powered with the same engine, equipped with two carburetors and nine main bearings. Shatter-proof glass is standard equipment. Safety is a prime factor in design and all the models are low and racy looking.

The new Willys-Knight 6-70 is a lighter car with the smallest bore sleeve-valve engine ever built in this country, giving it an excess of power and snappy pick-up. It has safety four-wheel brakes, is long and low, and positively oiled through a specially designed pressure lubricating system.

Nash announces the first closed car to have a motor built especially for a closed car, in his new Advanced Six. This newly designed "Closed Car Motor" is said to deliver the same rate of power per pound to move the heavier closed models, as former motors exerted in propelling lighter open models, affording a smoothness and responsiveness never before achieved in closed car performance.

Buick remains unchanged with closed cars leading in popularity. Chandler has bought out Cleveland and is showing new closed models, featuring the Chandler 20th Century Sedan, and a Cleveland Special Six coupe, both equipped with one-shot lubrication. Oldsmobile has a new Utility Coupe and a Coach of smart appearance and medium prices with some new refinements. Locomobile Junior Eight recently introduced a new aristocratic looking coupe and a brougham, with that famous speedway engine. Wills St. Claire looks like a thoroughbred, prepped for a sprint. Lines are low and rakish.

Overlooking the Willamette Valley, Oregon

The Ninety Degree Cadillac is the latest thing out in this line, and after Don Lee gets them, he adds distinctive custom touches in his own shops to fit the personal taste of his patrons. The Franklin "Series LI" is the only air-cooled car of national prominence, and Rupert Larson has proved repeatedly that this "Camel" can stand gruelling punishment almost indefinite. Studebaker is featuring a new Big Six Sport Roadster, the design of which was personally supervised by Paul G. Hoffman, who still calls Los Angeles "home" despite the fact that he is spending most of his time in South Bend, where he is said to have started a new era of pep among Studebaker workers.

The Diana Eight and the Moon Six have proved popular throughout the past year, and while they do not build yearly models, their new cars are up to the minute in design and appointment, backed by a $75,000,000 group of specialists.

Velie has somewhat jumped over the traces with the advent of their new "wind-splitting" sedan designed after the German idea, with long slanting windshield and bowed-out body back, a complete style change from former models.

Jordan, as usual, is out in front with two sizes of line eights. He builds nothing else now, and is making friends every day with his policy of quality building along standard lines with advanced ideas of design and style.

Kissel has a new all-year convertible coupe roadster which can be opened or closed according to the feel of the weather. This number ought to make many friends for them, for it is a tailored looking creation of low, swift design.

Marmon has established a special style department devoted entirely to building good looks into their cars that will make motor car "modistes" sit up and take notice.

Sixes lead the parade in new announcements for the year with eights showing the greatest proportionate gain. There are five V-type eights, and sixteen straight eights for ambitious owners to conjure with. Only ten fours put in an appearance at the New York show. Henry Ford was conspicuous by his absence. His new models are already much in evidence everywhere and he is busy building airplanes and new engines for dirigibles.

RUTH STEWART—*Study by Mandeville.*

The FOX SCARF

harmonizing with every frock —so many places they can be worn—an indispensable part of every wardrobe—More popular than ever this spring.

Many shades and qualities from which to choose.

Willard H. George INC. FURS

The ATELIER
2126 West Seventh Street
opposite Westlake Park

"We search the earth for furs of worth"

America's Sweetheart *(Continued from Page 41)*

upon this factor. They are working steadily upward in story and production quality to a climax that seems always just ahead.

Many followers of the screen have felt that such a climax would arrive if she made a production with her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, in a co-star role. Countless rumors to the effect that such a venture was about to be made have gone the rounds, and finally a near-promise has been given by the stars to make the joint production in the immediate future. It is to be launched either during their stay abroad, or just after their return to Hollywood.

While there can be no doubt that a Pickford-Fairbanks co-star production would score a tremendous success from an entertainment point of view, no climax in the screen career of Mary Pickford will be reached thereby. She may go on from there, either in her own productions or with Mr. Fairbanks. Only one limitation will be imposed upon her by the public, and that is—she may not grow up!

Countless news stories and magazine articles have told the screen lovers of the world about Mary Pickford's daily mail. The great number of letters of appreciation, letters asking advice, letters requesting photographs and letters that only pour out the hearts of the writers has increased with the passing years.

A thoroughly representative instance of this adoration that has enshrined Miss Pickford as "America's Sweetheart" is given in the form of a present she received from Mrs. Helen Eckles, of San Diego, California. The gift was a set of seven large scrap books, containing newspaper and magazine clippings that covered the star's film career from the time she became known to the public by name.

This admirer of Mary Pickford has gathered the clippings contained in the scrap books from every newspaper and magazine she could obtain, and her first plan was to preserve the unique collection for herself. Years of admiration for the star finally culminated in a personal meeting in Hollywood, and as a result of this meeting, in the presentation of the scrapbooks—a gift that money could not buy or duplicate.

Her fame has grown, and continues to grow, but the charming matron, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, shall never reach maturity on the screen. She shall remain always the little girl of "Annie Rooney" and of "Sparrows."

Fraternities of the Screen *(Continued from Page 58)*

issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR.

The Wampas being composed exclusively of masculine publicists and advertisers, another organization having functions very similar has been created by the women publicity representatives and advertisers of the studios. This club is called Women's Association, Screen Publicists, or W.A.S.P.S., and its newly elected president is Elizabeth Reardon.

The Masquers is a large and recently developed organization of screen actors and directors headed by one of the founders, Robert Edeson, whose title is not president but Harlequin. Other officers are named as follows: John Sainpolis, Pierrot; George E. Read, Croesus; Fred Esmelton, Ponchinello; Robert Schable, Pantaloon. It has a house committee, an entertainment committee, and a "Jesterate," and its motto is, "We Laugh to Win."

This club is one of the most recently organized, having been founded on May 12, 1925. After various social events within its membership, the first public revel, which is to be an annual event hereafter, was held at the Philharmonic Audtiorium on October 22nd, 1925. Entertainment is supplied entirely by the membership.

At the Masquers clubhouse, 6735 Yucca street, Hollywood, the members foregather at all times of day and in all sorts of costume and makeup, as, in New York, stage and screen players do at The Lambs. Besides the exchange of gossip and opinion, it is here that the entertainments are discussed and plotted. The "prompter" in charge of entertainment has absolute command over the two hundred screen-celebrity members, from whom he may pick his casts and production staffs for the next Masquers' revel.

The Troupers Club is another very recently organized group, and one of the most interesting. Its primary requisite for membership is a formidable one: Thirty years in the theatrical profession on the stage or as manager! It was founded only a few months ago with nine members, and the membership is now nearing one hundrer. The meetings, which are dinners, are called Rehearsals, and the officers are as follows:

Stage Manager, Frank Norcross; Prompter, Charles Thurston; Call Boy, Palmer Morrison; Stage Doorkeeper, Fred Gambold. The members are called The Cast.

The Two Thirty-Three Club is a Masonic organization of actors and motion picture workers, with a large and influential membership. Further information concerning this organization will be supplied under a department devoted to the Two Thirty-Three Club, in the next issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR. The Screen Club is essentially a recreation and vacation club, with headquarters in the High Sierras at Lake Arrowhead.

"*At Home*" to Our Friends of the Silver Sheet and the Location Lot

BARKER BROS. are holding "*open house*" at the new residence in the Quality Center of Los Angeles' shopping section. Members of the Motion Picture family, being old friends of this establishment, a very cordial invitation is hereby extended to you to come and enjoy all that our new home has to offer of beauty, practical worth and trained, intelligent service.

We are waiting to make you all truly "*at home*."

BARKER BROS.

Complete Furnishers of Successful Homes

SEVENTH Street, Flower & Figueroa

Announcement

Frank E. Warren Inc., automotive finance and insurance company announces the acquisition of Floyd V. Bennett, nationally known insurance counsellor to the personnel

Frank E. Warren

We have acquired representation of every substantial insurance company and are now prepared and equipped to handle insurance in all its branches

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"WARREN-TEED INSURANCE MEANS PROPER PROTECTION"

FRANK E. WARREN INC.
6461 Sunset Boulevard
Tel. GRanite 4780

"Phone for Counsel"

The Man on the Cover

(Continued from Page 22)

in pictures—is that he is always open to suggestions and new ideas. If you have any that are based on sound logic, are practical, commercially feasible or at least artistically unique, this man Brown will lend you an ear.

His wife is his constant companion. Nobody who has ever met her twice could burden her with the formal dignity of Mrs. Clarence Brown. Ona Brown is a worthy helpmate to her husband—an inspiration rather than an obstruction. She is always keyed to a high pitch of enthusiasm about anything that her capable husband has accomplished or is about to accomplish. Praise showered on Clarence Brown is praise twice showered on his wife. She has a business sense that is keen to the 'steenth degree. She is looking out for the welfare of Clarence Brown. She is a courageous and tireless champion of anything and everything that will tend to enhance and forward the cause of her husband. But she is not selfish. The home of the Browns is a quiet, happy retreat; a haven from the hurry and bustle of life. Here everybody is assured of a homey and democratic welcome. That is the spirit of the Brown chateau.

Then there is Adrienne Ann Brown. Nine years of age. Wistful, childishly serious. Shy but pleasant. Adrienne has told her daddy that when she grows up she's going to be a motion picture actress. Clarence says, "It's up to her." Just now, however, Adrienne is living the intoxicatingly joyous and fleeting years of childhood at Chevy Chase School in Washington, D.C.

The Clarence Brown that tomorrow will carry to the heights of motion picture glory has been an industrious and serious apprentice.

The strides he has made in his profession are not only an indication of public recognition of one who knows his business but the crystallization of a faith and a will-to-do that has seen many dark days before the light came.

It is hard to develop enthusiasm about people in this business of up-today and down-tomorrow. Sometimes their mettle does not meet the test. We believe in Clarence Brown. You will, too.

The Little Journey, a recent fiction success by Rachael Crothers, has been purchased by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for early screen production.

Rachael Crothers is one of America's best known fiction writers, having written various stories in the Saturday Evening Post and other magazines, as well as a number of successful novels.

Architects to Exhibit

THE first exhibition of the Architects League of Hollywood, to be given at the Regent Hotel, starts February 8 and will continue for two weeks. This exhibition will include not only architectural work, but work of the allied arts: mural painting, architectural sculpture, plastic work, iron work, landscape gardening, motion picture sets, and architectural models.

A dinner and entertainment to be given on the evening of February 5th at the Regent Hotel, precedes the formal opening of the exhibition. At this function, members of the League and the architects of Hollywood in general will be entertained.

New Warner Theatre

(Continued from Page 35)

played an active part in the ground breaking. Reading from left to right, they are: Leon Schlessinger, George Coffin, Hollywood Chamber of Commerce; Bennie Zeidman, associate executive, Warner Bros.; William Koenig, studio manager; E. T. Loew, Jr., scenarist; Jack Warner, production manager; Syd Chaplin, Harry C. Knox, Joe Toplitsky, Motley Flint, Mr. and Mrs. B. Warner, mother and father of the Warner brothers; Harry M. Warner, Ernst Lubitsch, Charley Wellman and J. Stuart Blackton. Back of them rises the artist's conception of what the new theatre and home of KFWB will be like when completed.

Chinese Theatre

(Continued from Page 34)

which the first excavation was made.

Sid Grauman's plans for the new theatre are based on rearing what will in truth be a temple to the cinema and allied arts, a Chinese temple in which will be enshrined the beauty, artistry and culture of the orient as the atmospheric background for the presentation of the best in music, drama, and cinematic achievement. From the entrance to the huge elliptical forecourt to the backdrop of the vast stage the Chinese *motif* will be carried out. Upon the completion of the structure one will, upon passing through a pagoda-like entrance, find oneself virtually in the orient. This effect is to be heightened by the forty-foot wall which will surround the forecourt and effectually shut off the rest of the world for the time being.

If you have an idea of interest to the motion picture industry write THE DIRECTOR about it.

Subscription rates to THE DIRECTOR are $2.50 per year.

Rugs *of* Worth

IN SELECTING rugs there should be considered these three points — service, beauty, authenticity.

While we can recognize beauty, few of us can pass on the authenticity of an Oriental Rug.

Service is very important, for rugs have to stand more wear than any other object in the room. They are ever in full view and their beauty must be sustained.

The collection of Oriental and Chinese Rugs at the "California" combines the best obtainable from a service standpoint with the most intriguing in color and designs.

And the prestige and reliability of the "California" assure you of the authenticity of every rug you purchase here.

California Furniture Co.
644-646 BROADWAY.
Interior Decorators

A Message from

Drury Lane Ltd.

FOR twenty years I've been mentally redressing the people with whom I have come in contact. At first it afforded me a little idle amusement. Later I got a great kick out of visualizing a friend dressed in a suit of clothes that I built for him in my mind. Some times I would fairly itch to tell him about it, and finally it became an obsession with me.

And then I found two other men...

WILLIAM BEAUDINE
and
JOHN D. SCHULZE

who like myself have for years been mentally building clothes for their friends. So now we have today . . .

DRURY LANE

I am having the time of my life *actually building* clothes for *my friends.* You can take it for granted—you are cordially invited to come up to DRURY LANE—and I hope you'll come—for I'd sure like to run a tape measure around you.

You'll like DRURY LANE (its personnel is modest). You'll enjoy its aristocratic atmosphere and dignified originality. Won't you let us know when to expect you? We can smoke and chat and get acquainted.

Estado ne Manana

Sincerely,
E. L. VALBRACHT

Drury Lane Ltd.

5404 Sierra Vista Avenue
Hollywood
Gladstone 1796

Makers of Outer Garments for Men

Motherhood and the Screen

(Continued from Page 16)

"I miss the faces beyond the footlights," confessed a professional friend of mine who was dining at my home. "Somehow there's a wave of feeling that sweeps back over the footlights when you send it out from you, and it gets the people out there. It comes back, and enters you, and you react to it by rising to greater heights. In pictures, it's only the director, and a few cynical cameramen and property men, and—"

One of my girls heard this, and when the guest had departed, of course there were questions. . . .

"Don't you miss it, then, mamma?" she demanded.

"No," I was able to say with the utmost of conviction. The subject was, and is, one near to my heart. "No, dear, I do not miss the theatre audience." Of course, I have not faced many theatre audiences. My experience in that line has been confined practically to amateur performances and personal appearances. But I truly feel inspired when I face the camera, and I'll tell you why.

"Beyond the director and the cameramen, the property men and the sets, I seem to see and to feel a greater audience than any single theatre can hold. There's a sea of intent faces: faces of men and women and children not only of our country, but of every country in the world. There are the folk of England, of Holland, of the Scandinavian countries; there are folk of the Orient, there are folk of all colors and races. Some are very, very poor, but it costs them little to see a picture in their country, and it brings them some happiness and light. Others are very rich and powerful—and perhaps the pictures they see will make them help the poor, and be kinder to everyone.

"That is what I see and feel, and to me, it is more inspiring than any theatre audience and its applause would be. You see, through the magic of the camera, it is now possible to spread happiness throughout the whole world, and it makes me very, very happy, and very, very proud to think that I can contribute my bit to the entertainment of that vast, wonderful audience."

Yes—in that thought I perceive justification for all struggle on the road to a screen career. To give the world, to give all humanity that added happiness and light, that beginning of universal understanding and oneness of thought that may some day fuse the interests of mankind, is the mission of the motion picture. The privilege of making important contributions to this cause is, I feel, the utmost reward, the highest pinnacle, the greatest attainment that a career can offer me. Combined with the things that, through screen work, I have been able to give to the children, the reward is great enough!

If I did not believe I have been a good mother to the children, I would not be satisfied. If I did not believe that any mother who preserved the ideal of motherhood in her struggle for success on the screen could do equally well, in proportion to her success as an actress, I would not give such an optimistic message to other mothers who, perhaps, would like to enter motion pictures—if it were not for their children.

If you like, enter motion pictures *because* of the children!

Norma Plays Kiki

(Continued from Page 13)

overdue rent she gambles her savings on the purchase of a second-hand wardrobe—with which to "break into the chorus."

In the office of theatre manager Renal, Kiki succeeds in securing a tryout, through which she marches with flying colors because the song chances to be one with which she is familiar.

A comedy sequence follows, in which Kiki makes her debut and in trying to fake dancing as she had faked singing, collides with Paulette, the featured dancer, and after a violent kick from that lady, sails through the air and lands sitting in the bass drum of the orchestra!

Baron Rapp, the villain, enters the plot here. In the screen version he is a more active villain than on the stage, and has a very good part. Paulette is presented as Renal's sweetheart, Kiki comes between them, and thereafter lively fighting that arrives at the hair-pulling stage ensues. The intervals between the battles are filled with intrigue, in which Paulette excells.

Kiki's well-remembered cataleptic fit, stimulated as a trump card in her endeavor to keep Paulette and Renal from driving her from the latter's house, is an outstanding feature of the screen version. 'Tis here that George K. Arthur as the servant, Adolphe, is given the opportunity for a choice bit of action in kissing Kiki. If one pretends to be in that rigid condition, and helpless, how can one prevent one's self from being kissed?

Renal, of course, rescues her at the critical moment, and Kiki comes out of her "fit" with a bound, to throw herself into his arms and kiss him, much to his delight.

What a role! Will Miss Talmadge enhance her own and "Kiki's" fame through its portrayal?

I am inclined to think that she will, and if so, I hope that Norma will give us other plays of that order, and not let "Kiki" stand as a solitary example of that remarkable combination—a powerful screen individuality and true versatility.

Bride of the Storm

(Continued from Page 19)

with interest, he tips his cap and says, "I beg your pardon. I'm all wet." There is certainly nothing "wet," to resort to the vernacular, about Harron's performance in this picture. It is easily the best of his, for one so young, long screen career, which is saying quite a bit.

Faith is at once attracted by Dick's neat white uniform and the cheerful honesty of his face and he by her strange position, her poor clothes, her suppressed loveliness, and her starved eagerness for companionship, understanding and love.

From this is evolved a delightful situation masterfully treated, a clandestine courtship under the most trying conditions, and without the benefit of language. Some of these scenes are positively unsurpassed for simple sincerity, pure sweetness, and gentle humor delicately and tastefully delineated.

From this point things move swiftly to a climax. Piet has sent for Mynheer Tom, a renegade parson, justice, etc. and plots with him to marry Faith himself. Faith conveys the news to Dick and after his commander has refused to intervene he gets back to the island that night by a clever ruse just in time to interrupt the ceremony. A terrible fight takes place, Hans hacks the supports from beneath the lighthouse and fires it. Dick and Faith escape in the nick of time. This last part is particularly spectacular and thrilling. The splendid photography under difficult and adverse conditions and the unusual and startlingly effective nightmare sequences are a credit to Nick Musuraca. Victor Vance is responsible for the appropriately atmospheric art titles.

"Bride of the Storm" contains the most masterful and interesting psychological study of the action, reaction, and interaction of the minds of the four sinister figures of Jacob, Piet, Hans, and Mynheer Tom and of Faith and Dick of any picture since De Mille's "Whispering Chorus." So artfully are the effects of the various minds upon one another brought out, emphasized, and presented that the interplay and conflict grips one more powerfully than the most striking and thrilling of action scenes. The multi-colored threads of the various characters are woven into the fabric of the picture in a lucid but complicated and delicate design, logical, coherent, convincing which is a satisfaction not only to the initiated creator of pictures but to the layman in search of entertainment. This is character building of the highest degree.

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Lining up for the land rush which opened up the Indian Territory to settlers.

Three Bad Men In The World Of Promise *(Continued from Page 38)*

these picture necessities, and a separate crew of forty men was used in building the tent city wherein the cast of the production and Director John Ford's staff were housed.

With the completion of the sets and living quarters, the business manager of the location notified the home studio office that everything was in readiness for the producing unit. Then came the problem of transporting the company to the location.

Motor vehicles were engaged by the score to move the actors from Victorville, California, the last railway point, to the location, fifty miles into the Mojave desert. Huge motor parlor cars, especially equipped with high-powered engines, were included in the great automobile train. The caravan of cars stretched out for nearly a mile when the last car was loaded and started on its way into the desert.

On the Mojave desert location every imaginable enterprise existed—beauty parlors, barber shops, candy stores, shoe stores, clothing stores, ice cream parlors, doctors' offices, dentists' offices, a horseshoer's establishment, a garage and a separate post office. One dozen deputy sheriffs from San Bernardino county were detailed to supervise the camp, and maintain law and order. This was a necessary step because of the large number of people camped together.

Such are a few of the problems which enter into the bringing of the old, rugged west before the eyes of a modern public.

The Follies Girl On The Screen *(Continued from Page 43)*

ing your movements, of a score of stage tricks, was of aid.

I arrived in Hollywood a little more than a year ago. And as this is written I have just finished playing my first leading part. I appear opposite Buck Jones in "The Fighting Buckaroo," for Fox Films.

That is what my Follies training has done for me.

It brought me a part, a small part but nevertheless an opportunity to appear before the camera, just four days after I arrived. It was my connection with the Follies that got me into Jack Warner's office the day after my arrival and he gave me work at once. I played a cloakroom girl in a picture in which Dorothy Mackaill played the lead, "The Bridge of Sighs." Dot played her first Follies engagement in New York in a company in which I had a big part and I played my first bit in pictures in a company in which she played the lead. Odd, isn't it?

From then on I was kept busy most of the time. I was under contract to Rudolph Valentino for three months, to play opposite him in a picture which was never made. I think that the excitement of a big chance like that has gotten into my blood. Just a few months after my arrival here I was scheduled to play opposite one of the most popular stars of today in a big production. Then I didn't. I sit home now, between pictures, waiting for the telephone to ring and not knowing what to expect when I pick up the receiver. It may be a gossiping friend, or a call to world-wide fame. On the stage one starts the season and after the first night there is no new thrill, nor chance of overwhelming success. In pictures, one never knows. Every few weeks there is a new chance. A tiny bit may develop during the making of a picture to a part that will bring fame. This is the life. I'll never go back to New York.

The Jewel Ballet *from* "The Midnight Sun" *(Continued from Page 33)*

In its final development the action of this scene takes place in a grotto of jewels, about the throne of the King of Gems. Before him pass in review the personification of precious stones and metals, only the highlights of which can be shown in the black and white illustrations.

Miss O'Neill is another of the ever-increasing group of stage artisans to turn her attention exclusively to the screen. Her work as designer of some of the most notable costuming effects of the Ziegfeld Follies attracted her to the attention of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for whom she came to Hollywood to do costumes for "The Merry Widow" and "Ben Hur" as well as costumes for Norma Talmadge's "Graustark." She is now designing costumes for the picturization of "The Prince of Pilsen", for Belasco Productions.

Capitalizing Opportunity

(Continued from Page 23)

director over to a conviction that the son of an important figure in the show world was sincere in his desire to succeed on his own merits was not easy, but Considine convinced him by a very simple method—demonstration.

Now that he had made the first step, he did not lose sight of his ambition to become Joseph Schenck's secretary. He had not, however, mentioned the fact to Mr. Schenck. It was sheer coincidence that brought about the culmination of this plan, and much sooner than he had anticipated. A secretary who had been with the producer for twelve years suddenly left his employ, and Considine's personality having impressed Mr. Schenck, the latter's first thought was to transfer the young man into this position if he were willing; at least until someone else was available.

At last—the opportunity to demonstrate the art he had learned by observing the prince of secretaries! His expectations and ambitions were realized. Within a short time he had made himself indispensable.

"Whatever else I may, or may not, be able to lay claim to," Mr. Considine declares, "I *did* make good as a secretary."

He put all the initiative he possessed into the exacting task. Being secretary to such an active and important person as Mr. Schenck was a test indeed; the many and diversified interests of the producer called into play all the executive qualities latent in young Considine—all the diplomacy, the decision, the grasp of detail he could bring to bear.

An opportunity to prove his executive ability and generalship of detail to Mr. Schenck yet more convincingly, came when the latter was planning a trip to Europe. It had not been his intention to take Considine along, but he chanced to remember that he spoke French and had lived in Europe. On being offered the chance of accompanying his employer, the young private secretary accepted eagerly. Europe meant little to him after several trips and periods of residence there, but the chance of greater intimacy with Schenck, and a greater opportunity to serve him, was more than attractive.

He managed the trip so well that very shortly after their return he became manager of the Norma Talmadge company.

Two and a half years ago he was made general manager of the Schenck Productions, a position he still holds. In addition, he is now an associate producer. He made "Wild Justice," with Peter the Great, the police dog star, in the central role; another of his productions is "The Eagle," starring Rudolph Valentino. Both are United Artists releases.

In 1921 John W. Considine, Jr., a young man not only anxious but determined to "get along," took stock of his assets and made his plans. Four years later we find him in one of the most active and responsible executive positions in the motion picture industry.

He says that as he reviews his progress during those four years, he realizes that "the breaks were all for me!" That, he modestly explains, accounts for the speed of his climb.

In our opinion Considine was not extraordinarily lucky. "Breaks?" Of course. Everyone has them, for and against individual progress. But John Considine was on his toes to take advantage of the good breaks, to halt the bad ones before they could do any harm. He knew what he wanted, why, and how to go about getting it. Then he went after it.

That's how those things are done.

Memories of Yesteryear

(Continued from Page 52)

chatty talk, "The Bride of the Storm" came on the screen, it was with a feeling of genuine appreciation of the dignity and beauty of the eighth art that we saw unfold before us James Francis Dwyer's story, "Maryland, My Maryland," from which the picture was adapted.

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* * *

WITH OUR PRESENT EQUIPMENT

* * *

TO DO ALL THE LAUNDRY

* * *

IN HOLLYWOOD

* * *

SO WE'RE SATISFIED

* * *

FOR THE PRESENT

* * *

TO SPECIALIZE

* * *

ON THE SHARE WE GET

* * *

BUT WE WISH TO REMIND YOU

* * *

THAT IT'S ALWAYS POSSIBLE

* * *

TO DO A LITTLE BIT MORE

* * *

AND IN THE COURSE

* * *

OF A NATURAL GROWTH

* * *

WE'LL SPECIALIZE

* * *

ON THE "LITTLE BIT MORE"

* * *

FOR AFTER ALL

* * *

WE'RE SPECIALISTS ANYWAY—

* * *

THAT'S PROGRESS!

COMMUNITY LAUNDRY

Open Door

(Continued from Page 2)

presence, but they entertained us with stories of the fun and sorrows of work in a moving picture company. All of us from the Captain down had the time of our lives and are looking forward to a return visit.

L. J. KEHOE,
Chief Yeoman, U.S.N.

Editor,
THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR:

Carl van Vechten's "The Tattooed Countess" has just arrived in my town as "A Woman of the World" with Pola Negri in the title role. Pola is good, and the picture, as a picture, is such a great improvement over her "Flower of the Night" that the contrast makes it a masterpiece. Let it be understood, then, that I have no quarrel with the photoplay itself; it is good workmanship throughout, and presents the star as only two of her pictures, "Passion" and "Forbidden Paradise," have done.

My quarrel is with the linking of the name of a book by a well-known author with a story that bears practically no relationship to it. I will not say that the story which appeared was not as good, for picture use, as Van Vechten's unpuctuated novel. Perhaps it was better. But why credit the author? Why tire out the spectator who comes to the show for entertainment, with the task of matching a story he has read with the story that unfolds on the screen? He looks in vain for certain fiction characters, and discovers others totally new to him; in the few familiar ones he sees, he meets new personalities who confuse him with traits and story functions utterly foreign to his memory of them a la Van Vechten.

A director I ensnared with my tale of woe tells me that the censors are responsible. If so, a bas le censors! And if they aren't to be a bas-ed, by any possible means, let's have stories that do not have to be censored, or stories built from the ground up and given to the public sight-unseen. Not by Mr. Hergesheimer, who is alleged to have perpetrated "Flower of the Night," but by the capable man, woman or collaborators who authored the film "A Woman of the World,"—and let them be unhampered by the necessity of preserving in part a few characters or situations created by a novelist.

Having no inclination to write scenarios, I do not advocate my favorite star appearing in a masterpiece of mine. Box office investment of time and money alone impells me respectfully to suggest stories by studio staff authors — good studio staff authors. If censors or the limitations of the screen make a fairly true reproduction of a novel or play impossible, let the studio men create our entertainment. Cordially,

M.E.R.

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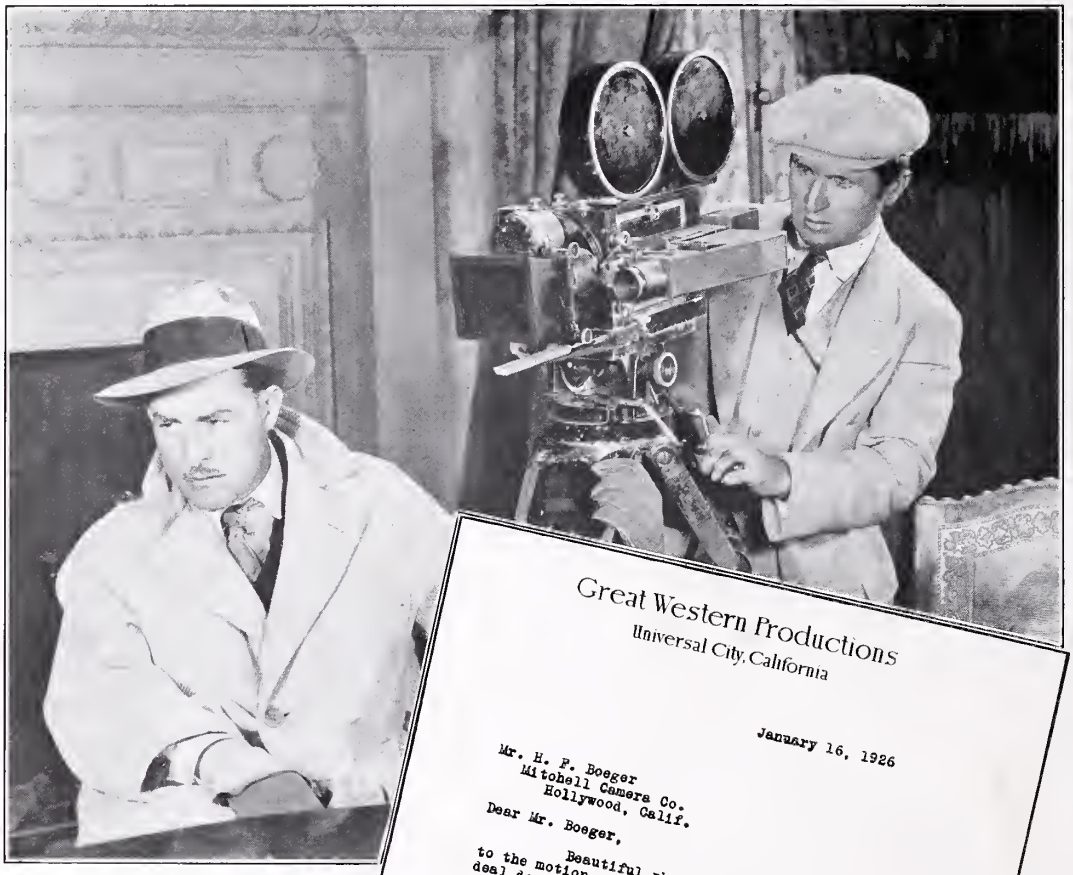

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The MOTION PICTURE Director

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"A Better Understanding Between Those Who See and Those Who Make Pictures"

Volume 11
Number 8

The MOTION PICTURE Director

March
1926

BERNARD A. HOLWAY
Managing Editor

J. STUART BLACKTON
Editor

JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN
Assistant Editor

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THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR does not depend for its existence upon its ability to exploit the motion picture industry, nor does it cater to either the class of reader who is appealed to by way of sex suggestion or vulgar curiosity into the personal lives of those who comprise the film industry. In this sense it has no "fan appeal" but rather an appeal to the motion picture "patron" whose reaction to its editorials will be constructive and beneficial to the extent of developing a closer relationship, through a better understanding of each other's problems, between those who make and those who see pictures.

The MOTION PICTURE Director

March, 1926
Vol. 2, No. 8

IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

THE HAPPY ENDING

By J. Stuart Blackton

ONE of our correspondents writes in a somewhat critical vein, asking, "Why must motion pictures always have a happy ending?"

We will answer the perhaps very natural question with the Battle Creek breakfast food slogan, "There's a Reason—."

The great majority of the picture-loving public absolutely refuses to patronize picture productions that do not end with the proverbial "and they lived happily ever after" fade-out. Films that do not show the hero and heroine joyously united, either figuratively or, better still, literally in each other's arms are failures commercially to the producers and exhibitors. They are what is known in trade parlance as "box office flops." The producers and directors strive to give their patrons what they want. Barbers are getting rich executing shingle bobs at three dollars per bob because the girls and women of the United States want bobbed hair; and happy endings and bobbed hair go hand in hand. They represent a state of mind to be found only in this independent, carefree, pleasure-loving United States of America.

In other countries it is different. Consider the pet operas of France, Spain and Italy; La Tosca, La Boheme, Aida, La Gioconda, Othello, Carman, Romeo and Juliet—practically all the well-known, standard operatic works literally team with homicide, fratricide and suicide. The end of each finds the stage cluttered with dead and dying victims of the Latin love of morbidity.

Mr. Flint, a brilliant editorial writer of the Christian Science Monitor, who recently visited Hollywood, gave us an illuminating sidelight on the insistent demand for the happy ending in American films. His reasoning is practical, logical, and far-seeing.

Mr. Flint says:

"Glancing down the long alleys of the past, the particular form the fine arts have assumed in each epoch and in each country appears but the particular consciousness of that time and place made specially manifest. The various phases of hope and despair, brightness and gloom, that form the human gamut of experience are found embodied at each turn of the wheel in corresponding art forms . . . .

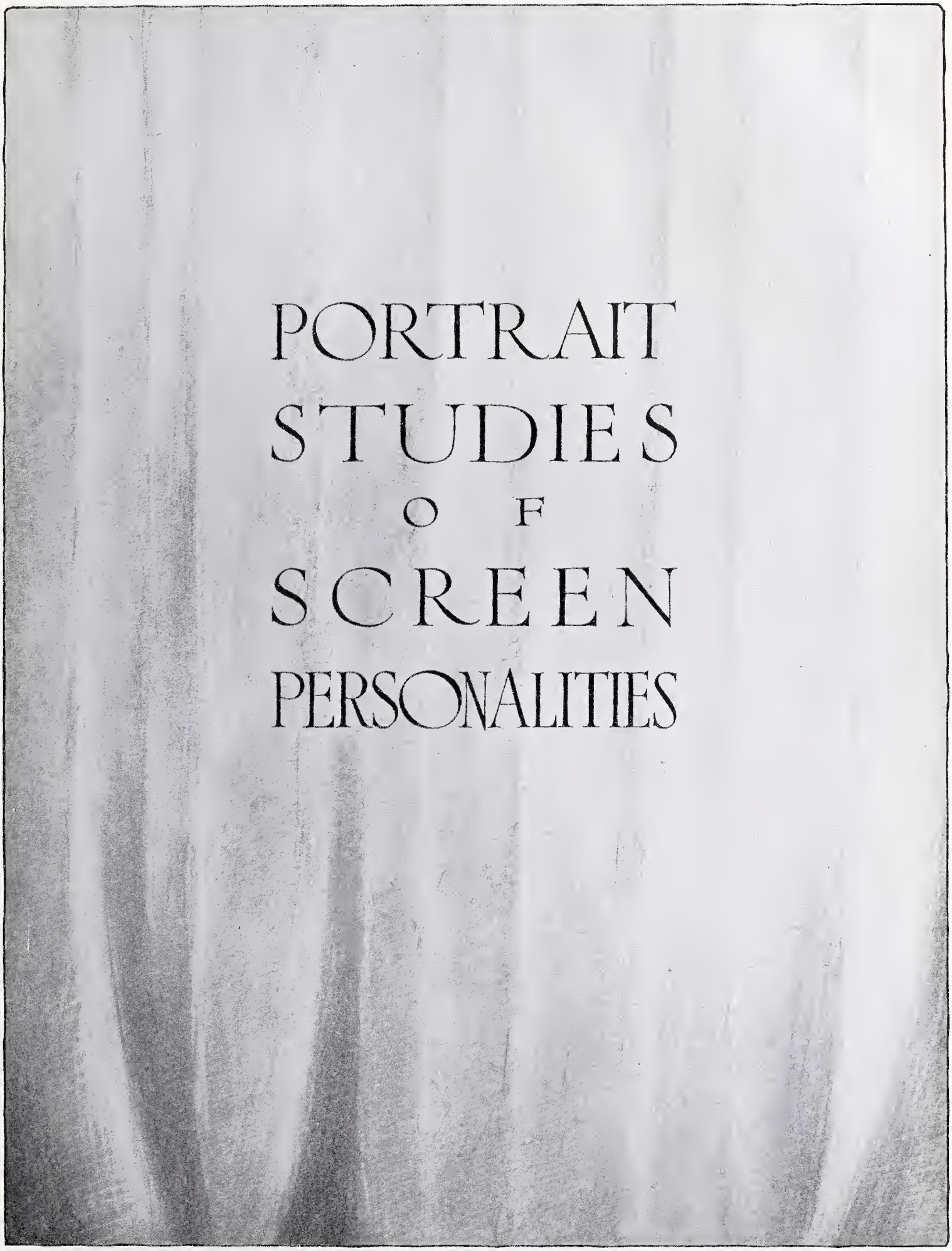
"And so today, in the motion picture with its happy endings, is it not again the direct will of a nation, of an epoch, even, made apparent, and in an art form best adapted to its needs? Is not the motion picture, in its ubiquitousness, its intolerance of despair and profitless gloom, its universal scope and constant unfoldment, a right reflection of the swiftly mounting democracy and vitality of the New World? . . . . Victory, right action, and high courage are the keynotes of this youngest of the arts pilgrimaging in our midst, no matter what particular sloughs of despond may be along the way. There is a high destiny for the motion picture in spreading its optimistic, happy-ending outlook over a war-worn world. It is a radiance belonging specially to the screen and to the people of America."

The happy ending is the natural heritage of a happy, democratic nation, and as long as the motion picture remains the favorite entertainment of the masses, just so long will the small minority, be obliged to patronize opera and heavy drama emanating from our foreign contemporaries, in order to satisfy their longings for the so-called artistic but unsatisfactory and uncommercial sad endings.

The modern new-thought drama and the new-thought plays of the continent abound in murder, sudden death and hopelessness, reflecting the psychology and temperament of the peoples of those countries. Their outlook is gloomy—their own unhappiness is mirrored in the works of their authors.

Let us therefore not deride the happy endings, but give thanks to the motion picture for spreading the spirit of Happiness and Optimism throughout our land and for bringing Hope and Cheer and a glimpse of the Brighter side of life to the whole civilized world.

AT DAWNING
Posed by Winona Saginaw for Harold Dean Carsey


PORTRAIT
STUDIES
OF
SCREEN
PERSONALITIES

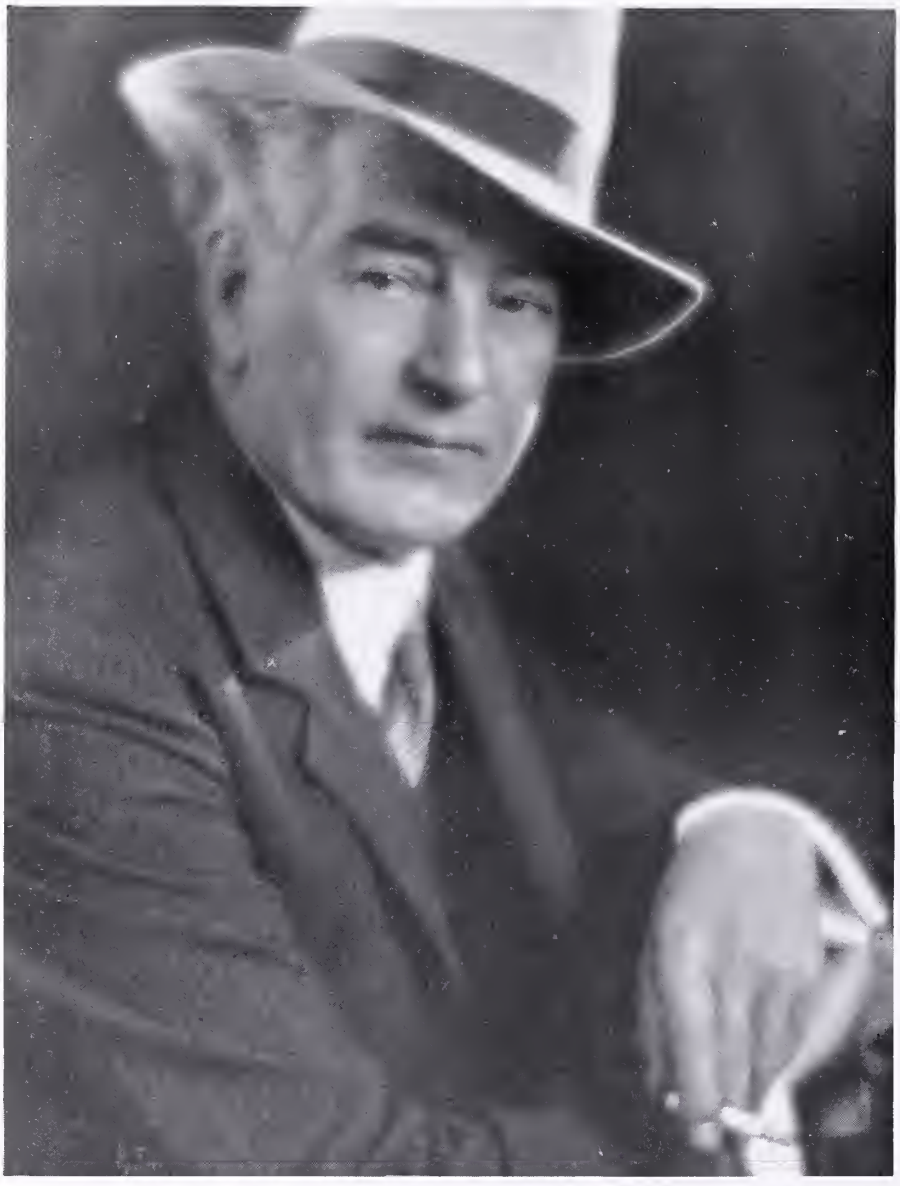
JANET GAYNOR

Fox Films Star

EARLE KENTON

Warner Bros. Director

Melbourne Spurr



TYRONE POWER

Appearing in "Bride of the Storm," directed by J. Stuart Blackton and "The Test of Donald Norton," directed by Reeves Eason

Witzel

JOAN CRAWFORD

In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

Hartsook

MONTAGU LOVE

Playing the 'heavy' in Rudolph Valentino's 'Sons of the Shiek', for United Artists, directed by George Fitzmaurice

Seeley

DOROTHY DEVORE

Warner Bros. Star, featured with John Patrick in "Leave It To Me," directed by William Beaudine

HOW OLD

by BERNARD A. HOLWAY

"WHEN grownups pretend, they only pretend to pretend. But when children pretend it is real." Theodore Harper, himself an author of books about children which are becoming increasingly popular, thus sums up succinctly a conception of child psychology that offers at least one reason why we find some of the most convincing bits of screen realism are those portrayed by child actors.

Imagination and the spirit of mimicry is the birthright of every normal boy and girl. The Jackie Coogans, the Baby Bettys, the Dinky Deans and the other children who are appearing in the films are just normal, healthy, happy children who are in literal truth *playing* before the camera. The fact that the camera is there is largely incidental.

And those children of the films are different from other children only in the fact that the door of opportunity has opened for them. Just as other boys and girls through daily contact and complete familiarity have lost, when alone with their own folks, that sense of shyness and self-consciousness which characterizes them in the presence of stranger, so have the children of the films lost the sense of restraint in front of the camera that would affect most children under similar circumstances.

For instance, any imputation that the children of "Our Gang" are precocious or different from other children will find immediate refutation from Robert McGowan, who, as their director, maintains that the children are in no way abnormal, but are just every-day, healthy chilren who have the capacity for forgetting that they are acting.

The boys and girls who appear in "Our Gang" comedies are not one whit different from hundreds of other boys and girls whose natural talent for making believe has never had opportunity for expression outside their own homes.

With these thoughts in mind I spent a day at the Hal Roach studios in Culver City watching "Our Gang" at work.

There has been built on the studio lot what amounts to a permanent set for "Our Gang." With more than the usual degree of stability that characterizes "prop" sets, a typical street corner has been developed suitable to almost any sort of locale, from an old section of a large city, to the center of a modern American city of 5000 or so population.

About this "set" "Our Gang" plays in much the same way that your youngsters would play.

As I approached the set I saw off to one side a group of packing cases showing signs of life, and, with natural curiosity, poked an inquisitive nose in that direction. There I found the Gang between scenes playing house—just as any group of youngsters would play—and having a good time doing it.

Jackie was trying to drive a nail with an empty pop bottle, Mickey was moving things around to suit his own architectural scheme, Farina was dabbling in a convenient barrel of tar and Mary Kornan, the little leading lady of the Gang, was playing dolls as unconcernedly as though she were far removed from a movie lot.

To any one expecting a stagey atmosphere the scene would have proved highly disappointing. There wasn't even a cam-

Is a Child?

era around; nothing to suggest that these children might be "working" or were being paid to be on the studio lot, unless it might be Mrs. Fern Carter, the matron-teacher under whose supervision the children are when not working before the camera.

But when I left the playing-house picture and stepped around the corner onto the "street set," then I was brought back to studio realities by the presence of cameramen, prop boys and Director McGowan's megaphone kicking around under foot (somehow a director just has to have a megaphone handy, even if he never uses it, and I never did see Bob McGowan use his except for some stunt to make the children laugh). As we stood there, Mickey rode onto the set on his Christmas bicycle and broke into the scene.

Now Mickey was behaving with customary boyish thoughtlessness, perhaps less excusable in him because he has worked for some time before the camera and is old enough to know better.

McGowan interrupted the scene and led Mickey off to one side.

Now he's going to get it, thought I, and sauntered casually over in that direction. But what I heard was something entirely different. It was McGowan talking "man to man" with Mickey. There wasn't any of the rough stuff that I had been led to expect. No domineering tone of voice, nor threats of what might happen. Nor was there any pleading and cajoling and urging Mickey to be a "good boy." In straightforward man-to-man style Bob McGowan was talking with Mickey and discussing the situation. Mickey saw it right away, and instead of coming away from the interview with a sheepish look or with the sulky look that boys usually get when chastened, there was a thoughtful grin splitting the myriad of freckles that are Mickey's.

A few minutes later Mickey was on the set with the rest of the "Gang" playing with all his heart the game that was being played before the camera, entering into the spirit of the situation with full boyish zest and getting a real "kick" out of it. They all were. That is the very interesting thing about "Our Gang" — with that unfailing attribute of childhood—the love of making believe —they throw themselves into the spirit of the scene being enacted before the camera with the same enthusiasm and the same delight that they play their games around the lot, and when the camera isn't clicking, up and down the street set.

They know that the street isn't real,

Jackie Coogan is always Jackie Coogan, the irrepressible, lovable boy, whether it is in "The Kid," "My Boy," or "Old Clothes."

they know that it is all make-believe stuff and that when Director McGowan tells them to pile up on the steps leading to the doorway of what appears to be a private dwelling, they climb up with laughter and shouts of delight, for they are playing a game—that wonderful game of let's pretend. They know that the settings aren't real, that the house is only a shell of a house, but that is what makes it so fascinating: because they are pretending that it is real and McGowan is pretending with them, and when children pretend, it *is* real.

And as I analyze the situation and watch other children at their games, I have begun to wonder.

"How old is a child, anyway?"

To mothers, usually a baby, long after baby has grown up into a little man. Mothers seem prone to do their utmost to keep children babies and perhaps that is one reason why fathers don't enter into the spirit of things as much as they might, for they don't react to that baby stuff after "baby" starts running around with his hands in pockets and his cap perched precariously on the back of his head.

One dominant rule that is rigidly in force on the "Our Gang" set is that the children are not to act. Just as soon as any member of the "Gang" begins to "act" off the set he goes and a new one is recruited to take his place. The children who work with Robert McGowan must be just normal, healthy, happy children who are playing a fascinating game and nothing more. Sophistication, precocity and stage business are not only frowned upon but are strictly tabooed.

The one exception to this rule is Mary Kornan, the "leading lady" of the "Gang." Little Mary is a natural actress. She just can't help acting because acting is normal to her. She is absolutely natural and therefore fits into the picture perfectly.

McGowan is one of those chaps who has preciously guarded the spirit of his own childhood through all his wandering up and down the highways and byways of life.

Theodore Harper, the author of "The Mushroom Boy," "Singing Feather" and other "Scriggleboggle" stories, is another. These men understand child psychology because they understand children and because they have a "good believer."

Robert McGowan directs pictures with child actors and the children are just themselves every minute of the time. They do things naturally and in their own way—just as they would if left entirely to themselves. McGowan's directions lies chiefly in the subtle guidance he exerts in suggesting the little things that will carry on the plot and in acting as sort of big brother who is thinking up new games for them to play.

And there isn't such a great deal of difference between McGowan and Harper, except in the media they use. Where McGowan makes pictures with children, Harper writes books about children. The result is that McGowan's pictures are as entertaining to adults as to children, and Harper's books will grip the grown-up mind with much the same intensity as they hold the child's imagination by their appeal to his fancy and to the sense of the wondrous that is inherent in all children.

To the question "How old is a child?" Theodore Harper makes a more academic answer but one that opens an interesting avenue of conjecture.

"In terms of experience," says Harper, "children are 'childish' but in terms of the wondrous they are 'childlike' which is a very different thing. Here they are fully contemporaneous with their elders.

"Let us put it this way:

"In experience a child is a baby; in intuition, an adult; in wisdom, ageless.

"And contrarily if we analyze a grown-up we are very likely to find some such equation as this:

"In experience, an adult; in intuition, a baby; in wisdom, rather foolish.

"A child is wise, when he is wise, without caring why.

"A grown-up is wise, when he is wise, because he has a reason which often isn't so."

"It often seems to me," Harper said on another occasion, "that we who have become mere grown-ups have lost or thrown

away something which is precious; a sense of the wondrous, probably, which is the mother of imagination and the handmaid to art and music, drama and a sense of guidance in life.

"We unfortunate ones are given to measuring children—and all other things—in terms of experience and that is often a futile occupation because it is a yardstick that will not solve the whole range of problems.

"If we mere grown-ups are wise enough to meet them on a basis of equality we see something of the wisdom of the childlike. We see something of the *vision* of the childlike—something we have forgotten and would be better for, if we had remembered.

"It's probably a question of intuition and that is a puzzling matter to grown-ups, but it is the common tool of the kiddies. Kiddies travel by the direct trail of intuition. We grown-ups go around by the circuitous highway of logic and experience that involves, usually, a great deal of attention to rules of the road and routine.

"Such people distrust hunches and look upon imagination—the wondrous in action—as unreliable.

"As a matter of fact the really big people in the world are a balanced mixture of routine and imagination. They are the only real adults. The rest of us are either mere grown-ups, frozen in routine, or children—childish as to experience and adult as to imagination.

"If a child meets such a frozen grown-up it pulls down the blinds. But if it meets a big adult, awake, one look is sufficient. The child meets such a one on common ground — the wondrous — and all is well.

"Quite often out of this companionship there grows up, for the child, something like hero-worship, and he creates of such an adult a sort of Sir Galahad—then marches on. So does Sir Galahad, if he is wise."

I like that suggestion of Harper's, and it brought to my mind an episode which is told of Jackie Coogan.

When Jackie first met Charlie Chaplin in his father's dressing room at a vaudeville theatre, Jackie walked right up to him, climbed into his lap and after a bit went contentedly to sleep. He had found a hero. Not the hero of millions—he with the funny feet, the baggy trousers and the amusing cane—but the real Chaplin.

Later when Jackie was working on the Chaplin lot in his first picture, "The Kid," Chaplin treated him seriously, as one grown-up to another, and the pair got on famously. Jackie fitted into the picture as naturally and easily as though he had always belonged on the lot.

But there were times when a stubborn streak would crop out as it does in all normal, healthy children and on one of these occasions, when Jackie was supposed to throw his arms around one of the players and hug her tight, he refused for some reason, quite unaccountable to grown-ups.

Entreaties, cajoling, teasing and all customary methods were tried without avail. Jackie just wouldn't throw his arms around that actress and give her the good big hug that the script called for.

Finally the director, with a flash of inspiration such as directors sometimes have, attracted Jackie's attention and said quietly:

"Charlie wouldn't act like that, Jackie."

"Jackie remained quiet for a moment, and then a grin swept away the sulky look that had grown on his face, and he threw his arms around her and gave her a hug that was bearlike in its intensity.

"Exactly," said Harper, when I told him of the incident. "Chaplin was his Sir Galahad and the reminder that he was doing something that his hero wouldn't do under similar circumstances, hurt him. The

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Johnny Fox in "The Covered Wagon" was particularly appealing because he was so essentially the American boy of that period.

Ian Keith and May Allison

An Appealing Moment in June Mathis' "Viennese Medley"

THE STORY OF Viennese Medley

June Mathis' First Big Feature Production for First National

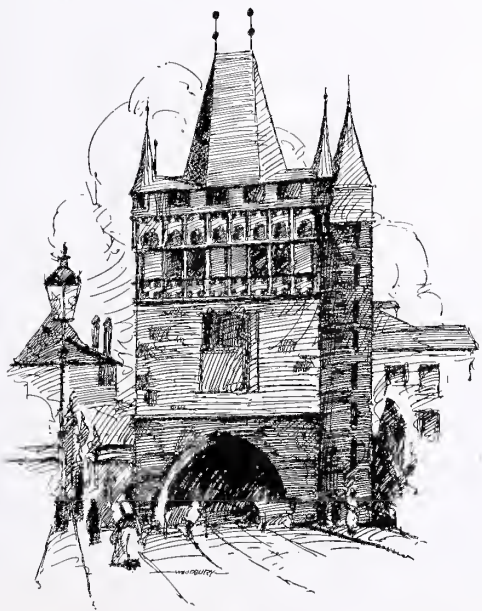
by KATHERINE KAVANAUGH

IF scenario writers ever have time to dream—June Mathis surely has dreamed a dream and made it come true in the making of "Viennese Medley", Edith O'Shaughnessy's great human story of the aftermath of war. The title "Viennese Medley" conjures up no one definite picture in the mind of the casual reader. But it does more than that—it evokes a response of a different nature. It awakens a train of thoughts and reflections in much the same manner as might some old haunting waltz strain—it has just enough mystery to lure one on into some romantic mood. The reader, at first hand, might catch himself wondering just what the author was trying to convey in those two words—"Viennese Medley"—and while he is thus wondering, kaleidoscopic moods will begin to steal over his consciousness. Although each one feels some slumbering reminiscence stirred when this name falls on the ear, it is probable that no two persons, on being asked to compare their reaction to the title, will find that their response has been the same.

But to the author of our story, "Viennese Medley" meant a melodious word picture of the joys, loves, griefs and heartaches of the group of people comprising a very human, lovable Viennese family. It is like a beautiful symphony—whose delicate, intricate counterpoint is formed by the various occurring and recurring experiences and emotions of the different members of the group. The particular life story—happy or sad—of each individual character—forms a separate theme, and the finished picture is a blending of all these life stories, each of which has its distinct tempo and shading. Light, quick, airy themes dance along, crossing and recrossing a heavier, more sombre, sustained theme which is the tone expression of the fate of one of the more unhappy persons in the story.

In the book, the author has headed each chapter with a musical term which gives the *motif* for the particular set of characters and set of emotions contained in that chapter. In a chapter which introduces two young people, each of whom lives for the smile, loving glance and tender word of the other, she has put the key words —"Allegretto amoroso"—and the following pages are permeated with an air of lightness and love.

It is a story of Vienna after the war—as everyone knows who has read the book —and the underlying theme, running through the whole like a sweet, vibrant strain of music, is woven around the tender, pathetic old figure of a woman—"Tante Ilde"—no longer young, weighted down by the burden of living, yet contriving always to lighten the cares and share the heartaches of the ones she loves. The principal theme is written in the heart blood of this pathetic old lady. In the book, the author has introduced "Tante Ilde" under the caption "Adagio Assai"—"very slow and with grace"—and the Italian musical term describes more fitly than might any other term, this sad, wearied, lovable old lady and her life.



In order to have the atmosphere for the presentation of her picture entirely compelling and in perfect accord with her conception of the picture, Miss Mathis has left nothing to be supplied in the musical score accompanying it. No pains were spared in the effort to see that each set of emotions portrayed on the screen had its corresponding theme in the musical arrangement. Observers of the completed production will feel that the musical score has been just as carefully selected as the characters.

The characterization of the story is one of the most convincing ever achieved. At the first reading of the book, Miss Mathis' desire for the story of her dreams was so completely satisfied, that the story and its characters immediately became one with herself, and have remained so all during the preparation and production of the picture. She loved, hoped, joyed and suffered with each of them—and as a result she has created characters which will live in memory long after the picture has been presented.

Anyone who has read the book will at once realize the difficulties presented to the screen writer. It cannot be called a plot—it is just a human document. Yet the characters so took hold of Miss Mathis' vivid imagination, that she simply drew them into her heart and lived with them. No scenario was ever written with more love or care—no research was too difficult or painstaking, no hours too long, no work too arduous. On the contrary, each succeeding day found her more thrilled—and she possesses that enviable faculty of inspiring her co-workers with this same enthusiasm and dynamic force.

The opportunity to direct "Viennese Medley" was coveted by many, but Miss Mathis' choice fell on a man as yet not widely known, but in whom she had great confidence. Curt Rehfeld had worked side by side with her, as assistant director, in the making of "The Four Horsemen" —the picture that will never be forgotten. Here was a man, she thought, who would faithfully carry out the fine details of her

Symbolic of the contrasting forces of good and evil, the Old Scissors Grinder and the Man with the Cross appear at dynamic moments throughout the action of the story.

scenario—one who would be willing and capable of absorbing and putting into execution all that she had developed in her script. Throughout the making of the picture, every waking moment was devoted to it—each morning found her "on the set"—watching, coaching, suggesting—paying attention to the small details that may make or mar a scene—seeing to it that the portrayals followed closely the characters that had become as real people to her. The atmosphere of Vienna has been definitely created—the people vividly drawn—the sincerity of the story faithfully preserved.

"Viennese Medley" expresses June Mathis more faithfully than anything she has ever done. It is a visualization of her thoughts—her feelings—her inspirations. It is a tremendous picture—a picture that means something more than a mere two hours' entertainment—and it was conceived, developed and given to the world by a women. It is the first big production of her very own—but no succeeding one will ever be more *of her*. All during the busy years of her professional life her broad mind and great ambition had been seeking a story—*the story*—that she knew existed somewhere—in which she could express the ideas and "dream-things" which were stored in her brain, waiting for the proper vehicle to materialize. Of course, it had to be a *big* story in every sense of the word—big in conception, in vision, in development. Just when she was beginning to feel that there wasn't any such story, or, if there were, that it existed only in embryo in the mind of some author—lo and behold—here comes a message from Richard A. Rowland of First National, saying: "Please read 'Viennese Medley' and tell me what you think of it." From the opening of the book, June *knew*—there was no mistaking—*this* was to be *the story*. Bubbling over with enthusiasm, she could hardly wait to finish the book before wiring back—"I *must* have 'Viennese Medley.' Please get it for me."

What the book lacked was a great love story—and it was Miss Mathis' task to supply this. In the picture, there is not only one absorbing love theme, but there are two: the first, played by Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle, and the second by May Allison and Ian Keith.

The cast, personally selected by Miss Mathis, is an outstanding one, including such names as Nigel de Brulier, remembered as the mysterious figure in "The Four Horsemen;" Jean Hersholt, Lucy Beaumont, Isabelle Keith, Marcia Manon, Hale Hamilton, John St. Polis, Edward Earle, Katherine Chambers, Mary McAllister and others.

Miss Mathis is often asked how she conceives a story—what particular thing in a book or play appeals to her, makes her feel there is a screen vehicle there. I doubt if she could give an analytical answer to this. I have never seen her hesitate very long over a decision after hearing a story submitted to her. If it is a good screen vehicle, she sees it at once. If it isn't, she rejects it on the instant—and that's all there is to it. Of course, there must be some fundamental idea that appeals to her quick mind—something she knows can be developed, regardless of what the author or playwrights have done with it. Sometimes she surprises one by selecting a slight, frothy story that doesn't seem to have sufficient material for a feature picture, but one in which she has seen the possibilities for development at a glance—and in a surprisingly short time she can suggest a treatment that sometimes is not changed from that moment until the picture is finished.

So with "Viennese Medley"—the story interested her from the

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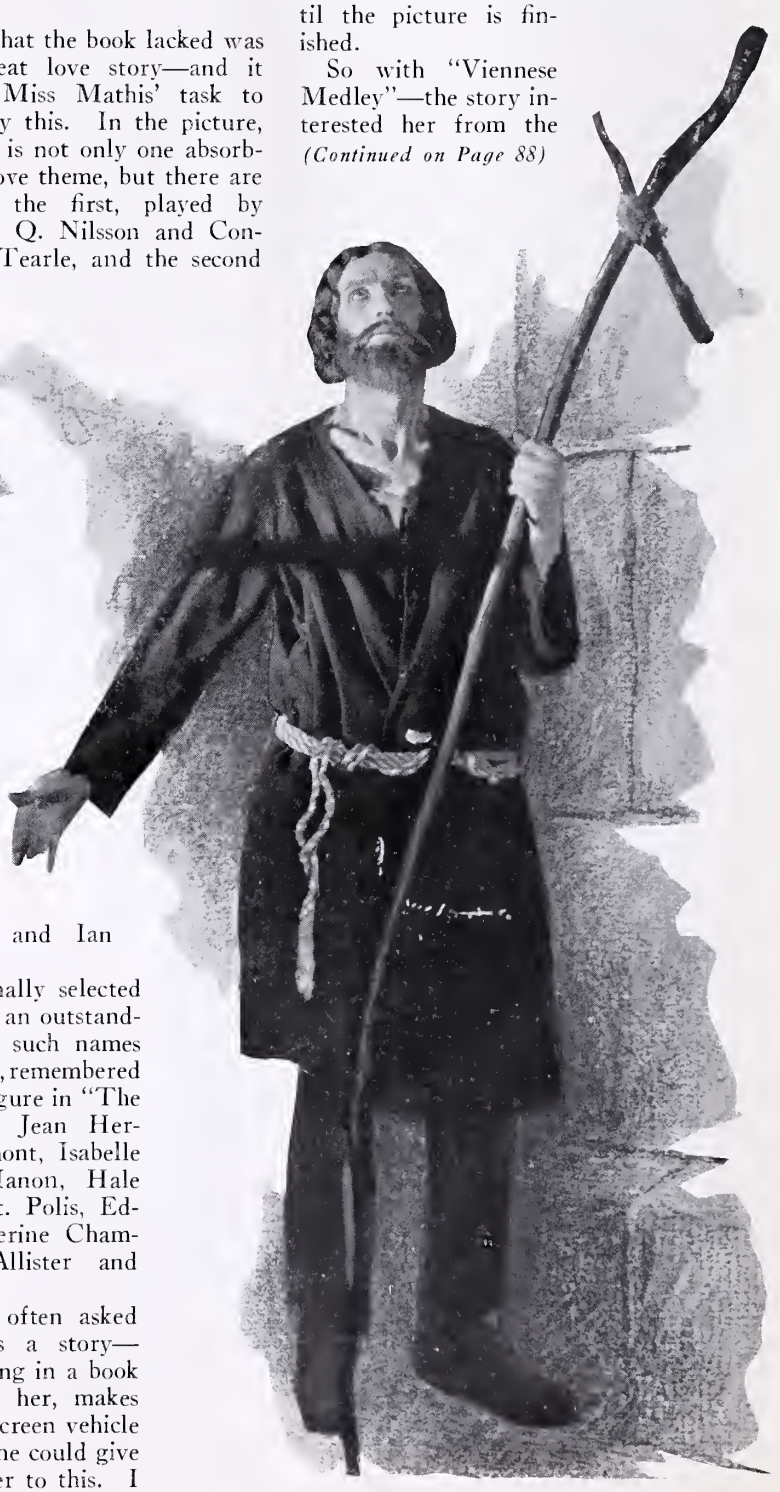
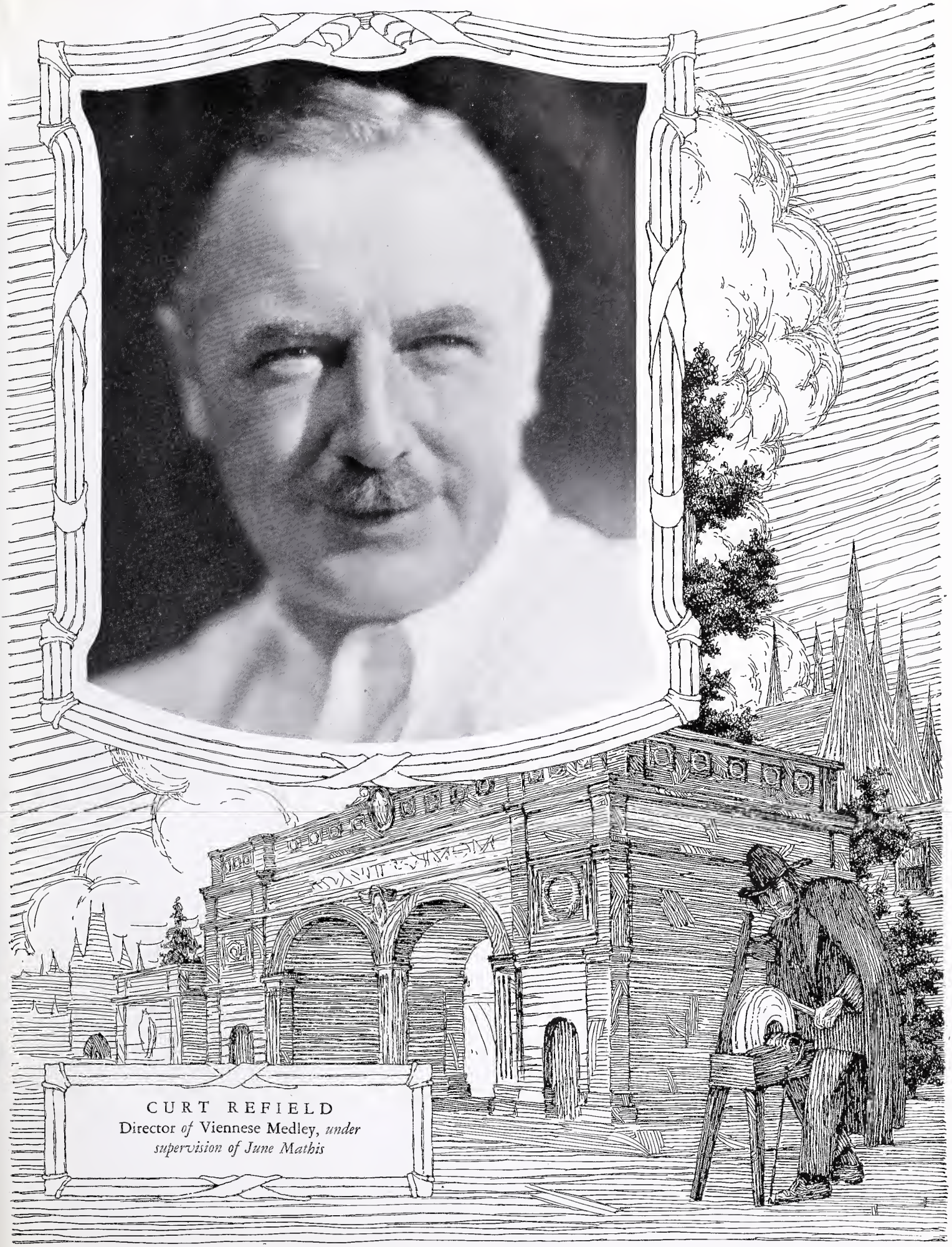




CURT REFIELD
Director *of* Viennese Medley, *under supervision of June Mathis*

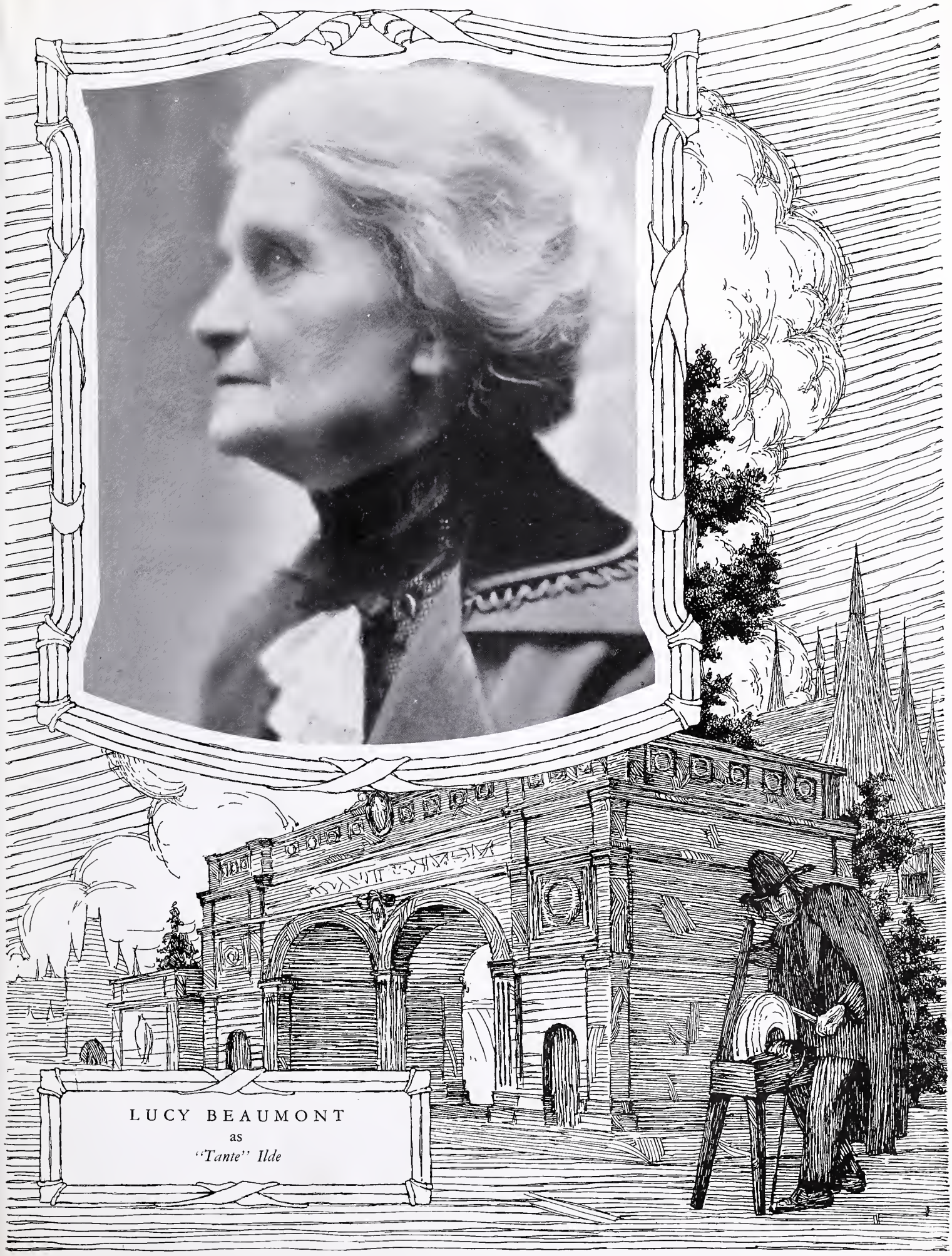
IAN KEITH
as
Pauli

MAY ALLISON
as
Corinne von Berg

ANNA Q. NILSSON
as
Fanny

CONWAY TEARLE
as
Count von Hartig

NIGEL deBRUILER
as
Dr. Manny



LUCY BEAUMONT
as
"Tante" Ilde

Evelyn Campbell, former Follies player, in evening cape of white ermine trimmed with chinchilla.

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Mlle. Modiste

What Corinne Griffith *brought back from* New York

by DOROTHY DONALD

"MLLE. MODISTE," a recent picturization of the popular operetta of the same name, has for its theme the tale of a little shop girl who rose to fame through her creations of beauty and loveliness. Whether it was by coincidence or fate that Corinne Griffith was selected for the title role I do not know, but I do know that a better selection could scarcely have been made because Corinne, in addition to her many other fine qualities, is noted for her beautiful creative costume designing.

So it was that she went to New York long before the filming of the picture to gather from Dame Fashion her latest vogue. However, don't think that Miss Griffith brought back trunks full of clothes. What she actually brought back was a categoried stock of well formulated ideas picked up here and there after many days of enthusiastic search among the exclusive shops for which Fifth avenue is famous.

Last week I journeyed through the studio wardrobe room where the feminine apparel for "Mlle. Modiste" was being made. The creations I saw were a delight. Gold and silver and satin taking the forms of lovely gowns; laces and georgettes, soft brocades and velvets each taking its place in the line of beautiful things to wear.

I stared in amazement when they said that each article was designed by Miss Griffith herself. "But when did she ever

get time to do all of it?" I asked. So the wardrobe lady told me all about it.

"You know, Miss Griffith is her own producer now," she said, "and in being her own producer and being exceedingly feminine she is seeking to give the feminine public that which they love most, lovely clothes. Desiring to express her personality through the medium of designing, she wouldn't trust any of the rest of us, but spent hours gathering ideas of the latest mode and creating them into things like this," and she showed me a negligee of soft gold lace. I said frankly, "Isn't it beautiful? I would love to have it." She laughed. "That is what Miss Griffith is hoping that every one will say."

There was a spray of orange blossoms peeking from a half closed box and being very curious I lifted off the cover of the box. The spray was part of a design of orange blossoms and silver and white ribbon on a wedding veil. The veil, made of soft hand-made silver lace and white net, was sixteen feet long and had an ornate design of blossoms and ribbons on the train. The wedding dress was of white velvet, covered with rhinestones and beads and a tiny chain-stitch of gold braid, with a band of white fur at the bottom. I learned that the silver lace in the veil had been brought especially for a dress but when Miss Griffith saw it nothing else would do but that she use it for her wedding veil.

There was an evening coat hanging on one of the hooks. It was made of lavender and silver metal cloth in close fitting lines. The collar and wide cuffs and around the bottom was trimmed with black fox fur. The lining was of purple velvet. Satin slippers to wear with this coat were placed beside it. Low and cut very simply but heavily beaded over the toes.

Next was a dainty little gown of pink georgette. It had a tight bodice and full

Left: Evening coat of lavender and silver metal cloth trimmed with black fox fur, and with purple velvet lining. Below: Frock of pink georgette over pink satin, with rhinestones and hand-made flowers of pastel shades.

Left: Evening dress of rose taffeta embroidered with flowers and trimmed with black fox fur. Below: Street dress of black satin with gold buttons and one of tan Canton with patch-work pieces of white silk.

Chinese Mandarin suit of heavy Canton and black satin pantalettes.

skirt, scolloped at the bottom. The trimming was of rhinestones and hand-made flowers in pastel shades. With this dress was a parasol of georgette and net and also a large hat with the pastel flowers.

On the next hook was an attractive Chinese manadarin suit. The jacket was of heavy coral silk with a hand-painted flower in the front. The pantalettes were of black satin.

On one of the small tables was a luxurious fur wrap of white ermine with a deep collar of chinchilla and a wide band of the chinchilla around the bottom. Near this lay a simple little street or sport frock of tan canton with large patchwork pieces of white silk. It was certainly new and different.

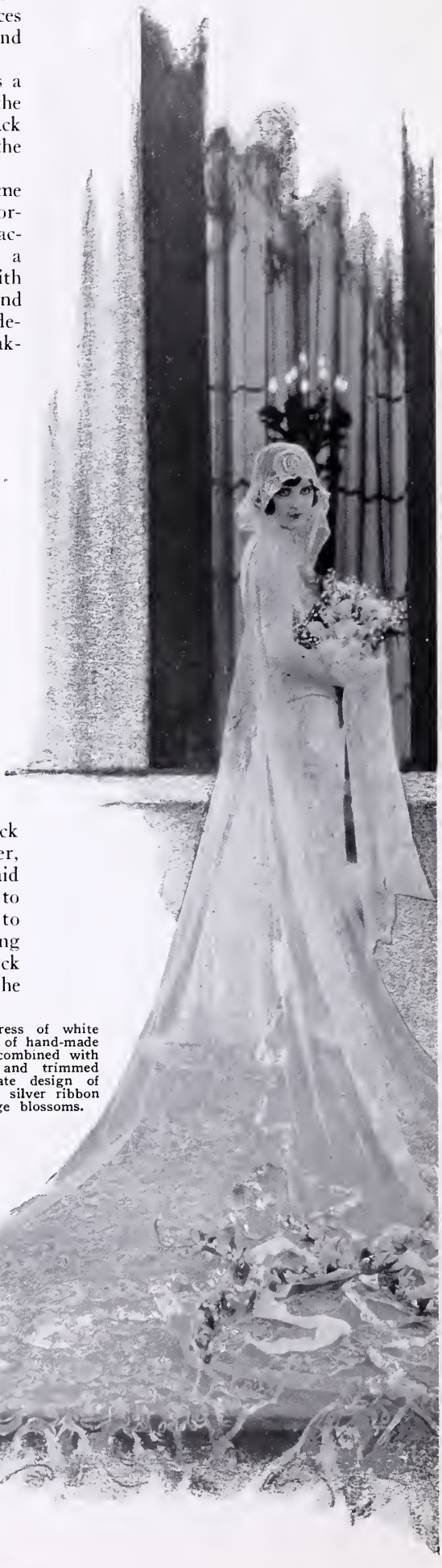
The next thing that took my eye was a very smart street dress of black velvet, the entire skirt of interlacing rows of black and white monkey fur. It was of the latest and marked with originality.

The wardrobe lady next showed me some lingerie in the making. One black georgette and flowered brocade teddy was practically finished. It had to match it a straight line negligee of the brocade with flowing gray georgette sleeves and trimmed in gray fox fur. How delightful it would be to have breakfast served in a sunny room while comfortably gowned in a negligee such as that!

The door opened and Miss Griffith came in with an armful of pictures or rather, I should say, designs, that she had spent hours working on. I told her how delighted I was with the lovely things I had seen. She told me that there were many, many more to make yet and that she was just rushed to death, that even at this minute they wanted her back on the set. However, she smiled and said that she was going to steal a few minutes to show me something and she led me back into the corner of the room.

Black velvet street dress trimmed with interlacing rows of black and white monkey fur.

Negligee of flowered brocade with flowing sleeves of gray georgette and gray fur trimming.



Wedding dress of white velvet; veil of hand-made silver lace combined with white net and trimmed in an ornate design of white satin, silver ribbon and orange blossoms.

"All those other things are every day," she said, pointing to the gorgeous things I had been looking at, "but these are the first real chance I've had at the imaginary."

There were unorderly piles of beads and tinsel and odd designs of silver things.

She saw my puzzled look. "I admit you can't tell much by looking at them that way but wait until you see them on. You see in the picture there is a huge pageant depicting a storm and a lot of things purely fantastical and I've had more fun working on the costumes."

They surely looked interesting.

"In the storm," she went on, "I had to work out the lightning costumes, and clouds and dewdrops and the sun and the rainbow, but the hard work came because after the pageant there is a fashion show displaying the practical dresses that represent the things that I have here. For each of these," and she ran her hands over some silver lace and beads, "I had to make another. The sun worked out in gold metallic cloth very nicely and the rainbow in pastel chiffons but I was stuck on what could be a lightning dress until I finally made a dress entirely of black and crystal bead fringe.

She showed me the dress and her taste is exquisite. She knows each line, each color that is best suited to her and you will notice that nearly always she wears the close fitting lines. Corinne Griffith is one of the best dressed women of the screen and I base this statement on three facts: First, she has the "knack" of wearing clothes; second, she designs the new and original, thus being a step ahead, and third, she is not exotic. Those are the three things that mean everything in my estimation of the well-dressed woman, and I think that most women will agree with me.

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Ensemble group from "Mlle. Modiste."

Left: Evening gown of rose metallic cloth and fan of ostrich feathers.

Below: Negligee of gold lace with head-band of same material.

JOHN BARRYMORE

On the Set with John Barrymore

by ESTELLE TAYLOR

LIVE in Washington a few months and a congressman or an ambassador ceases to evoke your awe. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., doesn't stop traffic in Wall street, nor Henry Ford in Detroit. Chaplin can dine in peace at most any Hollywood restaurant. Despite the flights of imagination in the writings of visiting journalists there is no great reverence visible in the attitude of the less important players in the studios towards the stars whose names are national by-words.

Glamour disappears with close contact. The newspaper critic writing in Louisville may call Colleen Moore a genius, but it would be difficult for Anna Q. Nilsson, who works, perhaps, on the same stage, to do so and keep a straight face. A player feels that he, or she, has a talent for acting just as a physician may have a knack for diagnosis. Other players have the same talent, in a greater or lesser degree, just as other physicians have the same knack in a greater or lesser degree.

But Barrymore—!

There is the exception which proves the rule!

The electricians watch him. The carpenters' saws are still when he is working. Extras are enthralled. Every idle player who has been able to obtain admission to the set watches his movements like a hawk, looking for the secret of his success.

Genius is a difficult word to use precisely. Of Barrymore the least one can say exactly is that his is the Nth degree of perfected use of talent.

Of his work on the stage this article has nothing to do. But on the set time after time I have seen the greatest tribute paid him that can be paid in Hollywood—every eye on him, every tongue silent. There is the thrill which perfect work alone can give in watching him do *anything,* even the tiniest bit.

First in interest, I presume, to the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR is the effect Barrymore had on the work of other players. I can only answer for myself.

I stuttered at first. I felt as one would who had been pushed into a verbal duel with Wilde, or as a theater pianist would if asked to play while the audience waited for Paderewski. Barrymore knows all there is to know about acting. My work was to appear on the screen alongside of his. Figuratively, my knees trembled.

No, he didn't help me; not knowingly. But from his assurance, I gained assurance. He ignored me, took me for granted, and I felt warmed with praise. For I knew his reputation for scathing criticism of that which does not meet his approval.

Barrymore has a reputation for rudeness, you know—the cultivated rudeness on which the British upper classes apparently pride themselves but which isn't looked on with approval in this country. But he isn't rude. Not at all. He just won't be bored. He is charmingly self-sufficient. His ego doesn't obtrude itself but he does demand some of the peace and quiet of which the rest of the world often tries to cheat him—and he takes it at any cost.

There was never a day when there were not at least fifty visitors to the set during all of the weeks I worked with him. And they all demanded to be introduced to Barrymore, to shake his hand and observe that it was a "beautiful day" or a "beautiful set." They interrupted his work, his thoughts, his rest.

One day I heard him tell a middle-aged woman, with a high-pitched, cackling voice that would set most anyone's nerves on edge, "that isn't a very interesting subject." Anyone else would have told her to go jump in the lake. Barrymore was really, under the circumstances, being polite, very polite, to her. But she probably is spreading the story of his rudeness.

Barrymore smokes incessantly while at work—cigarettes between scenes, a pipe, black with the accumulations of years, when there is time. Tales of his drinking are widespread. Everyone has heard someone say that he has to be dead drunk to do his best work, that often weeks go by without his drawing a sober breath. One hears the same tales of every man of genius, or even of great prominence. But Barrymore is too good a workman to give liquor, or anything, a chance to interfere with what he is doing. Not once in all of

the weeks that I worked with him did I detect liquor on his breath nor see any evidence of his having used it. I am sure that he, like many another man, drinks what he wants when he wants to. He has told me as much. But he was as sober as I all during the picture.

So it isn't liquor which lifts his acting from the 99 per cent perfect to absolute perfection. Nor is it his sincerity. It is his technique. The actor who relies on technique and is only 90 per cent, or 99 per cent, perfect in it betrays his insincerity. But Barrymore bridges that hairline difference. His every move is perfection, studied perfection.

Take his wink. A natural wink barely registers on the screen. He opens both eyes widely, with an almost glassy stare. Then he slowly closes one. On the screen it shows as perfection itself in naturalness. Or his gesture of dismissal. One naturally throws the arm in one wide sweep, which blurs across the film. Barrymore abruptly stops the swing twice. On the screen it has a dynamic force that seems to sweep everything from his presence.

Knowing the objections of a dozen other leading men, opposite whom I have played, to my height, I asked him if he minded if I wore high heels under my long trailing skirt. My part was a queenly one and height would help me in my portrayal of it. "I don't give a damn! You play your part and I'll play mine," he answered.

Other leading men have always pulled themselves to their full height when opposite me, and thrown their chests out, then slumped to their natural height when in the distance. It is a common trick. But Barrymore often played up to me with one knee bent. His work alone held attention to him. He didn't need, he knew and I knew, the artificial aid of superior height.

Every other leading man with whom I have worked has clashed with the director many times during the making of a picture—generally over his relative position before the camera. Not once did Barrymore and Alan Crosland, our director, clash. Barrymore let the picture come first and depended on his own work to maintain his prominence in every scene in which he appeared.

Once established in Barrymore's mind as a capable actress, I was exempt from anything approaching criticism. Only once did Barrymore even suggest that I was wrong in any detail. That was when I appeared with patent leather shoes, a thing unknown in Rome in "Lucretia's" time. Then he spoke to Mr. Crosland about them. "But I've been holding my skirt up to keep it from these wet pavements," I replied. "Otherwise you wouldn't have known it." That excused me.

This occurred during the filming of the prison scene of "Don Juan" when Barrymore had to work for three days in succession in water which was never below his knees and often came over his shoulders. That is the only time I heard him sing. He was humming all day long for those three days. Whether he is one of those men who are happiest when combatting discomfort or whether he was trying to set an example to the other members of the company, to hearten them, I don't know.

Estelle Taylor as Lucretia Borgia in the Warner Bros. production of "Don Juan."

Even to people who know him well, who work with him or play with him, there is a glamour about Barrymore such as exists about few, if any, public characters of today. It was days, possibly weeks, before I had the temerity to speak freely and lightly to him as I would have to any other man with whom I spent many hours every day. I broke the spell with a cookie. I had more than a dozen of them, and after passing them to most everybody else on the set that day, to get up courage, I started to offer him one and then withdrew, thinking he hadn't noticed. But he had. "Can't I have one?" he begged. And he took the very biggest one of all and stood munching it with me.

It was his all-inclusive knowledge which awed the cast almost as much as his work. He passed on every costume; he helped the director select and rehearse every player of every small bit. He made suggestions to the cameraman and to the electricians.

He always had the picture in mind; never his own place in it. A fencing master was rehearsing with him for one of the big scenes of the picture and left him with his hand covering his face at a point where there would be a close-up. "You'd better change that position," someone told him. But Barrymore said, "The duel is a damn sight more important to the picture than another close-up of me. Let's do it right. Monsieur, the fencing master knows. We'll do it his way."

I find that despite all my weeks of close association with him Barrymore's glamour has not left. There is a fascination in watching his work on the set, even his rehearsals, that is as great almost as that of a complete performance—a fascination that hangs over no other motion picture player of whom I know.

IT WOULD not be fair to Miss Taylor to pass this opportunity to tell our readers of the success she has made of her portrayal of "Lucretia." Mr. Barrymore has told her and everyone with whom he has come in contact that if the whole world had been searched no one better fitted for the part could have been found. So has Alan Crosland, the director. From Jack Warner, Bennie Ziedman, and other Warner executives, from Ernest Westmore, the wigmaker, Sophie Wachner, the costume designer, from the men who ran the rushes through the projection machines, the laboratory men who developed the film, and from scores of others on the Warner lot, have come rumors, spreading through Hollywood, of one of those sensational performances which cause audiences to sit up straight in their seats and producers to rush to the telephone.

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WHAT Will be Funny TOMORROW?

by WALTER HIERS

ANYONE who has had anything to do with the comedy business knows that humor is more elusive than a cake of wet soap. Now you have it and you haven't—if you get me.

Comedy gags and situations that brought forth howls of laughter a few years ago would give a modern moving picture audience the sleeping sickness. Not so very long ago any producer could be sure of a string of laughs if he threw enough custard pies and had an acrobat chased by a gang of awkward cops. Nowadays, however, the audiences are getting more and more sophisticated and critical, and you can no longer keep 'em happy by trick falls and pie throwing.

Even the slapstickiest comedy must now have some kind of plot on which to hang the gags, and the better class comedies have a real story thread running through them.

Fashions in comedy change just the same as fashions in clothes, but, like clothes, the basic principles remain the same. Although people do not laugh at the same things that they laughed at fifteen or twenty years ago (speaking of pictures, of course) they still laugh for the same fundamental reasons.

Tastes and fashions change pretty fast, as any man with a wife or sweetheart knows, but human nature is very much the same as it was when Eve laughed herself into hysterics that time Adam hit his thumb while tacking up the "Keep Off the Grass" sign in the Garden of Eden.

The sages tell us that we can only forecast the future by studying the past, and seeing that human nature has changed so little in the four thousand odd years that man has been cavorting around trying to keep up with his emancipated rib, we can figure fairly closely that the audiences of tomorrow will be moved by the same impulses as of yore.

I hate to give away a professional secret, but as a matter of fact people have always laughed, are still laughing, and, without a doubt will still continue to laugh for just two reasons, namely and to wit—first, because something is "out of place," and secondly because some poor devil is in trouble. On these two simple fundamentals hinge every bit of comedy stuff that was ever thought of.

A bit of soap in a soap dish isn't funny, but the same bit of soap in a bowl of soup *is* funny, and it is funnier still when some poor misguided goof swallows it. There is a crude example of something being out of place and somebody being in trouble. Seems

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POLA NEGRI

Pola Negri and Robert Ames in the "fadeout kiss" from "The Crown of Lies."

I Become Converted to the Happy Ending

by POLA NEGRI

I FIND that the American motion picture is a dual thing. It is an art, yes; one hears much of its art. But it is also a giant influence directed at the people of the entire world, and as such it bears a burden of responsibility carried by those who seek artistic expression in this medium.

Films constitute another sort of ambassador such as those America sends to every land.

When one learns that in barbarous lands, where the natives used to rub noses as a sign of affection, they now emulate the American kiss, one realizes the great missionary effect of the "fadeout" embrace and osculation that typifies our happy ending.

Those same natives have substituted American cotton goods for garments of fur or hand-wrought cocoanut fiber, thanks to the trader. In some countries, they have set aside their picturesque old gods in order to worship our God, thanks to the missionary. And if the film has taught a less sanitary way of expressing affection than the rubbing of noses, are there not the patent medicines of civilization ready at the nearest drug store?

So the American film, with its huge audience, must carry the propaganda of happiness throughout the world; of wholesomeness, of good cheer. "Smile!" it tells the spectator. "See, the fadeout kiss is the symbol that 'all's well that ends well;' it shows you that 'they lived happily ever after.'"

Of course, the drama of life does not always end well. Since art must portray or at least interpret life, if it remain art at all, not all stories are adapted to Amer-

A new and interesting study of Pola.

As she will be seen in the Paramount production, "The Crown of Lies."

ican pictures. The film play of this country should confine itself to themes for which the happy ending is artistically possible.

Tragedy also is part of life, and there is a little group of people throughout the world who, seeing it well portrayed in films or upon the stage, derive satisfaction from it as well as from really good pictures with happy endings. I do not think that these people should be disappointed. But they must look to smaller pictures, not intended for universal distribution, at present. A tragedy with a happy ending is not the sort of compromise that will satisfy them; neither will it satisfy the great audience that demands to be entertained, not necessarily with art but with a rosy interpretation of the happier aspects of life.

By that I do not infer that the happy ending or the picture of happy theme need be branded inartistic. There are dramas from life that logically and artistically end with the supposition that before the principal characters, there lies a straight and pleasant road of happiness.

When I first came to America, naturally I had the European point of view. I believed that the happy ending was not true to life and, therefore, constituted a jarring note in any form of drama that held itself an art.

America, however, altered my point of view slowly but surely. After a few months I began to understand why sordid, melancholy drama could not thrive here commercially. It is a matter of national temperament and of comparative chances for success, comfort, and other physical attributes of this country. It is a reflection of the breathless speed here, the bustle, the joyful scramble after the dollar—

Europe meditates, and meditation, particularly if it be profound, is likely to be gloomy. If that meditation has for its surroundings physical conditions that tend to enhance gloom, is it any wonder that art and artists there reflect a Schopenhaurian attitude of mind?

If the propaganda for happiness that in America is a necessary commercial feature of the motion picture offering, can lighten the hearts of Europe, it is a great missionary work. It is something to which I can subscribe with heart and soul.

It was when I returned to Europe on my last trip that I came suddenly to the realization of my changed attitude toward the expression of theatrical emotion. I went to see many plays, and some of them were tragedies, artistically and intellectually excellent. But their emphasis upon human misery, their appeal to the spectator's self-pity, their cynical insistence that life was a hoax, fidelity impossible, love a sham and justice a delusion, undeniably had a depressing emotional influence upon me. I had become accustomed to the American's cheerful, optimistic outlook, his refusal to think gloomy thoughts, his determination to recognize in the chaos of life a beneficent plan created for his especial benefit.

The *coup de maitre* of practically every American screen play is the climax wherein obstacles are overcome, evil is overthrown, virtue and romance triumph. It is the old, old dramatic principle that virtue must emerge the victor over vice. This principle is not necessarily one of art; even in the remote time when it was for-

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Photo by Seeley

HUNT STROMBERG

An Off Screen Personality

THIS is the day of youth and independence in motion pictures. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is an organization that recognizes the intrinsic value of both. It is dominated and engineered by independent young men.

Prominent among these is Hunt Stromberg. Together with Irving G. Thalberg and Harry Rapf he maps out the production policies at the huge studios in Culver City, California, under the guiding hand of Louis B. Mayer. He is the most recent acquisition to the executive staff and in the brief period of some five months that he has been associated with the Loew organization he has substantiated the remarkable record he made as an independent producer in his own right. Stromberg was so successful in the rank and file of the small producers of pictures that he became an object of intense interest to the big companies. He was besieged by offers to abandon his own organization and join them. His ability in shaping photoplays that were true entertainment and commercial bonanzas was accorded recognition that has been the lot of few others in the "free-lance" field.

Stromberg was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and was educated in the public schools of St Louis. For five years he was connected with the old Goldwyn company in New York. Later he came to the west coast and joined Thomas H. Ince as publicity director. His business ability was soon given cognizance by appointment as personal representative for Ince and in this position he became a silent factor in the upbuilding of the Ince company to the point where it became the leading independent motion picture organization of its time.

Then he stepped out for himself as a producer. His first venture was as the sponsor of the "Bull" Montana comedies for the Metro Pictures Corporation, among which were "Rob 'Em Good," "Glad Rags" and "Breaking Into Society."

Later Stromberg joined the Producers Distributing Corporation upon its inception, making a series of Priscilla Dean and Harry Carey features. "The Siren of Seville," "Roaring Rails," "A Cafe in Cairo" and many others served to show the world, and the motion picture industry in particular, that Stromberg knew how to make entertaining pictures that were real box-office successes. It was Stromberg that sold Harry Carey to the exhibitors and to the public as "the interpreter of the eternal west," and presented Priscilla Dean in the type of pictures that had always held top place in the eyes of her admirers and the public at large.

At the height of his success in this field Stromberg was asked by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to join forces with them in their campaign to build up the most ambitious program of their history. After a thorough consideration of the ambitious plans of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Stromberg moved over to the Culver City plant and immediately began to plan the new program in conjunction with Mayer, Rapf

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Sigurd Russell, founder of an unique and fascinating Little Theatre that has captivated many motion picture folk with its footlight lure.

Richard M. Day of Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, creator of the unique sets used in the Potboiler Art Playhouse.

What of the

by PEARL

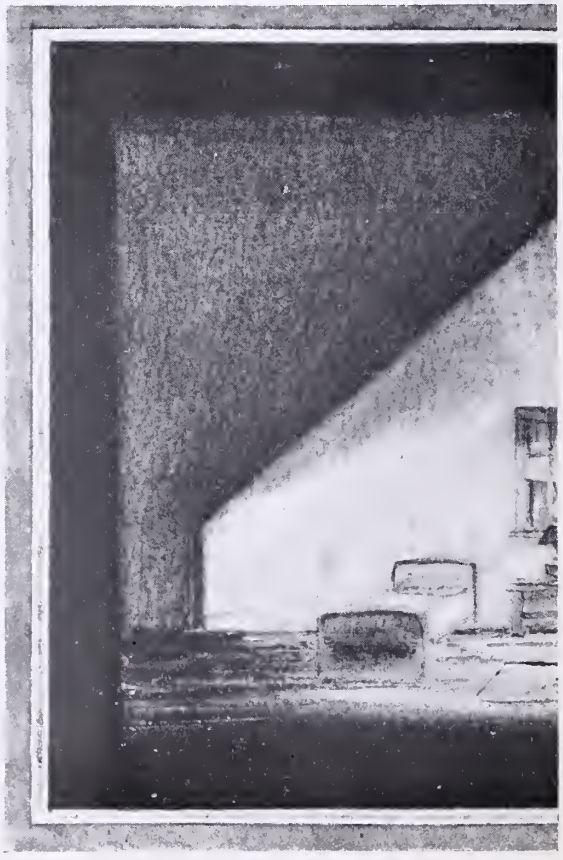
ALL Little Theaters may look alike to most of us. But do they not have distinct individualities just as persons do?

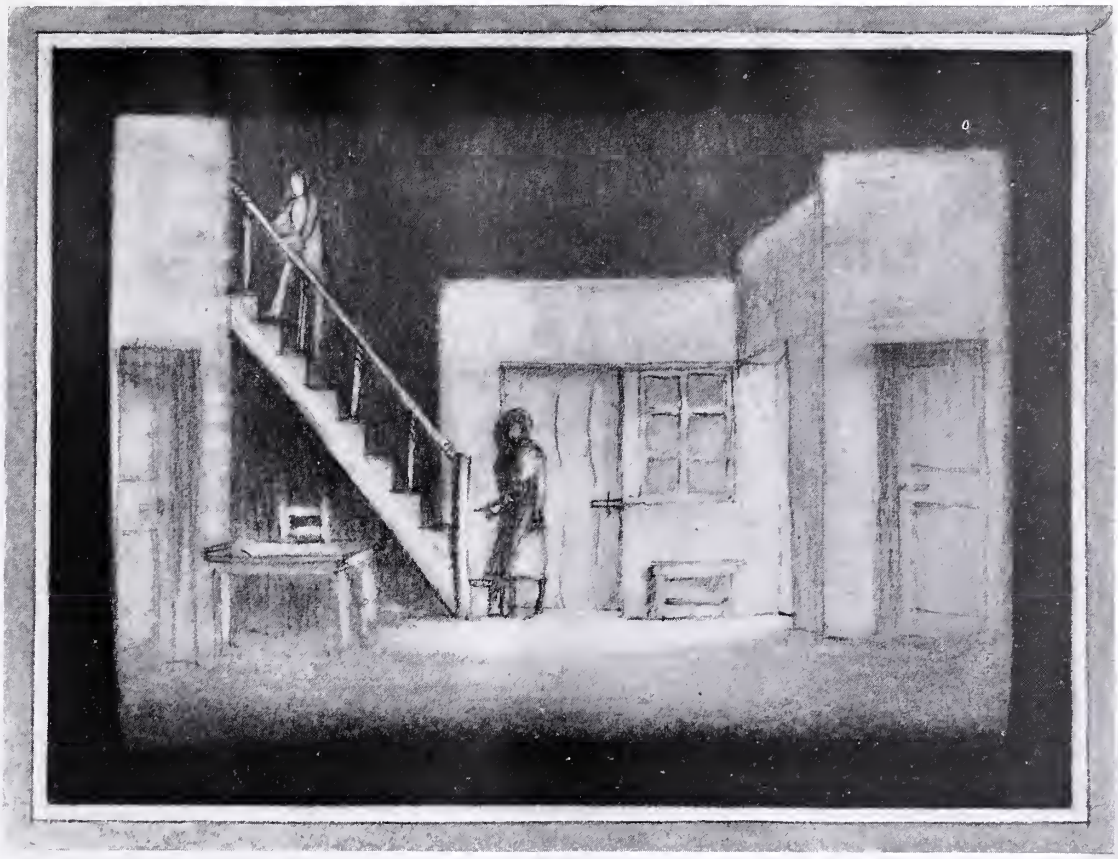
Is there not a decided line of development, a difference between these play centers, in Hollywood, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, Dallas, Detroit, or New Pork? Does a nearness to Hollywood and the heart of motion picturedom figure in Little Theater "personality," if such a thing does exist? And may this not count increasingly in the future, in any consideration of these ventures?

As a matter of fact, examination discloses that each has a distinct individuality, dependent upon its material at hand, and the purposes which it must serve in relation to its public. Take, for instance, a comparison of the closest examples, the Pasadena Community Theater and the Los Angeles Potboiler Art Theater; and in turn recall the character of Hollywood's own Community or Art Theater which Neely Dickson headed so successfully a few years ago. Not even New York can show anything quite like them, though possibly nearest in outward seeming and significance. But New York is probably more smartly conventional, closer to sophistication — or else more willfully iconoclastic.

Undoubtedly nearness to filmdom does make a strong impress on the type of play ventured, both in the material it can furnish and always does attract. This, in turn, can readily be proven to affect the theater's mission in the community.

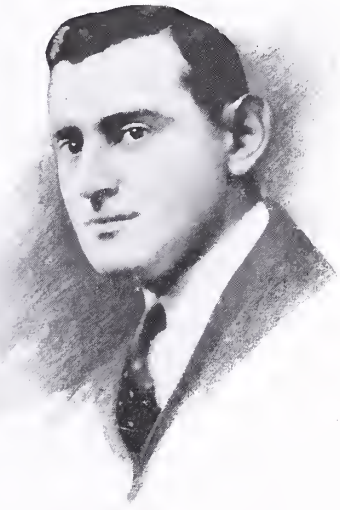
While Pasadena, although quite some distance from Hollywood, draws upon professional talent to a degree, and in turn has furnished "discoveries" to the professional stage here and elsewhere from semi-professional and amateur ranks, its source is more largely community; its mission, that of offsetting a local dearth of entertainment from the commercial stage. Hence its policies are not only more popular, and attract box office returns more quickly, but they are more able to afford the occasional opportunity to essay the experimental as well. Likewise Neely Dickson's playbox, being right in the heart of picturedom, acquired the greatest success and fame just as the Writers





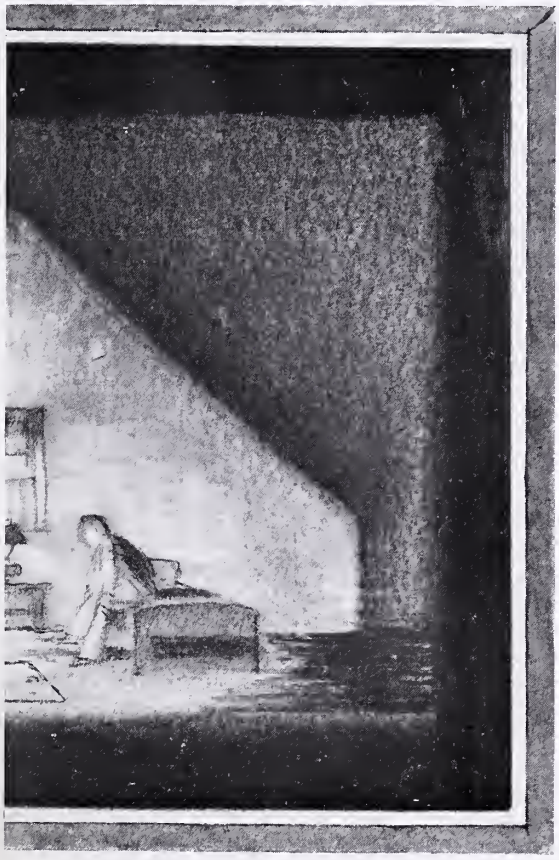
In his scenic experiments for the Potboiler Art Theater Richard M. Day of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is making some extremely interesting contributions of which the charcoal sketches herewith are typical examples, though only one, the tree in silhouette against a flaming red sunset background, gives opportunity for the striking pictorial effects in color so often noted. This follows the mood of the play, Acts I and II being in more drab hues corresponding to the developing tragedy that reaches its climax in the dramatic third act.

Benjamin Glazer



Little Theater

RALL



Clubs has because it could and did draw easily upon the professional service of footlight-hungry picture folk.

Now the Potboiler Art Theater in Los Angeles, which has just given a notable example of one of its missions by presenting "The Candle," with Leatrice Joy, Robert Ames and Mervin Williams in the three stellar roles, has created another niche quite unique and all its own. It partakes of the elements of both of the other ventures, yet it is not like either. And it certainly proves a theory about "personality."

Perhaps its persistent struggle for existence exaggerates this trait. Its three years of activity have been by imperceptibly rising degrees of "artistic poverty." First in the basement of a remote theater of clammy atmosphere, later in the dingy loft of a commercial place, then in a smelly, close, firehouse on North Broadway and now finally amid the "palatial luxuriance" of the Denishawn auditorium in Grand avenue with its "run-down-at-the-heel" air to preserve "artistic ardor."

Sigurd Russell was and is the faithful theorist. And "once an actor, always an actor" has attracted remarkable folk from studio and princely home of the motion-picture star who once pridefully "trod the boards." It has made him rub elbows with the aspiring amateur in wondrous amity and understanding. It has brought forth interesting results. It has created fascinating experimental efforts, often with discouraging returns to the theorists of the theater.

It has meant, in the case of the Potboiler Art Theater especially, the opportunity to see and experiment with a type of play never glimpsed in the commercial house and seldom attempted in the Little Theater. It has practically, in its three years taken a review of the international drama. Its devotees, on the stage and behind the scenes as well as out in front, have experienced Anton Checkov's "Uncle Vanya," Olga Printzlau's "Manna," Luigi Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," Eugene O'Neill's "The Hairy Ape," H. D. Lenormand's "The Failures," Nikolai Yevreyenoff's "Behind the Curtain of the Soul," Materlinck's "The Blind," Leonid Andreyev's "The Life of Man," Arthur Richman's "Ambush," Tolstoy's "Redemption," O'Neill's "Welded," Ernest Vadja's "Fata Morgana," O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon," Peter Diest's

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Robert Quigley

"---a delicate and tender prince; Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed, makes mouths at the invisible event." HAMLET---*Act IV, Scene IV.*

What Do You Really Know *About* CHARLIE CHAPLIN ?

by FRED W. FOX

THE quaint drollery of Charlie Chaplin is more renowned than the legendary prowess of Achilles, the proverbial honesty of George Washington or the profound silence of Calvin Coolidge.

A rare buffoon of battered derby . . . trick cane . . . giant shoes . . . and baggy trousers. That is the Chaplin that the world knows. In the holy of holies of the photoplay—Hollywood—he is acclaimed the one genius of the screen who has won undying recognition as a business man of shrewdness and vision.

Chaplin has always been regarded as an independent artist in the fullest sense of the word. Unfettered by the commercial tenets of huge corporations, he has never prostituted originality and freedom of expression to the lust of the box-office. Yet he is the most successful of the independents in the motion picture field. He has pioneered and experimented as an actor and as a producer. He is as popular with the intelligensia as he is with the so-called lower strata. As an artistic success he has reached the zenith. As a commercial bonanza he has few parallels.

Not so very many months ago an endeavor was made to join United Artists Corporation, the producing affiliation of Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith, to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, the photoplay end of the Loew theatrical organization. The idea was to effect an agreement for joint distribution of the product of the two companies. The deal, according to report, was being engineered by Joseph M. Schenck, chairman of the board of United Artists, with the aid of

Hiram Abrams, the president, and the approbation and enthusiastic endorsement of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. No indication was made relative to the attitude of D. W. Griffith, owing no doubt to the fact that he had previously deserted the ranks of independent producers and active participation in the United Artists group, to join the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. It was understood, however, that Griffith would abide by the majority.

It was at that time that Chaplin was heard from. There was no uncertainty evident in the least. He was firmly against any liasons such as that proposed and stated that he would not be a party to such a move. It is understood that he gave the other participants the privilege of either buying his interest in United Artists or selling their interests to him. Irrespective of financial involvement, Chaplin was going to remain independent.

As a result the idea was quickly abandoned. The official statement declared that the plans had been dropped "owing to the storm of protest from exhibitors throughout the country against what they believed to be a step toward monopolization." Hollywood, however, came to the immediate conclusion that the exhibitor dissent was but a minor factor in the renunciation and that the fly in the ointment was directly traceable to the declension on the part of Chaplin. Subsequent events have proved the accuracy of this.

Many and varied have been the speculations as to the real reason for Chaplin's disapprobation. The greater percentage of these have emanated from idle discussion and are without foundation. They have ranged from ridiculous sharp shooting based on personal likes and dislikes accredited to Chaplin, to colossal prevarications embracing the personal ambitions of men and women, big and little, in the photoplay realm.

It is this writer's opinion, after studying the situation and obtaining the most accurate information available upon the subject, that Chaplin would not countenance such a union because he feared his pictures would be used as a club to force exhibitors to buy sundry other products of varying merit in the form of "block bookings," a method used by the film corporations to sell their pictures, in most instances long before they are actually made. By procuring Chaplin, Pickford and Fairbanks they hoped to sell the rest of their pictures to exhibitors desirous of playing the highly remunerative productions of these three. This Chaplin recognized and deplored. He realized that a very few months of selling his pictures by that method would result in a serious deterioration of his value as a box-office attraction. He was not, it can be readily seen, in favor of such a mode of professional suicide.

This form of reasoning immediately established Chaplin as an astute producer in the minds of everybody in the film business. Where he had been admired before, he was now superbly respected. Yet this is but one illustration of the solidity of resolve and the liberty of movement that has created Charlie Chaplin as a figure of distinction both in and out of the cinema world. Great as has been his comprehension of sound business tactics, his knowledge and recognition of what is worthy and of surpassing merit is even greater.

"The Gold Rush" was the one concise example of comic rarities blended with poetic drama that the motion picture has ever brought forth. Taking his established character of odd habiliments and placing him in situations at one and the same time incongruous and pathetic, Chaplin forcibly exhibited his surpassing flair for producing a picture that was both artistic and popular with the masses.

"Shoulder Arms" of easy satire is still widely mentioned. "Easy Street," of earlier vintage, is still a king-pin of slapstick. "The Cure," "The Floorwalker" and the many other of like ilk are still playing to capacity audiences in all parts of the globe. "The Pilgrim" and "The Kid" have long since earned their right to immortality. They are the stuff of which Chaplin is made . . . an individualistic genius who rates no contemporaries; an artist who does not fear the moth-eaten bogeys that throttle and chain the photoplay to a stunted infancy.

There is a certain melodious tempo that has always been the hall-mark of a Chaplin picture irrespective of whether or not Charlie himself has appeared before the camera in that certain film. This can be best described as a dramatic aristocracy . . . . an infusion into photoplay of a certain alluring element that is continually being sought after by countless other directors and producers, lacking in that subtle treatment which is his exclusive property. The public has felt this individual touch and classified it under the somewhat vague heading of pathos. But it is more than mere pathos. It is an indescribable reverie transfused to the onlooker, possessing a tenacity similar to a powerful narcotic. It is the most constructive example of art in motion picture production that could be

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Merna Kennedy, Chaplin's new leading lady.

Introducing COLLEEN MOORE *As* Ella Cinders

by NAGENE SEARLE

ELLA CINDERS, that amusing little hoyden of Chas. Plumb's comic strip, that creation of a few magic combinations of ink lines on paper that has given millions of newspaper readers a daily chuckle, is to come to life in Colleen Moore.

Miss Moore is starting the production of "Ella Cinders" at once, and her interpretation of the comic strip girl is certain to be highly diverting. Her genius as a really fine artist has been so ably presented to the public in her splendid characterizations in "So Big," and in that very different, magnificently costumed role, "Irene," that it is easy to visualize her as "Ella Cinders."

In that role, she will creep into the hearts of the millions who have followed the adventures, trials and tribulations of the daily comic strip heroine.

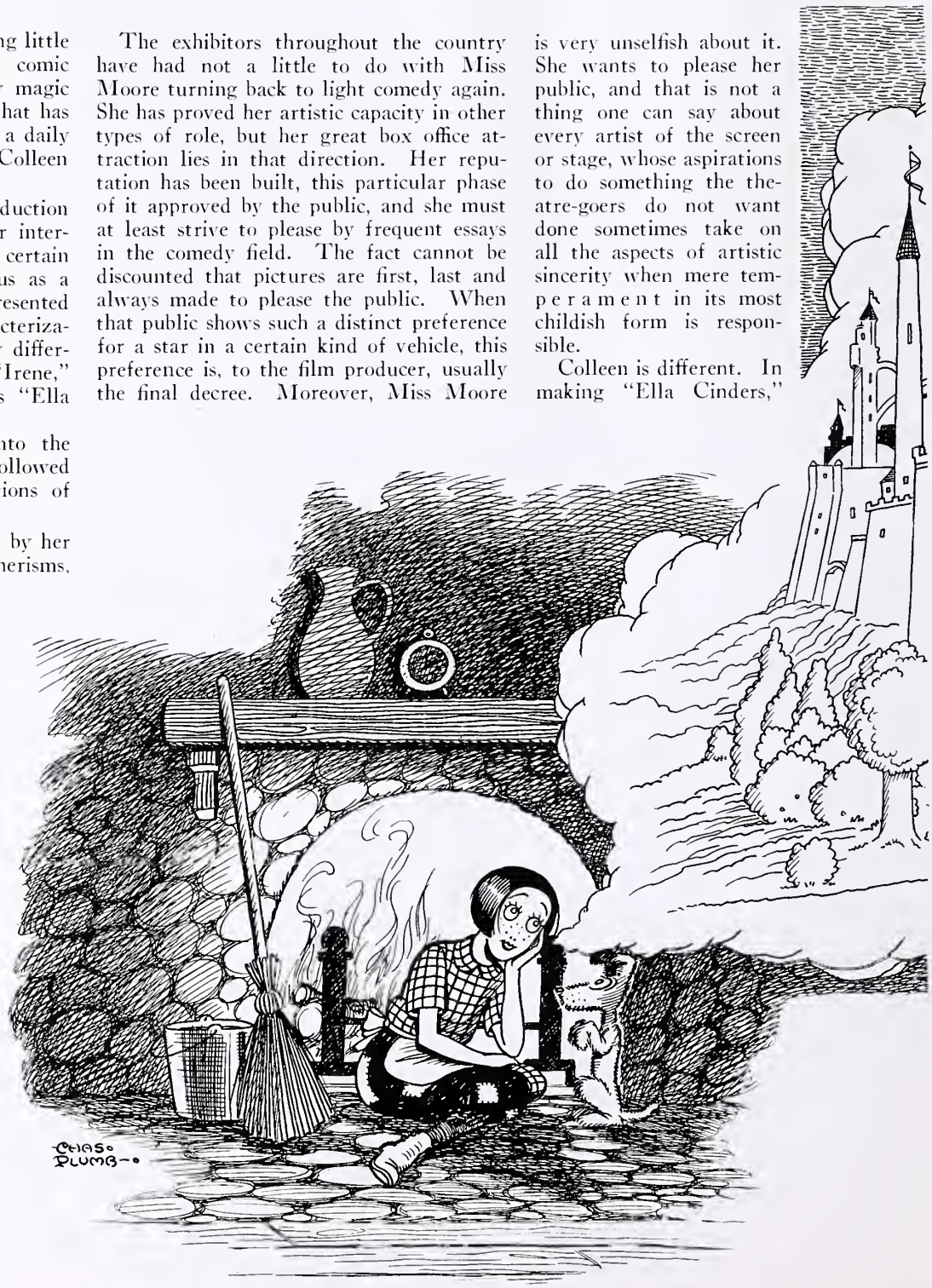
She has won her place in the sun by her quaint and irrepressible little mannerisms, her air of suppressed gaiety and her mirth-provoking, natural, personal pranks—and above all, in just being —Colleen!

Who doesn't love the old, old story of "Cinderella?" Who doesn't recall vividly childhood impressions of the tale—the golden slipper, the kindly old witch, the overbearing sisters, the prince, the thrilling adventure of the ball? Children of today and children of yesterday, folk of all the generations since the story appeared, have read and loved "Cinderella," which is perhaps the most popular of juvenile fables.

Well, "Ella Cinders" is "Cinderella," slightly transposed in story as it is in title, and brought up to date. There you have it. Miss Moore's role will be that of comedienne in light comedy at that.

The exhibitors throughout the country have had not a little to do with Miss Moore turning back to light comedy again. She has proved her artistic capacity in other types of role, but her great box office attraction lies in that direction. Her reputation has been built, this particular phase of it approved by the public, and she must at least strive to please by frequent essays in the comedy field. The fact cannot be discounted that pictures are first, last and always made to please the public. When that public shows such a distinct preference for a star in a certain kind of vehicle, this preference is, to the film producer, usually the final decree. Moreover, Miss Moore is very unselfish about it. She wants to please her public, and that is not a thing one can say about every artist of the screen or stage, whose aspirations to do something the theatre-goers do not want done sometimes take on all the aspects of artistic sincerity when mere temperament in its most childish form is responsible.

Colleen is different. In making "Ella Cinders,"



The Author, the Star and the Artist: William Conselman, the creator of Ella Cinders, Colleen Moore and Charles Plumb, who puts Ella on paper, and in the papers.

she is very happy in the knowledge that she will entertain millions who are anxiously awaiting the completion and release of the picture.

Yes, those folk who have chuckled, day after day, over the comic strip in the home edition of their newspaper, have been greatly intrigued by the idea of seeing "their" Colleen interpret the dusty little chimney sweep who climbs to fame and wealth by her own efforts. And Colleen will not disappoint them.

It would seem that John McCormick, guardian of Miss Moore's dramatic destinies as well as being her husband, has executed a master stroke in purchasing this story for her. With so many eyes on the famous "Ella Cinders" of pen and ink already, the success of the production is a foregone conclusion; it is one of those successes that may be called "ready-made."

With Miss Moore to top it off—it's perfect before a camera crank is turned.

Alfred E. Green, who directed Miss Moore in her two latest and, according to reports, very successful screen vehicles, "Sally" and "Irene," will direct "Ella Cinders." Work upon the screen story was done in collaboration with Mr. Green, by Mervyn Le Roy, a specialist in the art of injecting comedy into dramatic productions, and William Conselman. The latter was signed by John McCormick especially for "Ella Cinders," to write the script and work with Mr. Green throughout. Le Roy will also continue to sit by during camera work, on the alert for comedic opportunities for Miss Moore.

As one may imagine, recalling "Cinderella," light comedy will be balanced and effectually contrasted by pathos. In this sort of role Colleen, like most really artistic interpreters of the comedic mood of drama, finds her greatest histrionic opportunity. "Ella Cinders" plays close to that subtle dividing line between laughter and tears.

We have already seen many heroes and heroines of the comic strips and pages portrayed on the screen. Miss Moore's ven-

(Continued on Page 87)

Extreme left, JOSEPHINE NORMAN, *Vienna*
Photo by William Davis Pearsall

Centre, GRETA GARBO, *Sweden*
Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Oval, RENEE ADOREE, *France*
Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

POLA NEGRI
Poland
Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

DOLORES DEL RIO
Mexico

ANNA Q. NILSSON
Sweden
Photo by Freulich

EXOTIC FILM BEAUTIES WHO ARE

Extreme right, LILLIAN RICH, *England*
Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Centre, JETTA GOUDAL, *France*
Photo by William Davis Pearsall

Oval, MAE BUSCH, *Australia*
Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

ESTELLE CLARK
Warsaw
Photo by Clarence S. Bull

IRMA KORNELIA
Budapest
Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

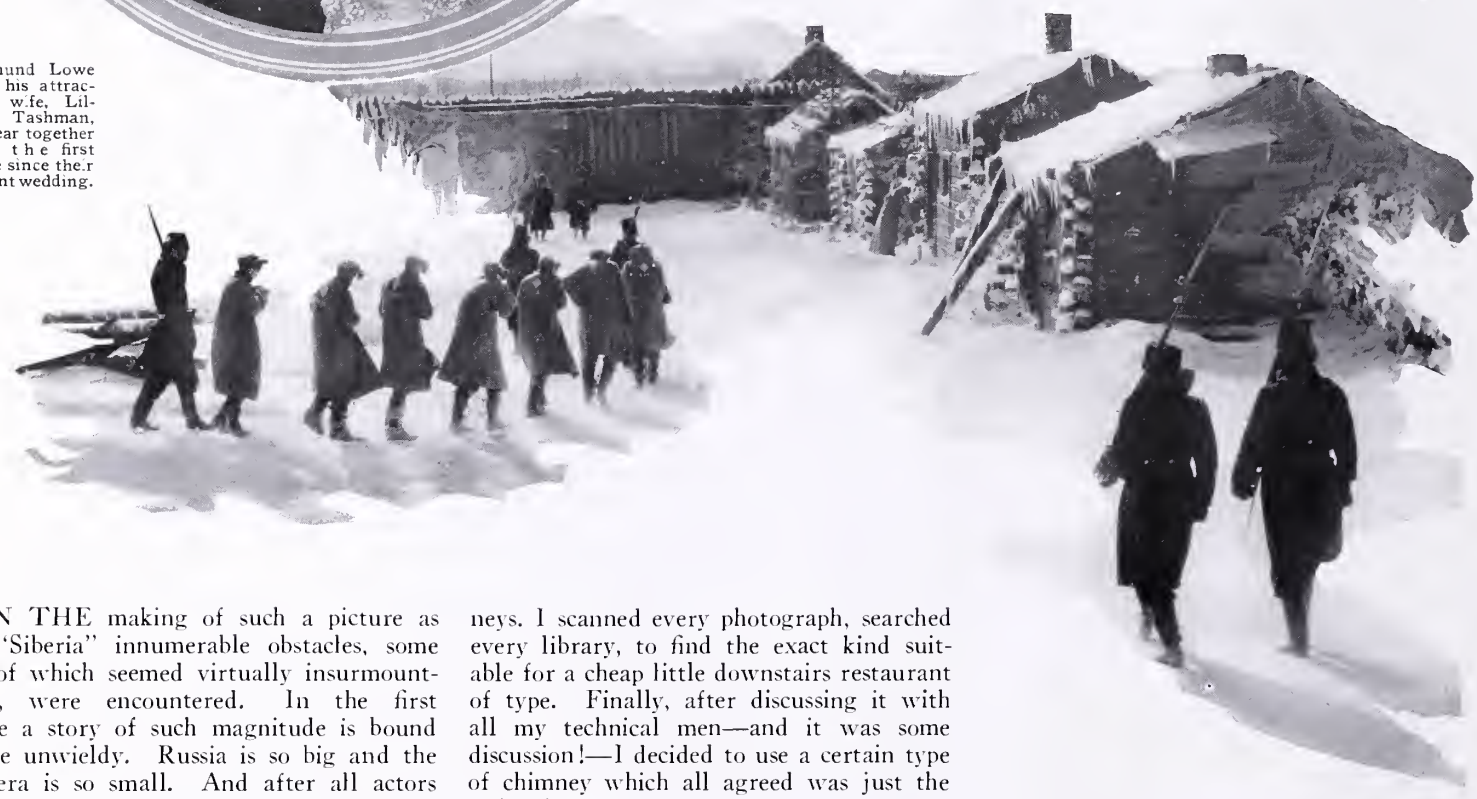
VILMA BANKY
Hungary
Photo by Melbourne Spurr

CAPTIVATING THE AMERICAN SCREEN

Edmund Lowe and his attractive wife, Lilyan Tashman, appear together for the first time since their recent wedding.

SNOW . . . . . slatey grey under the low arc of a leaden sky . . or crimsoned in the red glow of sunrise as though ensanguined with the blood of scourge-driven exiles . . . . snow stretching to the horizon broken only by an occasional outcropping of stunted growths and by a handful of wearily plodding men . . . men broken in body and in spirit, chilled by the bitter gripping cold . . . a cold that ate in-

Sib



IN THE making of such a picture as "Siberia" innumerable obstacles, some of which seemed virtually insurmountable, were encountered. In the first place a story of such magnitude is bound to be unwieldy. Russia is so big and the camera is so small. And after all actors and technical directors are only human.

Yet such a picture as this demands a treatment that will do justice to the bigness of its theme and to the poignancy of its dramatic appeal. It must be real. It must be true.

When you "do" Russia on the screen you must think of your picture in terms of entertainment, but you must not forget your critics. And the Russian critic is the most exacting of all.

"One example will serve to illustrate this," said Victor Schertzinger, in discussing the wine-cellar scene wherein Edmund Lowe, Lou Tellegen and Alma Rubens have a most important meeting.

"You will notice that we used the old-fashioned lamps, with small, bulging chimneys. I scanned every photograph, searched every library, to find the exact kind suitable for a cheap little downstairs restaurant of type. Finally, after discussing it with all my technical men—and it was some discussion!—I decided to use a certain type of chimney which all agreed was just the right thing.

"Imagine my consternation, the following day, when the chap in charge of the film laboratory rushed in, all worked up to the nth degree, and declared it was wrong!

" 'I've just seen the rushes!' he exploded. 'The chimneys! They are terrible! You should not have them curl over the tops like that! I lived there! *I know!* This should come out of the picture!' "

But even a laboratory chief may be wrong, as the technical experts proved, and a man's mind sometimes plays him odd tricks. That's why shrewd criminologists will tell you—and prove it—that no two men see a certain bit of action precisely the same way.

For his helpers, Mr. Schertzinger had Billy Tummel, Herman Bing, Daniel Makarenko and others. Tummel is his regularly assigned assistant and has more business than a cheer-leader at a hotly contested football game. Bing is assistant to F. W. Murnau, the German director, and he, too, knows his Russia. Makarenko is an actor and a former Russian soldier.

In addition, the Fox technical staff, delving into musty records for more than twelve months, gave invaluable assistance. Magnificent sets, erected with exact fidelity, were designed from authentic prints obtained from the Fox library and other collections such as the priceless Huntington

to their bones and penetrated to their very vitals; that numbed them and dumbed them to mere automations . . . . and with the cold the wind, merciless . . . whipping, whirling, whining . . . driving them remorselessly on to the doom that awaited them . . . to the prison camps with their burden of human misery, deprivation and hopelessness . . . . all envisioned in the single word —

eria

Alma Rubens and Vadim Uraneff as they appear in Siberia.

Harry Gripp as Ivan the Nameless in the Fox Films version of Bartley Campbell's drama of Russia.

books, and the exhaustive data of the New York and Los Angeles libraries.

Two studio sets, in particular, were gorgeous in the extreme. The first, that showing the spacious dining hall in the palace-like home of the Vronsky family, was hand-painted throughout and was pronounced perfect by cameramen and artists alike. James Marcus, seated at the head of a table laden with the best the market affords, is typical of the Russian overlord, according to Bing, Makarenko and other authorities on Russia who followed the film version from the opening sequence to the bitter end in the snows of the Northwest.

The second set, a stupendous affair, occupied the better part of an entire stage and represented the marvelously furnished home of Edmund Lowe, cast as an officer of the Czar's Guard. In this striking interior Lowe, as the good-looking Lieutenant Petroff, stages a gay party which Tom Santschi interrupts somewhat harshly. This leads to the beginning of the menace which is finished by Paul Panzer, Lou Tellegen and Santschi.

Prison scenes, the most difficult to handle, were made somewhat easier for Schertzinger because of the fact that many of the people he used as extras were former residents of Russia.

"Many of these men and women had been to Siberia," the director said, "and it was a genuine pleasure to work with them. Scores of Russians, some of them titled, came to the West Coast Studio when they learned I was filming 'Siberia.' My one regret was that I could not use them all. They are the best actors on earth, intensely realistic, and they know Siberia. How they know that wretched land!"

Melancholy, that deadly concomitant of most Russian plays, has been adroitly manipulated by Schertzinger. Any Russian picture is apt to be heavy if you allow your mind to run upon nothing but actual facts, but Schertzinger has a broad human vein. He feels that all men laugh, even in Russia, and so he uses Sammy Blum and Harry Gripp to carry the baggage of comedy situations.

These, never insisted upon but running through like a refrain in music, reach out and grip the interest of the spectator. When fast-moving situations become too

heavy, Schertzinger pulls the strings—and out stalks Ivan the Nameless. This is Harry Gripp, a droll fellow with a shaggy beard, and when he isn't injecting his quiet humor into the piece, his partner in mirth certainly is. This is Feodor, or Sammy Blum, the corpulent "yes-man" for Edmund Lowe. Between Ivan the Nameless, and Feodor the incorrigible, there is ample comedy relief.

Exterior sequences, filmed at Westwood and in other Southern California backgrounds, include a typical Russian village, numerous school scenes, episodes in and near Petrograd and a mammoth spectacle showing the joy of the peasants when spring comes to Russia. For these scenes hundreds of Russians, including many who formerly tilled the soil in the homeland, were used by Schertzinger.

It was when Schertzinger took his company on location that Miss Rubens and other members of the all-star cast got the thrill of their lives.

Duke Goux, sent into the Northwest, was told by the director to find a spot where the snow was up to a man' ears—and the thermometer below the imagination of the most rabid Russian.

Duke obeyed this command to the letter. He treked all the way to Banff, British Columbia, and sent telegrams down the line.

"Ten below!" This was one wire. "Fifteen!" This was another.

But that wasn't enough for Schertzinger. "Find something cold!" he wired Goux. "We want he-man weather. What do you suppose Hummel and Makarenko got all these fur trappings for! Give us Siberia!"

Duke Goux did! He got disgusted with Canada, as far as weather is concerned, and breezed back to his own land. In Idaho he found it so cold that even the dogs were unable to bark.

"This is the spot!" he wired home, and added: "Thirty below and still 'blowing!'"

So Victor and his crew, after a long ride, arrived in Ashton, Idaho, where a man is known by the dogs he keeps.

"This," said Miss Rubens, "is not Idaho. You can't fool me, Victor Schertzinger, you've taken us to Siberia!"

Eventually, they got some marvelous shooting, but walking was unthinkable. Out on the Yellowstone spur, where many of the prison chase scenes were filmed, their big mogul decided to leap from the rails and they had the time of their lives trying to lift a Baldwin locomotive. Then they decided to go toward Victor, but that was infinitely worse. So they sent out a frantic S.O.S. for more snow plows and additional hired hands.

"Strangely," said Schertzinger, "there was little suffering, for we found the air so rare that it was positively enjoyable despite the dropping mercury."

Of course, the cutting is a tremendous task in handling a picture of this magnitude, for Glen MacWilliams and his crew of eight cameramen sent an amazing amount of footage through the mysterious black boxes. But they say they got some shots that were a revelation to the hardened critics in the studio developing rooms. The snow scenes, shot from many different angles, are said to be overwhelming. Still pictures, sent back to the studio by Johnny Miehle, who had charge of the still crew, were so beautifully timed that they resembled art studies in snow.

The cast, which includes some of the best-known names in pictures, was selected under the personal supervision of Winfield R. Sheehan and Sol M. Wurtzel. The list includes Alma Rubens, Edmund Lowe, Lou Tellegen, Paul Panzer, Lilyan Tashman, Helene d'Algy, Vadim Uraneff, Tom Santschi, Daniel Makarenko, Sammy Blum, Harry Gripp and many others.

"The Song of the Chains," that heart-rending dirge which the prisoners chant as they leave their native land and are thrust into Siberia, was translated for Mr. Schertzinger's musicians by Vadim Uraneff, Russian actor, who lived for many years in Petrograd. This and the yearning melancholy of other Russian songs comprised the music throughout the filming of the picture.

"One thing is certain," said Herman Bing when the company returned to Hollywood. "This picture will be a success if earnest effort counts for anything. I thought Murnau was a hard and consistent worker, but I have found here in America a man who puts his very soul into every sequence he makes. That man is Victor Schertzinger. It is a pleasure to work with him. He gave me a liberal education."

Against a background of Old Russia the story of "Siberia" moves with dramatic swiftness.

Famous Bandit's Gun Used

THE gun, scabbard and belt of Bert Casey, one-time famous Oklahoma outlaw, is now doing duty in Western picture plays. The weapon and its accessories are owned by Dudley C. Hendricks. Sometimes the gun flashes out in a bad man role or again, as at present it is handled by the law.

Casey evidently was a particular sort of a person and took no chances of his favorite revolver slipping from his hand while making a hurried "draw". The butt is heavily taped giving the holder a firm grip. Casey died with his boots on and the revolver in his hand. Hendricks was near by when the bandit "went west" and picked up his revolver. In the days of the Cherokee land rush, Hendricks was a rancher in the famous Cherokee Strip and passed through many thrilling experiences.

Renee Adoree and Conrad Nagel in

von STERNBERG'S

THE EXQUISITE SINNER

By RICHMOND WHARTON

RECENTLY I had the privilege of numbering myself among a very small and exclusive audience who gathered in the projection room on the Goldwyn lot, to witness an advance, private showing of "The Exquisite Sinner." This much discussed picture has been the subject of considerable criticism in film circles recently, due to the fact that owing to petty differences between producer and director, it had been placed on the shelf uncompleted and ill-regarded as material for future release.

Later, however, these differences were amicably adjusted, and at the request of the producers, Mr. von Sternberg completed the picture in the form originally contemplated.

"The Exquisite Sinner" may well be described as a picture of "touches" in that it offers the viewer innumerable opportunities to translate from photographic description many clever and subtle ideas of the director's "put over" in such a manner that the effort of translating them offers the artistic mind such splendid exercise that it cannot fail to benefit therefrom.

Briefly, the story tells of a young Frenchman who, being forced into the world of business by the death of his uncle, conceives the idea of feigning insanity in order to be relieved of his executive duties to pursue a life of exotic freedom among the simpler classes, with whom his heart is more in sympathy. While wandering through the village streets, he comes upon a band of gypsies. Believing that their roving nature most truly typifies the freedom that he seeks, he trades his clothing for a costume of their own designing, and thus attired, wanders off into the fields to enjoy his new-found liberty.

Subsequently, he comes upon his gypsy friends encamped in the forest and after a series of incidents which it is not necessary to reveal here, eventually finds himself far afield and alone in the company of the beautiful young gypsy queen, who had been a member of the band.

The balance of the picture is the story of his wanderings through the country with his newfound companion. The temperature of nature is all that is required to

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That's My Baby

by JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

DOUGLAS MacLEAN'S *modus operandi* of comedy-making is to start with fast action and continue acceleration until, near the end, the speed is breathless. A pause, to him, is an anteclimax. He doesn't pause. He begins by shaking his audience with a deep-seated chuckle, and ends by letting them view the finale through tears of hysterical mirth.

But if you've ever taken time to analyze MacLean pictures, you've seen that beneath the rapid-fire comedy action there is always a wealth of good ideas, wrapped around a fine central idea. He uses consistently good stories. From "Twenty-three-and-a-half Hours Leave" through "The Hottentot," "The Yankee Consul," "Never Say Die," "Going Up," and "Introduce Me" to his latest, now in production, "That's My Baby," he has kept up a fine standard of comedy story quality as well as break-neck speed.

At this date, when "That's My Baby" is just being well launched on its way into production, the new MacLean story seems to present the star even more intriguing possibilities as a comedic vehicle, than any of his previous essays in mirth-provoking entertainment for the silversheet patron. Not only the story itself, but the use of background, characterization, contrast, harmony and cacophony are cleverly intriguing in themselves, and they blend like a well-laid mosaic pattern.

Surprising things, these, to

The riotous comedy of "That's My Baby," played against the luxurious, dignified back ground of a Turkish bazaar that is being used for a society charity benefit, affords a splendid illustration of the value of contrast in comedy

say about a comedy, particularly one that has in it even some elements of slapstick and comedy-melodrama! The story, however, is an original written especially for MacLean by men who knew intimately his possibilities and limitations; not only plotted as to story but planned into full production detail from beginning to end of the creative work, so that a fine teamwork of purpose and harmony of the elements of appeal may be expected. Headed by George J. Crone and Wade Boteler, veteran story writers and comedy creators of the MacLean scenario staff, virtually the whole organization worked upon the story from the moment of its inception, bringing to bear the "round-table" discussion usually reserved for continuity writing or even the later process of consultation after the continuity is written.

During this process literally hundreds of suggestions were made, ideas advanced, even

whole sequences brought forward by individuals of the company, and these were carefully weighed, and accepted or rejected by the collaborators. The ideas that bore the acid test as to their comedic, story, production and general entertainment qualities were gradually harmonized into the story that was finally put into continuity. The writing of the continuity was entrusted to Joseph Franklin Poland, and the co-operation of the whole organization continued throughout the latter's work upon what was to be the "shooting script."

It will be seen from this that MacLean's methods differ from the traditional ones used in filming comedies. His stories, if we may take "That's My Baby" as an example, are as carefully matured while they are still in manuscript and before even the continuity is written, as are most dramatic offerings; more so, in all probability, than the majority of the latter. The general method of filming comedy in the past has been to work from a very fluid, "loose" and even scanty story outline, on the theory that comedy suggestions would then present themselves with more freedom and frequency, while actual production was going on.

MacLean's organization, however, combines the two methods. The alert "gag" men are hand beside the cameras during the taking of every scene, to inject whatever comedy may suggest itself from watching the action, but the finished continuity had in it everything that the combined forces of the producer could create, before a foot of film was exposed.

One of the greatest assets of "That's My Baby" as a potential mirth-masterpiece of the screen, however, lies in the acquisition by MacLean of the services of William Beaudine as director. First the motion picture profession and now the public has awakened to the fact that this brilliant young graduate of the short-length comedy production field has remarkable directorial genius in the type of production treatment he has practically created. Beaudine holds the unique distinction of having directed consecutively the two latest Mary Pickford productions, "Annie Rooney" and "Sparrows"—a distinction unique, that is, in regard to Mary's present-day methods.

The combination of Douglas MacLean, William Beaudine and a story of the quality of "That's My Baby" should build up a peak of entertainment value in the star's list of achievements a bit higher than anything that has preceded it.

Add to that a charming new leading lady, Margaret Morris, and a small but exceedingly fine supporting cast consisting of Claude Gillingwater, Eugenie Forde, Wade Boteler, Richard Tucker and Fred Kelsey—all comedy folk par excellence—and the production forecaster is enabled to prophesy with perfect safety a real treat in store for MacLean's admirers in particular and patrons of the motion picture theatre in general.

Miss Morris by the way, is a new Paramount star who has signed a long-term contract with that organization and was borrowed by the MacLean company especially for "That's My Baby." She is an appealing person in any sort of costume, but her beauty and charm are set off to especially great advantage in this role, due to the fact that during such a large part of it she wears a gorgeous Turkish costume.

This costume has to do with the hilarious sequences in a huge charity bazaar, which forms the colorful background of much of the picture. There, dozens of pretty girls clad in harem costumes appear, and it is the task of MacLean to discover which is the one he is seeking, the heroine, by looking at their ankles—inasmuch as the girls are masked, and he believes, also, that ankles reveal character. Of course his interest in ankles is misunderstood, a fact that supplies one of the multitude of comedy facets of the story.

Producers have been accused of throwing into various pictures unsuitably lavish backgrounds, sets and costumes purely for the visual effect created. However true or false this may be in other cases, the MacLean company has a very definite theory or, one might almost say, a definite principle of the art of entertainment creation, in regard to the use of lavish settings. That theory is exemplified in the use of the exceedingly beautiful charity bazaar backgrounds of "That's My Baby." Against them is played riotous comedy instead of the slow, beautiful and dignified love story that the layman might visualize as fitting—but in this contrast enters one of the finest arts of comedy.

Just as a sad, never-smiling face is sometimes the hallmark of the comedian, and in scenes sufficiently funny affords spasms of hilarity, on the part of spectators, by sheer strength of ludicrous contrast; as melodrama or pathos carried too far become even more comical than intentional funning, so fast comedy against beautiful, dignified, luxurious setting is doubled in effectiveness by contrast.

The story opens with the hero preparing to be married within an hour. A comic rehearsal of the forthcoming wedding ceremony is interrupted by the arrival of a telegram from the bride-to-have-been announcing that she has just married another man.

Imagining himself broken-hearted, Douglas resolves to have nothing more to do with women—an action applauded by Boteler, his business partner, who is a woman hater. Still clad in his wedding clothes, the disappointed bridegroom starts out on an aimless walk to be alone with his broken heart—and promptly forgets it when he has to go to the rescue of Margaret Morris, who sprains her ankle in the middle of a busy street.

Douglas, as we have intimated, has a theory that the character of a girl can be determined by her ankles. In assisting the injured girl he discovers that she has the ankle of his perfect woman. He takes her home, but further intimacy is cut short by his frigid reception from Margaret's socially ambitious mother and the man that mother has selected as her daughter's future husband.

Returning to his office in the happy intoxication of his new love, Douglas finds his business partner in a word battle with their firm's deadly rival, who is subsequently revealed to be the father of Margaret. In this way Douglas learns of a charity bazaar, to which the girl is going that afternoon, and he drags unwilling Boteler after him and attends the bazaar also, so that he may carry on his affair of the heart. He has learned that the girl will be dressed in a Turkish costume.

Arriving there, he finds that all the girls who have charge of the function are clad in harem costumes, and effectively masked by the Turkish woman's veil below the eyes. Then comes his inspection of ankles, suspicion on the part of a detective, and at last an interview with the girl. The latter's mother again intervenes, and this leads up later to a clever situation in which, through the similarity of their costumes, the hero mistakes the mother of Margaret for his sweetheart herself, and confesses his love—into the wrong ears.

This brings a speeding of the action into breathless chases and many very funny and thrilling "gags." The villain enters actively here, and also the baby of the story, who figures in plot and title but does not have a great deal of histrionic responsibility upon his diminutive shoulders. His duty is to involve Douglas in a maze of complications and to tie each knot harder as the story moves on, despite the hero's efforts to be rid of him.

A headache powder that proves to be poison and a race to prevent the girl's father from taking it brings the action through its climax to a hurricane finish, after chases by automobile and aeroplane, and a parachute drop.

Of course, all ends well. Douglas wins the girl, effects a business merger with her father, and conciliates her mother while the spectator is recovering the breath he lost during the picture's culmination of alternating laughs and thrills.

Particularly effective supporting work may be expected from Claude Gillingwater, who portrays the father of Margaret. Without doubt, Gillingwater is one of the foremost character actors on the screen today. It might be said that Wade Boteler, who is a veteran of many Douglas MacLean comedies, plays "opposite" Gillingwater, as he and the latter are constantly exchanging vituperation. Boteler, it has been noted, was one of the co-authors of the story, and every follower of MacLean comedies will remember him particularly for his famous characterization of the grouchy sergeant in "Twenty-three and a half Hours Leave."

More and more, as one sees pictures in the making, one is impressed by the fact

(Continued on Page 79)

DOUGLAS MacLEAN

The Hero

"That's My Baby"

Witzel

RICHARD TUCKER

The Heavy

"That's My Baby"

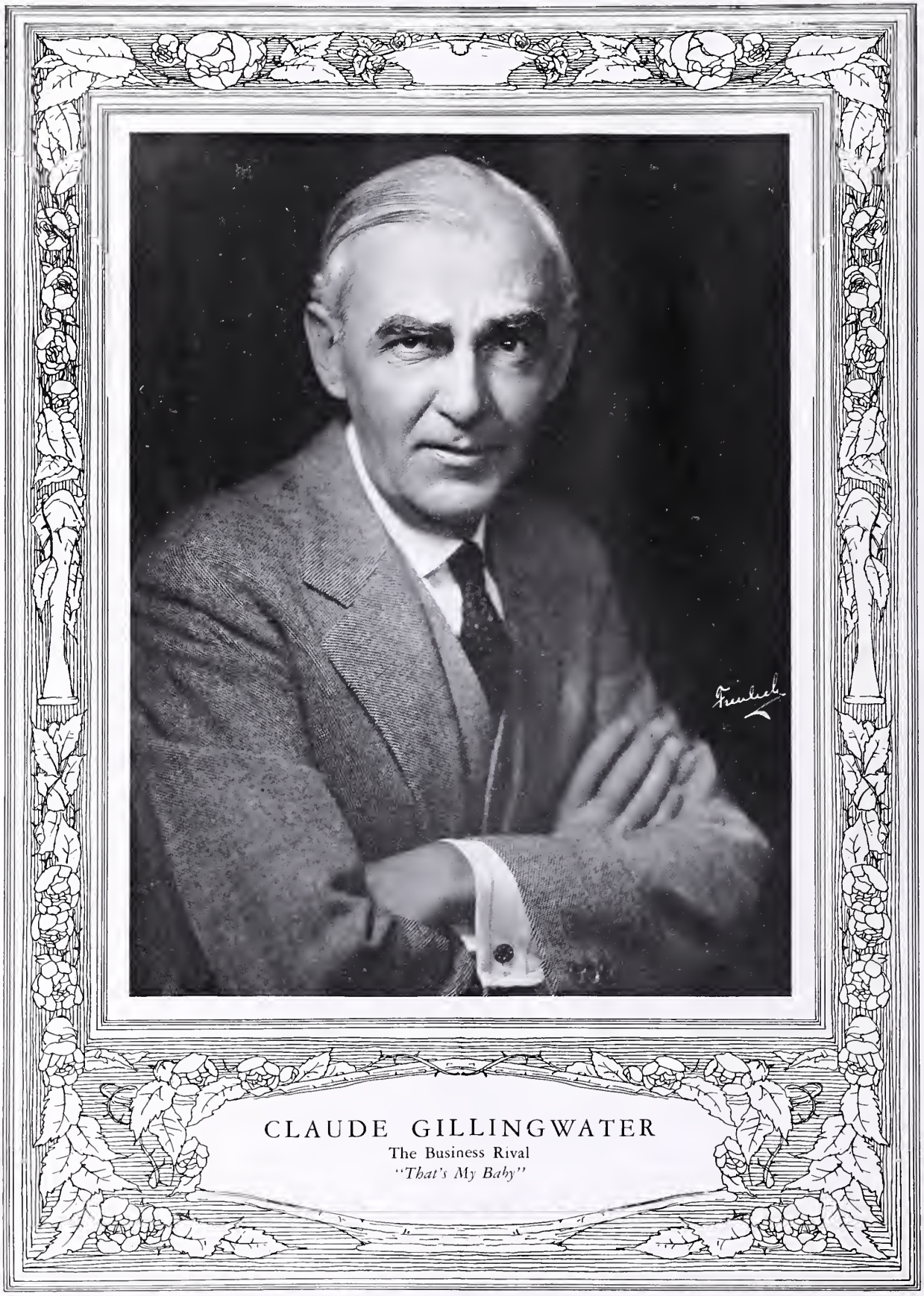
Freulich

MARGARET MORRIS

The Girl

"That's My Baby"

Harold Dean Carsey



CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

The Business Rival

"That's My Baby"

Freulich

EUGENIE FORDE

The Mother

"That's My Baby"

A Swashbuckling
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS IN

Hero *of the* Spanish Main

"THE BLACK PIRATE"

Versatile

JUST to show her versatility, Mary Pickford has done what some say is glorified melodrama—and what others say is her very finest picture.

The new production is "Sparrows." It's a down south story of the swamplands, and it gives Mary every opportunity to play the little ragged girl as only Mary can play the part.

Mary's best friends and sternest critics marveled at her courage in "Little Annie Rooney" from this standpoint:

She fairly defied her audiences not to laugh one minute, and not to cry the next. And Mary won!

If they thought the transitions from comedy to serious drama were fast in "Little Annie" these same friends and critics will marvel at "Sparrows," for this story plays tag with your emotions. It has thrills and gasps; laughs and tears;

Mary

dramatic suspense and unexpected turns.

It is a type of picture that Miss Pickford has not done before, yet she retains the character that people love, that of a little hoyden, full of mischief and tender sympathy.

These pictures show some of the dramatic and comedy moments of her latest picture "Sparrows," which provides the many opportunities for Miss Pickford's display of versatility.

Important Trifles

Pieces by courtesy of California Furniture Company

An interesting Belgian hand-carved magazine stand that belongs in the home where the unusual is appreciated.

Home entertaining makes the coffee table a present-day essential to correct and complete furnishing.

JUST as in life it is the little thoughtful courtesies and kind deeds that endear our real friends to us and just as it is in our personal habits of dress and deportment that the finesse of the smaller details and the consideration for the gracious courtesies and polite manners measure the person, so do the trifles and the accessories determine the real beauty and attractiveness of the home.

Home furnishing is successful only insofar as it administers to the pleasure, comfort and convenience of those who dwell therein. Every little whim, every little desire, every little personal characteristic must be considered and provision made to gratify it.

It is expected that in every home there shall be those standard essentials to home comfort and beauty—the appropriate interior decoration and draperies, the harmonious floor covering and those furniture pieces which are indispensable to home life.

But after these come the accessories, those so-called trifles which express thoughtfulness and real consideration for the personal likes and inclinations of the family and of those who are expected to grace the home.

The light shield not only serves the purpose of real utility in shielding the eyes from the direct glare of the light, but has great artistic possibilities in the home.

Is it a cultural home? Then there will be provision made for the enjoyment of books, perhaps a book trough, which will set beside his favorite armchair, or a book wagon that will make the family's favorite books quickly available, perhaps a modest little book stand or table graced by an ornate set of book-ends, which will give due importance to the favorite volume. And the secretary bookcase, providing a place, not only for the family books, but for study and for correspondence, is always an expression of family culture.

A typically beautiful French stand. It is an unusual piece like this that contributes the real charm and dignity to the well furnished home.

And there will be the necessary quota of bridge lamps and reading lamps, which not only encourage the enjoyment of good books but which add a colorful, interesting tone to the furnishings of the home. And for his comfort there will be a foot rest, a significant expression of thoughtfulness.

Ferns and plants are effectively used in interior decoration when proper provision is made for their accommodation. The plant or fern stand illustrated shows one of the many beautiful types that have been developed for this purpose.

And there will be provision for those who smoke — the unusual humidor where the favorite brands of smokes will always be kept fresh and convenient to use. The humidor will be more than an article of utility, it will be an ornament to the room. And likewise the smoker's stands, for these should be provided liberally and they should be of artistic design and in harmony with the furnishing of the room.

The French have given us this beautiful development of the commode. It is of finely figured walnut with marble top — extremely decorative and yet serving a real purpose of utility.

Nests of tables are created in many unusual types. The nest illustrated comprises three tables in walnut, beautifully decorated.

And for "her" convenience and enjoyment there will be an appropriate writing desk. It may be placed either in her boudoir or in the library or in the living room, depending upon the home and the way it is furnished. And in every home there should be a Martha Washington work table or some convenient type of sewing cabinet to always keep her sewing needs convenient for her use. And in her boudoir there should be a chaise longue or a day bed to invite mid-day relaxation; and a dainty poudre table or a vanity, or a dressing table, whichever

This French marble top commode is like a rare piece of jewelry, and yet it is by no means lacking in real utility.

This exquisite little work table is in satin wood finish with floral decoration. The chair is likewise unusual in its delicacy and decoration. Both pieces typify the character and beauty which should be sought in acquiring the accessories for the home.

The Pier Drawer Chest fits into the furnishing of the home almost anywhere. It fills a real service in the convenience it affords. The one illustrated is of beautifully marked mahogany with exquisite inlaid decoration.

There is in almost every home a need and a place for a beautiful chest. Many interesting decorative features may be developed around a chest of the type shown in the illustration which is of richly carved mahogany.

her preference may be, but anyone of which is essential to her peace of mind and a delightful contribution to the charm of the boudoir.

And as a provision for proper entertaining there should be a nest of tables, so that when guests drop in and refreshments are served the convenience is always at hand and the desired impression is created. And there will be a decorative wall table or two that will serve as ornaments when out of service, which are quickly convertible into practical useful tables when the need arises. And there will be an attractive cabinet or chest in the reception hall or elsewhere, perhaps for the hats and gloves of the guests, or perhaps just as a ready place to put the things that are wanted "out-of-sight" in every home.

The tiptop table is just what its name implies. Out of utility service the top is tipped so that it makes a very beautiful wall decoration that may be instantly converted into practical use. The one illustrated has pie crust or scalloped edge. It is of rich mahogany.

The "preferred" books and magazines are always conveniently at hand with this charming book wagon. There are likewise many interesting types of book stands and book troughs, which should occupy their places beside the favorite armchairs.

And here and there throughout the home there will be a beautiful mirror so placed as to multiply, through reflection, the beauty spots of the home.

And what would the modern home be without its dinner wagon, so convenient to serve the afternoon caller or the evening guests —an accessory to be sure, but today a recognized essential in correct home furnishing; and likewise the muffin stand, which has come to be much more than its name implies, and which indicates the housewife's thoughtful provision for the enjoyment of her guests. And, of course, here and there throughout the home the unusual decorative chairs which add so much to interior beauty and contribute so much to the home comfort; and the fireside bench and the intriguing love seat, all express luxury as well as beauty and comfort.

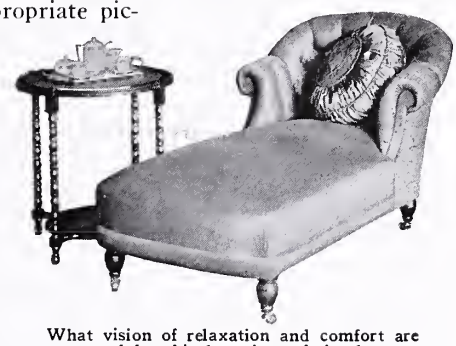
The most interesting phase of home making is in the searching out of these interesting accessories which mean so much to home beauty, for the home is really never completely furnished and there is no fascination quite so enjoyable as the constant search for something new and unusual for the home. Accessories may be interpreted as those contributions to home beauty, without which we can get along, but with which the home is so much more beautiful and enjoyable.

The hall clock for instance at once declares the dignity and character of the home and may be regarded as one of the most important of the accessories. An artistic aquarium or an unusual plant or fern stand may beautify some particular spot in the home and contribute one more link to the chain of home charms.

A Grandfather Hall Clock contributes a dignity and character to the home which is most impressive. There are likewise many unusual Colonial Hall Clocks that involve lesser cost. The Hall Clock certainly commands consideration in the furnishing of the modern home.

Here and there may be picked up from time to time many interesting stands or tables of which no home ever has too many if they are of the right type. And there are interesting commodes and pier drawer chests that are outstanding because of their unusualness, and yet very serviceable in a home. And the coffee table is almost an essential today, especially in the home where entertaining is popular.

Of course, it is expected that every home will express due consideration for the artistic, by the proper complement of appropriate pictures or tapestries, urns, vases, bowls, statuary and bronzes, all of which, however, should be in good taste and should be chosen for their departure from the ordinary.



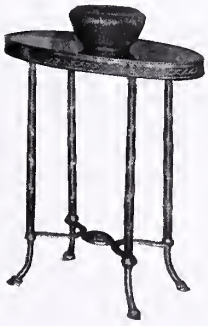
What vision of relaxation and comfort are suggested by this luxurious chaise longue. Her boudoir is scarcely complete without this thoughtful provision for her comfort.

Individually many of these home accessories may be regarded as unimportant trifles, but their influence and effect upon the charm and attractiveness of the home attaches great importance to them, for in the final analysis it is the accessories which complete the home.

The character of the home is determined by the character of the accessories. A commonplace lamp, an ordinary mirror, an inappropriate occasional table, becomes a negative rather than a contributing factor to the beauty of the home, so that the responsibility begins with the selection of those accessories which are really unusual and beautiful, and which contribute to the particular requirements of the home and the inclinations of those who there abide.

The humidor should not only be an article of utility but a thing of beauty in the home. This is possible of development to a high degree as indicated by the humidor shown at the right of the illustration. The smoker's stand shown also indicates the individuality which may be expressed in this article of utility.

The "Duncan Phyfe" type of work table fits admirably into the furnishings of the modern home and its unusualness contributes to the artistry of the ensemble.



The oval French table with marble top, one of those charming pieces for which there is always a waiting place in every well furnished home.

The dinner wagon or tea cart has come to be an essential in the modern home, but it should express individuality as does the one in the picture.

Dapprich

Hand embroidered chiffon, edged with two soft ruffles of pink and yellow chiffon. A much welcomed thought to replace the over-worked idea of fringe. An original creation by Ethel Painter Chaffin.

A TOUCH OF OLD SPAIN SOUNDS A NEW AND DELIGHTFUL NOTE IN THE MODE OF SPRING

A costume which divides its smartness in three pieces. White wool in a new weave. Matching blouse of chiffon, intricately embroidered. The hat is of lacet straw, with metal brocade band. Worn by Margaret Quinby of Universal.

The woman who chooses to be coated in a chic manner might well decide upon this Bischoff model with cape-back. Tan covert, bound with heavy gros grain. Modeled by Miss Quinby of Universal.

The Elegance of Sportwear

a Portfolio of Models which Point the Trend for Spring and Summer

MODELS BY UNIQUE PHOTOS BY MANDEVILLE

THE term "Sports Clothes" covers a wide latitude of smart apparel which this season, possibly more than in any past, adapts itself to every informal occasion on the social calendar of the smart woman.

If any woman has the feeling that there is "nothing new," she has only to view the smart selections the new season affords, and she will be aware at once of a subtle newness of line, a smart variation and perfection of detail, a charming use of color, that is outstanding and appealing.

New variations of the familiar slender boyish silhouette, accomplish a suppleness of line and easy grace that is delightful.

Color-magic plays a fascinating part and attains infinite smartness and beauty. Cool blues and greys and greens. Boise de rose, Jenny rose, tea rose—those flattering tints that every woman adores. Gypsy brown, cochin—and innumerable tones of tan that are individual and adaptable.

Plaids and prints combine colors in daring and interesting designs.

Two-piece frocks continue in high favor, and present many unexpected means of achieving smartness.

Important knit costumes are of initial importance, and will be worn extensively at the most exclusive resorts and country clubs.

Cape back coats are both fashionable and becoming to certain types.

Obviously, real chic in sports attire is attained by the woman who uses thoughtful care in her selections, being guided at all times by two important factors—personality and suitability.

Celia Lynn, left, now playing in "Sandy" wears charmingly this knitted costume, after the manner of Chanel. Three tones of green blend delightfully in the horizontal stripes of the pleated skirt. A green felt hat with pheasant quill completes the pictures.

Plaid Alpacha, a new material, fashions this unusual frock, an original model, worn so successfully by June Marlowe, right, of Universal. A hat of red crochet visca, is a charming companion.

Adrienne Dore wearing an imported two-piece French costume. Black satin skirt, white satin embroidered coat. Her hat is a white French felt, Gigolo crown.

Soft as down and feather weight is this stunning red and white checked coat, shown at the left. Collar of ermine. Worn over a white crepe frock bound with red and completed with a white hat, smartly trimmed with a red pin. Displayed by Celia Lynn.

Almond green Jerzelle. Embroidery of silver and gold, and a smart Chinese neckline are interesting details of this three piece costume, at right, worn by Julia Marlowe. Hat of crochet Visca in a harmonizing shade of green, embellished with a pugeree band of taffeta in three tones.

Margaret Livingston

Wearing an evening gown of black sequins, which is short in front and boasts a train in the back. The back is laden with white ropes of crystals interspersed with black sequins. A bandeau of rhinestones with a coronet of tulle frames the face.

A CHARMING SPANISH HOME

Deeply recessed doors show the thickness of the plastered walls, while richness and warmth are furnished by the gorgeous Italian brocade hangings seen from the dining room side of the doors, and by the florid lines of the baroque clock and specially designed table.

The luxurious comfort of the fireplace group is dignified by handsomely designed furniture, by the specially made wrought iron torcheres and the fireplace fixtures themselves. The brocaded valance in antique red is a decorative note in this room.

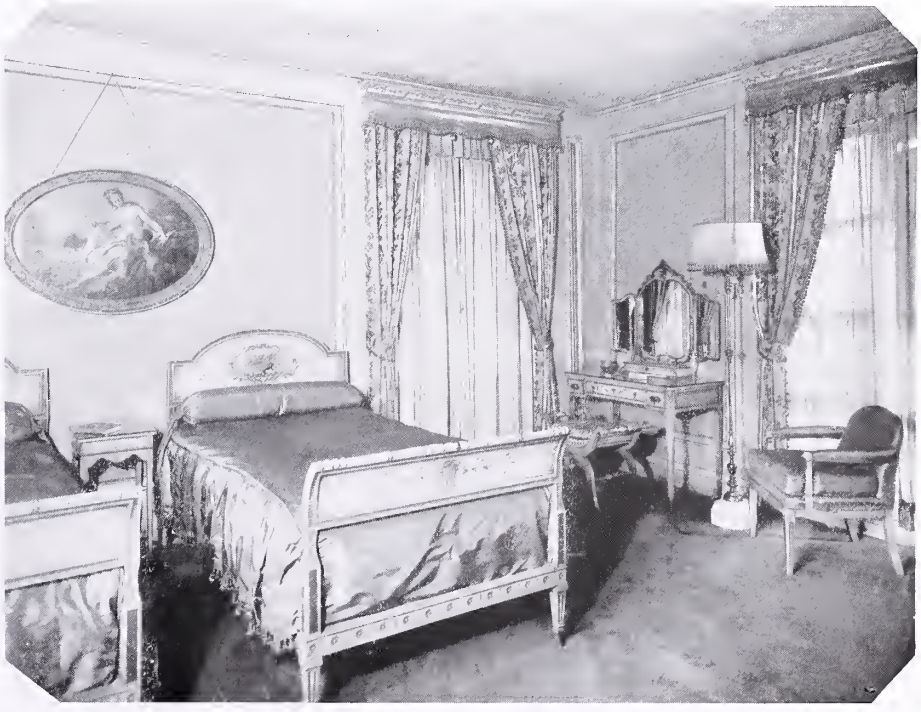
The beautiful Spanish table is a modern creation by a real artist. It is entirely hand-made, even to the wrought iron stretchers and the fine carvings and turning of the legs. The rare old tapestry is a suitable background.

IN THE FLINTRIDGE HILLS

The patio with its tiled veranda, is one of the interesting features of this house. The peasant furniture might have come from an early California mission—the rawhide of the chairs is actually hairy! Awnings of cool blue duck temper the sunshine and contrast pleasingly with the red tiled roof.

A very colorful room — the dining room. The furniture is white crackle enamel, rubbed to antique pearly gray. The carpet is moss green —the chairs upholstered in coral silk velvet.

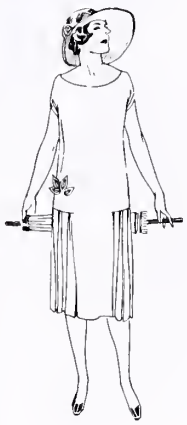
INTERIOR DECORATIONS AND FURNISHINGS
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY BARKER BROS.



Finely made American furniture of French style is effective in this soft-toned bedroom. Pearl gray silk-covered walls and carpet of a slightly deeper tone are accented by exquisite decorations in orchid, apricot and green on the pearl gray furniture. The coverlets are moss green silk.

The key to Supreme Footwear Smartness

Models by INNES Shoe Co.



FOR those who love fine footwear,—and that is every woman,—the designers of the mode for Spring, 1926 have achieved a beauty of line, material and color heretofore unexcelled.

White is written across the footwear mode in huge letters, —Water Lily—a delicate ivory shade,—Parchment—lighter than champaign,—Sautern—a rich oak tan shade,—Bois de Rose—a medium dark tan with a tinge of brown and Opal Grey—a light grey with a tinge of tan, are foremost among the preferred colors.

Never has the woman of good taste had such an opportunity to express discrimination and individuality in a fresh way than in the selection of her Spring footwear for her shoes must be chosen with a thought to the needs and characteristics of the wearer.

Light colored kids, calf, satins, cloths and brocades; combinations of materials, appliqued leathers and novelty skin in pumps, one and two strap models and oxfords are featured in countless styles. Patent leather and blonde kid shoes are extremely popular.

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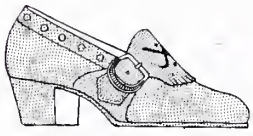
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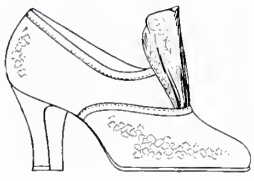
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No. 1 A "Footsaver" model combination last; all wanted leathers.

No. 2. Featuring practically all new shades, with reptile trim.

No. 3. Low Spanish heel model in Water Lily, Bois de Rose and Fallow Satin.

No. 4. A sport pump in tan, white and blonde calf; lizard trimming.

No. 5. A dazzling evening slipper, silver or gold brocade; kid trim.

No. 6. A pleasing high grade style in white, black or colors.

No. 7. A two-strap model in high or low Spanish heel; patent, white kid and sauterne.

No. 8. French Toe D'Orsey pump in patent, satin and white.

No. 9. A unique model in patent or sauterne kid.

No. 10. Walking pump, featured in patent and white kid.

Fashion *fundamentals* are set for the Spring Season

Models by INNES Shoe Co.

REPTILE leathers, novel trimmings and smart ornamental buckles play a prominent part in the designing of the new sports and street oxfords. Lizard, snake, alligator and some animal designs such as baby leopard being most popular. The colorful sports costumes together with the new sports hosiery called for sports footwear of a nature that would add to the smartness of the ensemble through color but would still be unobtrusive. The designers have achieved a smartness in the new styles that will appeal to the most critical.

Exquisitely made evening shoes, many highly colored, are featured. Touches of gold, silver and soft contrasting shades intermingle effectively in vamp, quarter or heel. Everywhere in the evening slippers there is a glint of bright metal. Brilliantly jewelled and exquisitely designed buckles and heels—gold and silver kid heels and trimmings bathe the evening mode in colorful and sparkling beauty.

The result is variety almost unlimited; but variety with restraint, for there is a beautiful simplicity in the new footwear that harmonizes with the simplicity of the season's fashions.

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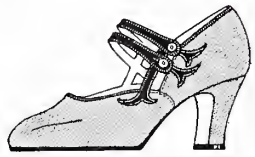

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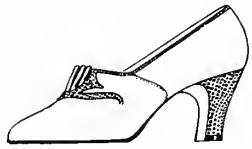

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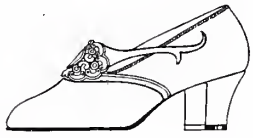

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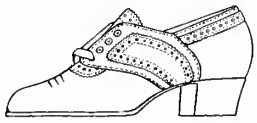

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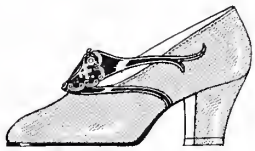

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No. 11. Short vamp, high heel, one strap; in good taste.

No. 12. Featuring the new pump with 3-inch heel; in patent and black satin.

No. 13. New tango tie; all wanted materials; colored celluloid; hand-cut heels.

No. 14. Perfect fitting model in blonde kid, white kid or patent.

No. 15. A tongueless oxford, in patent, colored kid and fallow satin; multi-colored trimming.

No. 16. A new step-in pump, featuring reptile trim.

No. 17. A buckle pump, in all the new materials; perfect in style, at a moderate price.

No. 18. Perfect fitting sport oxford with lizard trim; in tan, blonde and white.

No. 19. This pump features the new colors—parchment or ivory, satin or kid.

No. 20. One of the feature shoes developed in 11 different colors.

Photo by Elmer Fryer

BEFORE THE STORM

The Clipper--ship Indianna sailing to her doom in the Metropolitan production "Shipwrecked."

Angle Shots

HOLLYWOOD is accustomed to strange sights. It would probably be entirely possible to stage a bank holdup on the Boulevard through the simple expedient of bringing along a camera or two, for the crowds would think it "those picters again."

The other day a flivver careened madly down Santa Monica Boulevard. A boy was driving, a large man sat at his side and in the rear seat were Mary Pickford and her secretary.

Yet there wasn't a camera in sight.

Miss Pickford, anxious to reach the bedside of her mother, who was ill, did not want to wait for her mother's chauffeur to come for her. There were no other cars at the studio, so she jumped into the studio delivery flivver, called the office boy and her bodyguard and made a hasty exit without further ceremony.

A SEARCH for old schooners suitable for use in Paramount's "Old Ironsides" failed to reveal any upon the Pacific Coast, so Famous Players-Lasky had to negotiate for boats from the Chesapeake Bay oyster fleet.

Twelve of these picturesque old vessels have been purchased, and have started on a 5,800-mile journey to take part in James Cruze's production. These old schooners are said to be ideal for the purpose of representing gunboats, Tripolitan warships and boats of commerce of the sort used during the period from 1800 to 1816.

The task of towing the vessels from Baltimore to a site near Los Angeles that is to be used for sea-fights of the picture, will occupy two months or more. Two tugs will tow the fleet to Miami, where they will be transferred to the cable of the "Roosevelt," one of the largest towboats in the world, which will convey them to their destination.

THERE are "dude" ranches in Montana and Wyoming that are equipped with everything a guest could desire in the way of civilized luxury. But it was not such a location that was chosen by Director Fred Wood Jackman as scenic background for Hal Roach's latest production for the equine star, Rex, in "The Devil Horse."

Rex himself found everything in horse necessities at hand, but the human players, Gladys McConnell, Yakima Canutt, Roy Clements, Robert Kortman and others, did not tumble into the lap of luxury. A guest of the company, who tried to ride the black and white horse villain of the play, "Killer," expressed the general feeling when, rising from the ground for the fourth time to inspect a ruined shirt, groaned dolefully:

"I'm ten miles from the nearest clean shirt and bath!

BRYANT WASHBURN is to be seen again on the Paramount studio lot, after an absence of over five years. He will appear as a featured player in "Wet Paint," Raymond Griffith's starring comedy.

Washburn has been one of the screen's most popular leading men for years, and it was at the Paramount studio that his earliest starring pictures were made. He has been active in pictures ever since, but never chanced to return to the same studio.

"Wet Paint," by the way, is the final title of the Griffith vehicle, which originally was called "Fresh Paint." Arthur Rosson is directing.

THE director who made Pola Negri's "A Woman of the World," Malcolm St. Clair, has returned from New York to start work upon that star's latest production. While in New York, St. Clair directed Adolphe Menjou in "A Social Celebrity." Miss Negri, meanwhile, made another picture, which was directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki.

St. Clair's productions for Famous Players-Lasky are an unbroken series of successes, and critics as well as public accord him an individuality of treatment and a subtility that has established a following quite his own.

VIENNA in particular, Europe in general, is playing an important part in current American production backgrounds. "The Red Mill," Marion Davies next Cosmopolitan starring vehicle, is one of the most recent productions to make use of Viennese local color.

Marshall Neilan will direct this production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The play is an elaborate story taken from a stage spectacle of several years ago, which in its musical form was presented with Victor Herbert's compositions.

HELENE COSTELLO, sister of Dolores and daughter of Maurice, resumed her film career last April after an absence of ten years, both daughters of the famous male star having been child players in 1916.

Incidentally, both girls have been very successful from the moment of their reentry. Helene is playing opposite Raymond Griffith in "Wet Paint," her fifth picture during the past ten months.

ALICE MILLS, a new young leading woman who joined Paramount when B. P. Schulberg entered that organization, has been assigned her first picture under the Famous Players-Lasky banner, playing opposite Richard Dix in "Romance a la Carte." The production is to be filmed entirely in Hollywood and at nearby locations.

THE latest directorial recruit recruit to the Universal City lot is Del Andrews, well-known scenarist and comedy director. Mr. Andrews has been engaged to direct Fred Humes, Universal's new Western star, in a feature entitled "The Yellow Back."

Lotus Thompson has been chosen to play the feminine lead opposite Humes. The latter has just completed "Prowlers of the Night" under the direction of Earnst Laemmle. Incidentally, three new Western stars have been promoted from the ranks of screen cowboys to featured roles in their own two-reel vehicles. They are Curley Witzel, Fred Gillman and King Nestor.

EDWARD SLOMAN is well under way on production of "The Old Soak," which is Jean Hersholt's first star vehicle for Universal. The picture is a screen version of the famous play by Don Marquis.

Supporting Hersholt in important roles are June Marlowe, George Lewis, Louise Fazenda, William V. Mong, Gertrude Astor, George Siegmann and Adda Gleason.

ROYALTY has entered American motion pictures via the authorship route. Queen Marie of Roumania, noted not only as one of the world's beauties but as one of the most brilliant feminine minds of the Continent, is to write an original story for screen production, and has also signed a contract by which all her previously written novels, stories and plays are to be made available for the screen.

Queen Marie's contract is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and its signing constitutes one of the most romantic affiliations between Old World art and nobility, and the New World's infant industry.

FOLLOWING his production of Norma Talmadge's play, "Kiki," for Joseph Schenck, Clarence Brown will direct "The Trail of '98" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The arrangement made by M-G-M with the Schenck organization, according to an announcement by Louis B. Mayer, is that Brown will be borrowed temporarily for this particular production. The new picture is to be one of the biggest sponsored by the Culver City plant, and its direction will add to the already formidable list of big pictures Mr. Brown has to his credit, some of which are "The Eagle," "The Goose Woman," and "Smouldering Fires."

BESS MEREDYTH, noted scenario writer, has been signed for another long-term contract with Warner Brothers, according to a recent report emanating from Jack Warner.

Miss Meredyth has been associated with that firm for more than a year, having adapted, among other successful plays, "The Sea Beast" and "Don Juan," to the eminent satisfaction not only of the producers, but of the star, John Barrymore.

A SCREEN version of James Oliver Curwood's novel, "The Flaming Forest," will be Reginald Barker's first directorial opportunity under his new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. The story, which is to be produced by Hunt Stromberg, will be one of the big Cosmopolitan features of the year. The script has just been completed by Waldemar Young.

RICHARD BARTHELEMESS has embarked upon his first west coast production in seven years. The star is one of the most recent additions to First National's Hollywood production forces, and it is said that he is seriously considering remaining permanently on the west coast.

Barthelemess will probably have begun his initial west coast production for First National by the time this item appears. The story, which is "Ransom's Folly," by Richard Harding Davis, will be directed by Sidney Olcott.

JOSEPH HENABERY has been selected by Metropolitan to direct the first starring vehicle that Seena Owen will make for that company.

"Cobra," with Rudolph Valentino, is one of Mr. Henabery's most recent successes. It is an interesting fact in connection with Miss Owen's picture, that the director has not been associated with her in the same production since "Intolerance," which brought the star to fame "overnight" and started Henabery, who did research work for the Griffith opus, on the directorial road.

A distant South Sea location will probably be used by Mr. Henabery for the Seena Owen production.

CARL LAEMMLE, president of the Universal Pictures Corporation, has celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his entrance into the motion picture industry. Twenty years ago, February 26, he opened a tiny picture theatre in Chicago.

That, as mathematicians can readily determine, was in 1906. His business grew to embrace other theatres in Chicago, and finally leaped the bounds of one city to expand into others. Shortly thereafter he felt the need of producing his own pictures to combat the monopoly of producing powers of that time, and after a period of film making in Chicago, he moved his production headquarters to Hollywood. Universal City's tenth anniversary also has recently been celebrated.

THE Mauritz Stiller-Greta Garbo combination of director and star, both being recent importations from Sweden, is to be given a splendid opportunity in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's film version of the Ibanez novel, "The Temptress."

Miss Garbo has the title role, and Antonio Moreno will play opposite her. "The Temptress" is Stiller's first American picture, and it is to be staged on a very elaborate scale, with a strong cast and an assortment of locales that embrace Europe, South America and the Orient.

THE next starring vehicle for House Peters will be "The Quest of Joan," from the popular novel by James Oliver Curwood, which will be produced by Universal.

Lynn Reynolds, who directed Mr. Peters in "Combat," presides in the director's chair during the filming of "The Quest of Joan," upon which production work has just begun.

SALLY LONG was engaged as a Ziegfeld Follies girl before ever having "appeared in person" to the world-famous picker of feminine pulchritude.

A photograph did the trick, so it is no wonder that we find Sally making a success in pictures. At the time, she met Gene Buck, the song writer, in Chicago, told him of her aspirations to go on the stage, and gave him a photograph. Buck mailed the photo to Ziegfeld, who was in Palm Beach, and a wire came back in a few days asking the girl to report to him in New York.

Only a little while later she was a full-fledged Follies girl, playing first in "The Midnight Frolic" and later in such hits as "Scandals" and "Kid Boots." Now she is not only a movie queen but a 1926 Wampas star.

A REALISTIC type of newspaper man, but one rather new to films, will be portrayed by Tully Marshall for Universal's "The Big Night," a starring vehicle for Laura La Plante.

Instead of the ambitious young cub who astounds the office by dashing in at the critical moment with a "scoop" that makes him not only a star reporter but owner and publisher as well, Marshall will portray the typical old-timer of the news room, cynical, hard-boiled and unheroic.

The reporter played by Marshall is one of the principal roles of the picture. Director Mel Brown, who was a newspaper man before becoming a scenarist and director, is responsible for varying the role from the ordinary to one truer to life.

SVEND GADE, the noted Danish director, who recently completed "Watch Your Wife" for Universal, has been loaned to E. M. Asher to direct Corinne Griffith's next production. With him goes a young Swedish star, Einar Hanson, who has just completed his first role in American pictures in "The Big Night," for Universal.

Louise Dresser, who made such a notable contribution to the screen in "The Goose Woman," is also among those Universal contract people who have been loaned temporarily to other producers. Miss Dresser is to play in her third consecutive production for Famous Players-Lasky.

The MASQUERS

THE first intimate gambol of the Masquers, following the organization's recent public gambol last fall, was held Sunday evening, February 7th. The Masquers Dedication Revel, as the function was called, is to be held about once every five weeks hereafter.

Ned A. Sparks, Jester, had charge of the ceremonies, which were conducted at the Masquers Club House, at 6735 Yucca Street, Hollywood. Lynn Cowan and Crauford Kent were the musical directors, and John M. St. Polis acted as stage director.

Twelve entertainment features were presented before practically the complete membership of the Masquers. Specialties were given by Bert Roach, George Harris, Walter Pidgeon, Herbert Rawlinson, Harry Allen, Scott Welsh, Lew Cody and Lynn Cowan. In an act dedicating the Masquers' new theatre, Charles A. Stevenson, Arthur Rankin, James Morrison, Halson Battley, Nigel de Brulier, William Conklin, Lionel Belmore and Sheldon Lewis took part.

In a playlet staged by Cyril Chadwick, "The Finished Story" (by Edward Ellis) there appeared Hale Hamilton, Edgar Norton and Crauford Kent. The twelfth number, "Romeo-Juliet & Co." written and staked by Addison Burkhart, brought forth a Shakespearian medley of heroes and "heroines" impersonated by Theodor von Eltz, Leslie Fenton, George Bancroft, Montagu Love, Eugene Pallette, William Conklin, Charles Delaney and Eddie Gribbon.

Jester Ned Sparks makes the following acknowledgement:

"My thanks to the boys who helped and —"My love to those who intended and couldn't make it."

MONTAGU LOVE is "preparing" for his next role as the "heavy" in Rudolph Valentino's new production, "Sons of the Sheik," for United Artists, by spending the interim at Del Monte following the golf ball over the green. From Del Monte he goes to the Bay Cities for a week or two on the Orpheum circuit.

Wampas

CLOSE on the heels of the fifth annual Wampas Frolic and Ball staged in the new Shrine Civic Auditorium, the Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers, popularly known as the Wampas, elected Pete Smith of M-G-M as presidential head of that organization for 1926 with Harry Hammond (Ham) Beall as his running mate.

The combination of Pete Smith and "Ham" Beall is one of the strongest the organization has known, both being "old-timers" in the organization and since its genesis active in all its affairs. Another member of the old guard elected to responsible office is Sam W. B. Cohn, of Fine Arts, who will fill the office of secretary. Two new offices were created at the 1926 election which ushered in Francis Perrett, Famous Players-Lasky, as second vice-president, and B. A. Holway as sergeant-at-arms. Hal Wallis of Warner Brothers was elected treasurer.

Retiring officers of the organization are Harry Brand, president; Tom Engler, vice-president; Albert Dorris, secretary; Bob Doman, treasurer.

The newly elected board of directors consists of: Ray Coffin, Samuel Goldwyn Productions; Harold Hurley, Famous Players-Lasky; Ray Davidson; James Loughborough, Paramount Theatres; and LeRoy Johnston, Corinne Griffith Productions.

With the Wasps

"SIX Characters in Search of a Dinner," with "apologies to Luigi Pirandello," was the unique manner in which Helen Hancock, chairman of the customary monthly guest dinner staged by the Women's Association of Screen Publicists couched her invitations to that event.

The "cast," in the order of their appearance on the after-dinner bill of talks, consisted of Frank E. Woods, pioneer motion picture producer, author and scenario writer; Marion Morgan, the world-famous dance-dramatist; Jean Schwartz, composer and pianist; Beulah Marie Dix, writer and scenarist, and Lawrence Trimble, producer and director, with "Rags," his latest dog star of English pedigree. Others in the guest list, who played "atmosphere" de luxe, were Ella Buchanan, sculptor; Leslie Curtis, newspaper writer; Florence Lawrence, dramatic editor; Ruth and Alice Tildesley, fan magazine writers; Mrs. Roy McCardell, wife of the well-known newspaper humorist, and various interesting personages.

The newly elected officers presided for the first time. Elizabeth Riordan, recently chosen president, introducing Miss Hancock, the entertainment chairman of the evening and vice-president, and her associates; Margaret Kimball, secretary, and Shirley Moorman, treasurer.

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The Writers

On the Potomac

RUPERT HUGHES, our esteemed president, is in Washington attending the War College, and when not in class is exposing the skeleton of the late G. Washington. Several patriotic societies in the national capital are endeavoring to get the famous author to retract his statements regarding the life and habits of the Father of our Country, but those acquainted with Mons. Hughes know that when he says something "it stays said!"

Mutterings From Oak Knoll

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER, those two very funny Hebrew gentlemen, may next be seen on stage and screen in the roles of officers of the law. Their creator, Montague Glass, has been gathering first hand material in Pasadena by actual contact with the police of that thriving metropolis.

Treasury Notes

JACK JASPER, the Horatius of the Writers treasury, we are proud to report, has the club in a healthier condition, financially, than it has ever been in the past. That there are no "cliques," "insiders," or "One-Eyed Connellys" at 6701 Sunset is evidenced by the names posted on the delinquent list monthly. The wide use of this method of giving every one publicity, regardless of film fame or standing, is another reason why the club is coming out of escrow. The dining room continues to meet every requirement of the epicure and the pocketbook.

Sotch a Dollink Baby

MEELT GROSS wot wuz woiking wit Cholleh Cheplin dippotted lest wick extrimingly jubilious becuz he wuz going to Noo York. Meelt he was such a dollink boy all the pipples is werry sorry to see heem go from dis place. De hentire Hollawood wuz weeshing he would rimmain, but Meelt wanted to see Feeft Hevenue and all de bummers wot belongs to de Cheeze Clob.

And Mr. Dawes

CONTRARY to the generally accepted opinion that vice-presidents have little or nothing to do, Donald Crisp, presiding officer of the Writers during the temporary absence of Major Hughes, is working like a Trojan to make the new administration a successful one. The January program of plays and the recent J. Stuart Blackton preview night were among the most highly attended in months. Crisp has just signed a contract with C. B. De Mille and will make three pictures for distribution by P.D.C.

Russell Here

JOHN RUSSELL, as brilliant a writer as ever played aces back to back, is in these parts once more. Russell, author of "Where the Pavement Ends," one of the best sellers of a few seasons ago, and the yarn that gave Rex Ingram his inspiration for his picture of the same name, is at Lasky's. He has just returned from New York where he did several scripts for Famous Players at their Long Island studio.

Will Direct

LEON ABRAMS, newly elected member of the Guild and under contract to M.-G.-M., will soon start production on his adaptation of Swinnerton's "Nocturne." Before coming to Hollywood Abrams made pictures in Paris. He was director general of the Productions Cinematographiques and directed Sarah Bernhardt in her last picture.

For Public Consumption

AL COHN expects to announce shortly the selection of eight plays to be presented to the public at a downtown theatre. These plays to be chosen by the membership from among the seventy-five given since the club opened.

Don Stewart Recovers

DONALD OGDEN STEWART, humorist, and delight of every Hollywood banquet, has recovered from his recent illness. The news of his recovery was substantiated when he was seen partaking in huge quantities of the choice imported viands so eloquently dispensed by Herr Henry.

Stranded

FRITZ TIDDEN brings news of Wally Young's latest dilemma.

Wally, touted as a super-enigmatologist among screen writers, and a man who can write a character into any situation and write him out again without half trying, is in a pretty predicament. The ample-bodied scrivener built a house in Hacienda Park, but can't move in. Simultaneous with his decision to move from the old diggings to the new, the city fathers decided to dig up the streets and sewers roundabout Wally's present domicile, resulting in a stymie. A moving van has no place of anchorage within a block of Young's nest, so those who expected bids to the house-warming will please be patient.

Opportunity

SINCE the inauguration of the monthly dramatic programs at the club about three years ago, seventy-five one-act plays have been produced. Those registering most favorably with the audiences and critics have been originals by members. What is undoubtedly the outstanding contribution of these three years is E. Richard Schayer's play, "Private Jones," presented on the January program. The act, an incident of the world war, featuring Owen Moore, who was making his first stage appearance in sixteen years, proved a sensation. Many compared it favorably with "What Price Glory," and as a direct result of its presentation at the club, Schayer obtained a contract with M.-G.-M. Owen Moore likewise benefited substantially by his remarkable performance.

Al Cohn, chairman of the dramatic committee, and an indefatigable worker for the club, wants more original manuscripts. Surely there is no better place for a writer or actor to exhibit his wares to producers. Cohn and his worthy band of collaborators have made the play nights extremely popular in Hollywood and should be given every assistance and encouragement.

I Knew Him When

DEALERS in reverberant neckwear can prepare for a rush of new business—Joe Jackson is about to sell another play. "The Painted Man," a three-act comedy, written by Joe in collaboration with Jeffry Shurlock, is in the hands of a well-known producer. Jackson's sketch, "Twilight," sold to Frank Keenan, had its initial showing early this month at the Palace Theatre in New York. Keenan purchased the wardrobe and settings in Paris, and the act was well received by the public and the press.

(Continued on Page 83)

The Open Door

From Those Who See To Those Who Make Motion Pictures

Editor,
THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR:

A writer who lives in Hollywood as, I believe, a sort of parasite upon the motion picture industry, passed through our city recently and lectured at a woman's club here.

"The producers," said he (I do not quote him exactly but endeavor to give the sense of his words) "rightly estimate that the mass mind of the motion picture audience is about equal in artistic and intellectual perception to that of a fourteen-year-old high school boy or girl. This does not mean that they think that, in ordinary walks of life, the intelligence of the motion picture theatre-goers is low or immature. It does not mean that they, an overwhelming percentage of morons attend, or that no college professors are to be found in screen audiences.

"What it does mean is that in viewing motion pictures, the audiences bring only a part of their normal intellect to bear upon what is presented to them. They come to be entertained and amused, not to be made to think. They want art to come to them as a sensual feeling, that requires no mental interpretation on their part. They want whatever information, propaganda or education that is supplied incidentally, to be thickly sugar-coated, so it doesn't hurt or taste bitter going down. They want a happy ending, no matter how illogical. In short, what they want is physical and mental relaxation, and only the picture aimed at the fourteen-year-old intellect will please them."

To my way of thinking, that sort of argument given to the public is the more dangerous to the motion picture producers because it has in it just enough logic to make it sound plausible.

I have no means of knowing whether or not this is the real sentiment of film producers. Until it is proved, I shall continue to believe that it is not. But one fact does remain, that the picture theater patron must accept such a belief or subscribe to the idea that it is the men who are responsible for the frequent poor stories we see, who are the morons, the fourteen-year-old intellects.

Let no one understand that I condemn all film offerings, or even a majority of them. But it is discouraging to a lover of the screen art of story telling, to attend good theatres, to patronize brands of pictures of such repute as Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn and First National and Warner Brothers, and find in that combination, among the really good offerings, many that are inexcusably poor.

The audiences of the neighborhood theaters I frequent appreciate the good pictures, but they have a habit of sweeping into gales of laughter at the supposedly pathetic or intensely dramatic moments of many others, and finally, when they can stand no more, of walking out. Their opinion of motion pictures and their makers are lowered and their money does not go into the same box office so soon again. They return—yes—but I believe that such pictures not only result in a temporary loss to the theatre and producers, by keeping those patrons away for a while, but are educating them to do without screen entertainment for longer and longer periods.

Why must a good theatre, that takes its audience from a decidedly high class neighborhood, even occasionally show pictures so poor (in story and often in treatment) that its patrons feel cheated? Why must a famous company like Paramount make, or at least release to good theatres, occasional very poor pictures?

A good brand of merchandise ordinarily is uniform. It would not take many poor lots or packages or articles to destroy the popularity of the brand, to undermine the faith one naturally puts in a trademark that stands for high quality. Should one not expect as much from motion pictures?

I have no quarrel with the technical side of the screen art. Insofar as my uncritical attitude toward this branch may discern, it could be less perfect and would insult no one. The acting ordinarily is equally fine. The woefully puny side of so many pictures is *story*, and on that side the public unquestionably is the most critical. We may not know the technical side, and we are willing to take much for granted, but we do know whether or not a story is interesting, sufficiently novel, and true to life.

I wonder if those persons in the motion picture industry who may think that the public en masse brings only a fourteen-year-old mind to bear upon its screen entertainment, could not be weeded out of the creative side of picture production to advantage? I wonder if, supposing they were weeded out, the screen patron could not go to a good theatre and see a good brand of picture with the reasonable assurance that the picture itself would be equally good.

J. B. M.

Editor,
THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR:

There is a crisis in the motion picture industry at the present time. It is a matter of common knowledge that "the pictures" are not going over as strongly as they did; that audiences are smaller, and that they are more critical.

Some say the cause is extravagance in production and overhead. In many cases they blame the story element.

So much for the necessity of letting the free lance screen writer know in no uncertain language that the motion picture industry is as open to consider their stories as it is to accept their money at the box office. To this, first it is necessary to put a stop to the contradicting propaganda issued by a few selfish berth-holders who have been warning the free lance scenarists and writers of originals that it is impossible to compete with them; second, there must be a campaign of enlightenment, published statements by the heads of the industry that their companies are in the market for original stories. This information should be broadcasted freely, for it must counteract and live down the "closed shop" reputation and propaganda.

Unfortunately, in the past a lot of producers have been passing the buck to the magazine editors and book publishers, who are neither capable nor desirous of picking screen material for publication. They select it for their own needs—and the motion picture producer, for the most part, has been selecting it because it reads prettily; because it intrigues his imagination. This in spite of the fact that he has—or should have—a sound knowledge of screen values, whether or not he knows anything of literary values. He also wants the magazine editor to assume the responsibility for its originality in spite of the fact that the latter is equally endangered by plagiarism; he wants "guaranteed" box office value from its success in another medium, and finally he wants his harried writers and directors to remake hopeless screen material into good screen material —and thinks it should be easy for them, since it appeared in print or as a successful stage play.

His theories as stated have all had their innings, with everything in their favor, and have failed. The few productions that deserved success under any circumstances have succeeded; the rest have combined to make the poorest average of entertainment values in recent history of motion pictures, despite millions thrown away in wonderful technical effects.

These facts are being recognized, of course. The new series of original screen plays scheduled by F.B.O.; the moves of Famous-Players-Lasky to secure originals for their stars; the contests and advertisements of other producers —all show that not only the superior story value of direct screen literature, but its exploitation possibilities, are being realized. Producers would be amazed at the freshness and virility of the material that would pour in, just as the old-time magazine publishers were amazed at the appeal—regardless of literary quality—of the stories published in such magazines as *True Story*. The people want stories of real substance, regardless of dress—and let the motion picture industry, which has been crying to find out what the public want, give it such stories!

A scenario edttor of my acquaintance, who is a splendid judge of a screen story, found one the other day which was, he said, one of the greatest motion picture stories he had ever read. It was fresh, virile and powerful, and so perfectly fitted to the screen that it could have been shot directly from the author's script by a good director. But such a terribly written story! Not a magazine in the land would publish it on that account; not even one of the powerful newcomers. Its author could never have written for the magazines, yet he is a born screen writer, and he would fail at writing published literature as the "eminent authors" failed at writing for the screen.

Many studio or staff writers, once skilled at creation, perhaps, have allowed creative powers to become atrophied by devoting themselves exclusively to adaptation, and now they would find it difficult to contribute to the screen much that is really worth while. It is from the outsiders, the free lance writers, who are living real life, that the greatest stories must come—and by inviting them to contribute to the screen instead of discouraging them, the popularity of the motion picture would be restored.

—BURL R. TUTTLE.

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

Clarence Badger	Directing "The Rain Maker," for Paramount. All star cast. Hope Loring and Louis Lighton wrote the scenario.
Reginald Barker	Preparing "The Flaming Forest," by James Oliver Curwood, for Cosmopolitan-Metro-Goldwyn. Continuity is being written by Waldemar Young. Cast not selected.
Harry Beaumont	Directing "Sandy," featuring Madge Bellamy for Fox. Scenario by Eve Unsell.
J. Stuart Blackton	Directing "Hell Bent for Heaven," for Warner Bros. Scenario by Marion Constance from the $25,000 Pulitzer prize play.
Frank Borzage	Directing "Early to Bed" with Matt Moore and Katherine Perry, for Fox.
Herbert Brenon	Directing "Beau Geste," for Famous. All star cast. Scenario by Paul Schofield.
Melville W. Brown	Directing "The Big Night," starring Laura La Plante, for Universal. Mr. Brown wrote the scenario.
Dimitri Buchowetzki	Looking for a story.
Edwin Carewe	Directing "Pals First," with Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor, for First National. Scenario by Lois Leeson.
Jack Conway	Directing "Brown of Harvard," with all star cast, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Scenario by A. P. Younger.
Allan Crossland	Directing John Barrymore in "The Tavern Knight," for Warner Bros. Scenario by Bess Meredyth.
Irving Cummings	Directing the Peter B. Kyne story, "Rustling for Cupid," for Fox. George O'Brien and Anita Stewart are co-featured. And L. G. Rigby wrote the secnario.
William De Mille	Directing "The Flight to the Hills" for Famous-Players-Lasky. All star cast. Scenario by Albert Shelby LeVino.
Edward Dillon	Directing "The Dice Woman," featuring Priscilla Dean, for Metropolitan. Scenario by Percy Heath.
John Francis Dillon	Directing "Love's Blindness," with all star cast for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Scenario by Elinor Glynn.
Allan Dwan	Directing "Padlocked" for Paramount. All star cast. Scenario by James Shelly Hamilton.
Harry Edwards	Directing Harry Langdon in his first feature length comedy for First National. The title is "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and is an original story by Langdon himself.
George Fitzmaurice	Editing "The Son of a Shiek," starring Rudolph Valentino. A Joseph M. Schenck production.
Victor Fleming	Cutting "The Blind Goddess," for Paramount.
John Ford	Directing "The Shamrock Handicap," for Fox with Janet Gaynor and Leslie Fenton. Scenario by John Stone.
Sidney Franklin	Directing Constance Talmadge in "Silky Ann" for First National release. Scenario by Raymond L. Schrock and Edward Clark.
Svend Gade	Loaned by Universal to First National to direct Corinne Griffith in "Into Her Kingdom." Scenario by Carey Wilson.
Joseph Henabery	Directing "Shipwrecked," starring Seena Owen for Metropolitan. Adaption by Finis Fox.
Lambert Hillyer	Directing "Shebo" starring Anna Q. Nilsson for First National. Scenario by Wid Gunning.
James Hogan	Directing "Isle of Retribution," for F.B.O. Scenario by Fred Kennedy Myton.
E. Mason Hopper	Directing "Up in Mable's Room," starring Marie Prevost. Scenario by F. McGrew Willis.
William K. Howard	Directing "Bachelor Brides," starring Rod LaRoque for Cecil B. DeMille. Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan and Garret Fort.
Alfred Green	Directing Colleen Moore in "Ella Cinders," for First National. Scenario by Bill Conselman.
Rupert Julian	Preparing "Silence," for DeMille. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix.
Henry King	Will start production about April 1st on "Barbara Worth," for Sam Goldwyn. Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, will be featured. Francis Marion will write the adaptation.
Frank Lloyd	Directing "The Wise Guy," with James Kirkwood, Betty Compson and Mary Astor, for First National. Scenario by Jules Firthman.
Walter Morosco	Directing Irene Rich and Huntley Gordon in "Silken Shackles," for Warner Bros. Scenario by Walter Morosco and Philip Klein.
Sidney Olcott	Directing "Ransom's Folly," starring Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill for Inspiration Pictures.

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

Harry Pollard	Directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for Universal.	**Arthur Rosson**	Directing "Fresh Paint," starring Raymond Griffith, for Famous Players-Lasky. Scenario by Lloyd Kerrigan.	**Edward Sloman**	Directing "The Old Soak," featuring Jean Hersholt, for Universal. Charles Kenyon wrote the scenario.
Herman Raymaker	Directing "Hero of the Big Snows," with Rin-Tin-Tin, for Warner Brothers. Scenario by Ewart Adamson.	**Victor Schertzinger**	Directing "Siberia," for Fox.	**Maurice Tourneur**	Directing the Marion Fairfax production, "The Desert Healer," featuring Barbara Bedford and Lewis Stone.
Charles Reisner	Directing Sidney Chaplin for Warner Bros. Scenario by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Title not announced.	**Victor Seastrom**	Directing Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Frances Marion wrote the scenario.	**Eric Von Stroheim**	Preparing his story "The Wedding March," for Paramount.
Lynn Reynolds	Directing "Prisoners of the Storm," from the James Oliver Curwood story, "The Quest of Joan," for Universal. Featuring House Peters and Peggy Montgomery.	**Edward Sedgewick**	Directing "The Run-away Express," all star cast, for Universal. Scenario by Curtis Benton.	**Raoul Walsh**	Will shortly start production on "What Price Glory," for Fox.

"Saving Silver Sawdust"

THE silver bracelet you are wearing or the silver dollar in your pocket a few short months ago might have been a closeup of your favorite motion picture star. For the scientific minds of the movies have evolved a method of which the silver from old film can be salvaged and sold back into commerce.

A shipment of more than forty tons of old motion picture film was made this week by the Universal Pictures Corporation studio to a subsidiary company in Ft. Lee, N.J., according to C. R. Hunter, laboratory chief of the film studio.

Until a month ago a small plant for regaining silver from old film was conducted on the Universal lot, regaining as high as $500 a week from discarded film. An equal amount of silver was regained from the waste "hypo."

The motion picture film which runs through the camera is sensitized with nitrate of silver. When the light hits certain parts of this it makes an impression. The film is then developed and after that is put in a hypo "fixer," which dissolves the sensitized part of the silver nitrate which has not been effected by light.

If a photograph of a bright card is made most of the silver will remain on the negative film; if a photograph of a dark card is made most of the silver will dissolve into the hypo.

From the dead hypo the silver is caused to precipitate through a chemical process and thus an additional saving is effected by motion picture companies.

At Universal's Ft. Lee plant is an elaborate by-products plant that rivals the by-product plant of coke companies, steel manufacturers, lumber mills and other industrial organizations.

Here the film is washed in chemicals which remove the emulsion and silver from the celluloid backing. This backing is then melted up and made into dolls, rattles, and other children's toys.

The emulsion and the silver are separated, the former being used as a varnish base and the latter being sold for solid silver.

The silver that is precipitated and regained is always in a powder form and must be put in a smelter before it is marketable and cast into ingots.

The silver bracelet or pin that milady wears might have been the discard from "'The Hunchback of Notre Dame" that was salvaged and sold to a prominent New York jeweler. Even the class pin that the high school graduate wears might have been a closeup of his or her favorite star. The possibilities of this are greater than one might expect with dozens of producers shooting millions of feet of film a year, and with the exhibitors demanding fresh prints hundreds of prints of a single picture are consumed in a year.

The question of what becomes of old motion picture film is thus answered.

That's My Baby

(Continued from Page 52)

that they are essentially the product of many minds and many applied talents rather than that of one. The successful producer surrounds himself with the best that may be had in players, directors, producing force, and advisors. Then, if he be one of those not-too-many who accept the aid of their forces, and by harmonizing them, secure the fullness of what they have to offer, he is fortunate—and so is the public he serves.

It is that sort of working plan and practice that makes Douglas MacLean pictures effective entertainment, and that promises much for the star's intriguingly-titled new feature, "That's My Baby."

Mel Brown to Direct

MELVILLE BROWN, who has been a member of the Universal scenario staff for almost three years, has signed a contract to direct features with that company.

He will being production of his first picture in the next two months, and is now looking for suitable material.

Brown is credited with the adaptation of some of Universal's most successful pictures and has specialized in farce comedy.

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I Become Converted to the Happy Ending

(Continued from Page 36)

mulated, philosophy, religion, tradition, and above all, the same missionary impulse that actuates the American picture maker when he creates happy endings, entered into its conception.

Perhaps, too, it was found that commercial returns from happy endings were greater than from tragedies; that, moreover, the larger audience must be served, the majority satisfied in any form of entertainment for the masses.

If the thing that is taught is faith in an illusion, at least the illusion is a pleasant one, salutary to mind and body.

And after all, there will be art—and art. A small group may set standards, but a great, universal audience like that of the motion picture may not. I do not regard motion picture patrons as morons having fourteen-year-old minds, nor do I think that they are intellectual types that appreciate art of the highest, purest order. They are neither one nor the other, nor anything between, but instead, a vast, composite mass of humanity that seeks entertainment, distraction from life's cares, vicarious adventure.

America has given me new eyes with which to see the motion picture, not as an art for one's own satisfaction and that of a few art-appreciative supporters, but as something given humanity to entertain it, and to cultivate love of beauty, the critical faculty, and other subtilities of intellect purely incidentally.

I believe that the theatre patron has cultivated a habit of seeing motion pictures with an uncritical attitude of mind. The college professor who relaxes in the picture theatre checks his artistic prejudices or convictions along with his hat and his overcoat. Something that he would condemn harshly if he were to see it in a stage play or read it in a novel is accepted without question, there, if it merely entertains and pleases him.

The motion picture, then, is a melting pot of intellects, a mass education in which gradual improvement but no radical change is possible. In order to achieve the commercial success that is vital to its existence, the audience must be a tremendous one. Since that is the case, we must appeal through the films to that which is elemental in humans, that which is common to all. This common denominator is emotion, not intellect; capacity to derive entertainment, not culture.

We who seek artistic expression in pictures, therefore, must give all that we can within these limitations. We must pour heart and soul into the emotional side of the entertainment; we must also extend the boundaries of artistic adventure so far as possible, in order to progress, however gradually. I feel that if we work sincerely and with courage, ultimately we will overcome all handicaps. Even tragedy from the pen of genius will be accepted. Tragedy that is purely revolt against the happy ending and the fadeout kiss, tragedy that is filled with the wails of discomfited, bilious dramatists, will never achieve anything but an added distaste for portrayals of the seamy side of life.

While I was still in Europe, it was with a feeling of relief that I went to see a number of American screen plays that depicted the clean sweep of true love, which left a song in the heart and a smile on the lips. Yes, I have caught the American habit of accepting them without questioning their truth to life; I found them an antidote. They helped me to throw off a burden of depression imposed by the heavy, somber plays I had witnessed.

When I returned to Hollywood, I was a thorough convert to the idea of the happy ending, as applied to film material for which it is logically and artistically possible.

And the "fadeout kiss!" After all, like that trite phrase "Merry Christmas," it may be very old, but it can never grow irksome. Love itself is old, and ever new—to that grand, world-wide film audience that I am growing to care for so deeply.

The "fadeout kiss" is an American institution, and I believe it will remain as the ending of every great love drama of America, whether it be enacted in life, on the stage—or screen.

What of the Little Theater?

(Continued from Page 39)

"Everyman," Ernest Toller's "Man and the Masses," W. J. Turner's "The Man Who Ate the Popomac," and latterly, Benjamin Glazer's "Thy Name Is Woman," and "The Candle." Apparently no difficulty, scenic or otherwise, has daunted these brave dramatic spirits.

Their notable successes and artistic accomplishments, and probably in no small measure their high degree of daring, has spread their fame far abroad. Their dramaturgic explorations have been worth it, however somber in tone. Ole M. Ness has been the principal guide in these expeditions.

From these a number have gone forth to enlarged commercial engagements—the rule of the Potboiler performances is *con amore* and without price. Mostly these departures have been to the spoken stage as in the cases of Mitchell Lewis who played "The Hairy Ape," and Arthur Lubin who appeared in "Fata Morgana." And both of these increased their motion picture prestige incidentally.

In a measure they swung the circuit, as moving picture players so often have done in these performances, from stage to pictures and back to the stage via the Little Theater.

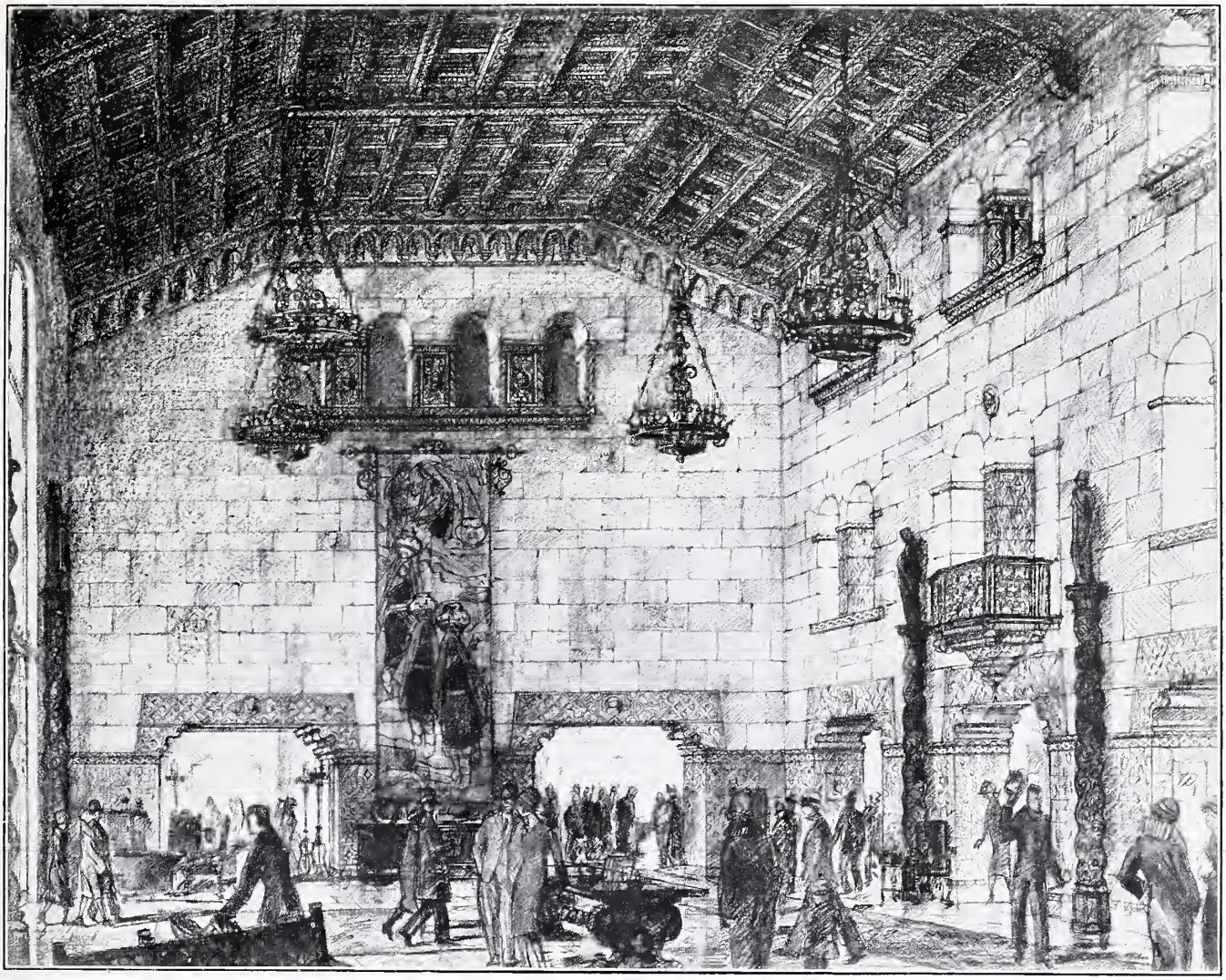
The announcement that Leatrice Joy, popular Cecil B. DeMille star, was to appear in "The Candle," a play by Benjamin Glazer of the Marshall Neilan studio, created a sensation. Demand for tickets was keen, and a reception at the Grand avenue playhouse brought a rush of patrons to see their favorite artist. They discovered that Leatrice had played in stock at San Diego at one time! That Benjamin Glazer, who was writing scenarios for the screen, had received his start in professional circles through a Little Theater in Philadelphia when he was a young practicing attorney and that he was still writing for the New York stage. That Robert Ames came to us via the Little Theater at Northampton, Mass., and was now at the DeMille studio and was returning to the footlights owing to that irresistible lure every good actor feels in the picture studio. That young Williams was storming both citadels at the same time, alternating as opportunity offered.

Again the cycle.

But they did not realize the romance of the scenic settings. They had not seen the fascinating charcoal drawings, from the color plates of Richard Day's from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, that told a tale of changing mood conveyed in sympathetic hues with which the electrical painters worked valiantly under handicap of meager equipment back-stage. They did not view his accurate line drawings, that served to guide the carpenters in the odd little workshop below stairs where rehearsals are usually held and the heartbeats of the theater function ordinarily. These were for the select few who experiment backstage with the less plastic material of the theater.

It is this spirit of divine adventure, however lame and halting in its execution, however stained with personal disagreement more felt than expressed at times and sometimes shot through with selfish interest and egotism, that lures the notable as well as the beginner to the Potboiler portals; that brings them back again, as it is doing with the return, after many months, of Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," soon to be repeated.

No wonder the Potboiler Art folk are dreaming of a fairy godmother or godfather, who shall wave a wand and make all their lovely visions come true with a properly equipped and attractive workshop some day. Why not? They mean so much to actor, studio and community.



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What Will Be Funny Tomorrow?

(Continued from Page 33)

simple enough, doesn't it, but as any comedy director, gagman, or continuity writer will tell you, it is anything but easy to think up stuff that will be sure-fire comedy. The ever-present need is for something new. While the principles remain the same the material must be made to fit the times. Things that were accepted in dead seriousness yesterday are "out of place" today and therefore funny. Things that we regard quite seriously today may be the subject for mirth tomorrow.

Nothing could prove this point more clearly than to watch the screening of a "drama" of fifteen or twenty years ago. I recently saw one of these old-time pictures at a private showing. Everything was done in dead seriousness. The heroine "emoted" all over the place, the "villain" curled his whiskers and showed his white teeth in a "sensuous leer," and the hero struck heroic poses and spent most of his time looking noble. It was one of the funniest things I had seen for ages, but at the time the picture was filmed it was the last word in serious dramatic entertainment. Even the subtitles were screamingly funny because they were so amateurishly serious.

There is only a very fine line between comedy and tragedy. If a character slips on a banana peeling and sits down in a mud puddle our first impulse is to laugh, but if he breaks his leg our sense of humor gives way to a sense of pity and the laugh is choked. In making comedies there is always the question of how far shall we go. Comedy ceases to be funny when it offends good taste or shocks the sensibilities of the audience. Misadventures that place the comedian in a position of danger, discomfort, or embarrassment are funny or serious depending on the reactions of the player. If the "trouble" is carried too far the audience will feel too sorry for him to enjoy his predicament.

This doesn't mean that the comedian can romp through his part as if he were having a good time. On the contrary, the best comedy is that in which the comedian is playing his part "straight." By this I mean everybody except himself can see the humor of the thing, but to him it is dead seriousness.

Many of our finest burlesques of serious drama depend on exaggeration. Just as by playing a comedy situation too seriously or by overstressing the danger and discomfort one may pass from comedy to tragedy, so by overstressing a serious bit of drama one may make the thing a scream. The father of the heroine may be holding a telephone conversation with the young man who is courting her. Dad may be calling the young man every vile thing he can think of and be on the verge of apoplexy. If the thing is done with the proper restraint it may be a dramatic bit of business, but let the old fellow pull the telephone from the wall and bite a piece out of the mouthpiece and the audience will roar with delight.

One of the great sources of comedy is the idea of giving a character something to do for which he is obviously unfitted. And this brings us to the question of comedy and fat. Human nature is so constituted that the average man is always ready to laugh at anything that falls short of the average or goes a little beyond it. The audience is always ready to laugh at an exceedingly thin man or a rather unusually fat one, even before they do anything that is really funny. I suppose the perfect thirty-eights have a sort of comfortable feeling of superiority in the matter, and the old Greek gentleman, Plato, tells us that this feeling of superiority is responsible for much of our appreciation of humor.

But a fat man is not funny until he is placed in a position that is a little "out of place" and is at the same time an uncomfortable or an embarrassing one. That is why my deadly friends, the comedy writers, gag-men and directors, think up such painful things for me to do. They take a delight in figuring out situations in which my tonnage will be or *should* be—a serious handicap. One of their favorite stunts is to think up something that calls for the grace and agility of a ballet dancer and the strength of a professional wrestler and then 'sic me on to it. Well, we fool 'em sometimes!

To get back to our question. What will be funny tomorrow? Theoretically we have already answered the question, but theory and practice, whether in making love or making comedy, are not the same thing by a long shot. The theory of comedy calls for the embarrassment and misfortune of the comedian, but in practice there is a great deal more to be considered than that. In the early days of motion pictures the mere miracle of watching the trick falls and other physical disasters kept the audience happy. They have now outgrown this stage of entertainment. In many slapstick pictures physical stunts with very little rhyme or reason are still used, but such pictures have slight appeal except to very young children. Even the children prefer something with a "kick" to it that is not entirely physical. They are surprisingly quick to distinguish between a real predicament and mere physical movement.

Just as drama should hold up the mirror to the serious side of life, so should comedy reflect life in its less serious moments. The first purpose of comedy is to amuse, but comedy that has no relationship to the realities of life is missing a big bet. I sometimes wonder whether the public at large realize how many great truths of human nature are revealed in the little bits of by-play in our comedies. If I were rash enough to attempt to prophesy developments in the comedy game, I would say that in the future we will see less comedies that depend on grotesque make-up and impossible acrobatics, and more comedies that are played "straight" and depend on humorous but humanly possible complications.

It is a great game trying to guess what the people will like, remembering that the audience will include six-year-olds as well as their fathers and mothers. The old saying, "Laugh and the world laughs with you," certainly doesn't apply to comedy making. Anybody who thinks that we funmakers have nothing but a continual round of pleasure have several guesses coming. While it is true that we do sometimes get a "kick" out of the proceedings, for the greater part it is serious business. No foolin'!

Look at me for instance. Here I am, a peace-loving individual who holds no grudge against anybody, and what do they do for me? If there is any choice in between having me go through a funny situation in a feather bed or lying in a cactus bed, do they choose the feather bed? Not on your life! They'll pick the cactus bed every time. If a thing can be done in a nice comfortable rocker on a shady porch or while climbing a rocky hillside in the broiling sun, which do you suppose they will choose? Yes, you guessed it the first time!

And, mind you, I haven't done a thing to them!

One of these days I'm going to offer a handsome prize for the best comedy story that will meet the following conditions:

First—The fat comedian must be an invalid and be wheeled around in a chair.

Second—There must be parts for four beautiful slave girls who do nothing but wait on aforesaid f.c., and make him comfortable.

Third—There must be parts for a director, gag-man, and continuity writer, who are made to do the bidding of the doubly aforesaid f.c.

. . . . . .

Came dawn! I have just been talking over my bright idea with the technical staff and they say it is the bunk!

What will be funny tomorrow? Nobody knows—least of all a comedian!

The Writers

(Continued from Page 76)

Ye Editors to Convene

THE National Editorial Association, due in Hollywood in July, will make their headquarters at the Writers. The Wampas has been delegated to entertain the gentlemen who fill their waste baskets with P.A. copy, and Barrett Keisling of DeMille's will have charge of slipping the glad mitt to the journalists.

Cui Bono

LAURENCE STALLINGS is back in California—but not in Hollywood. Stallings, author of "The Big Parade," is the gentleman who commented so extensively on the mental competency of the writers in this neck of the woods, and has since his return to the movies been domiciled with the James Cruze's at Flintridge.

Lipton Directing

LEW LIPTON, for the past year head of the comedy construction department at M.-G.-M., and the man responsible for a goodly share of the comedy in recent Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer successes, has been assigned to direct the film version of the farce comedy, "Baby Mine."

Comings and Goings

MONTAGUE GLASS is en route to New York.

King Vidor accompanied Irving Thallberg eastward last week. They will look at Broadway shows for screen material.

June Mathis and Balboni have departed for Gotham. They will probably do a picture in the east before returning.

Marian Ainslee, M.-G.-M. title writer, is bound for Europe on a three months' vacation.

Paul Sloane is back from New York and is busy at the DeMille plant preparing his next picture.

Rob Wagner is in town again. He's been at Santa Barbara.

Critic at M.-G.-M.

HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ, formerly of the dramatic staff of the *New York Times,* has joined the scenario department at M.-G.-M. Mankiewicz inherited Milt Gross's room at the Mark Twain hotel which is next door to Don Stewart's lair. If Herman doesn't get a bushel of laughs in Hollywood it's nobody's fault but his own.

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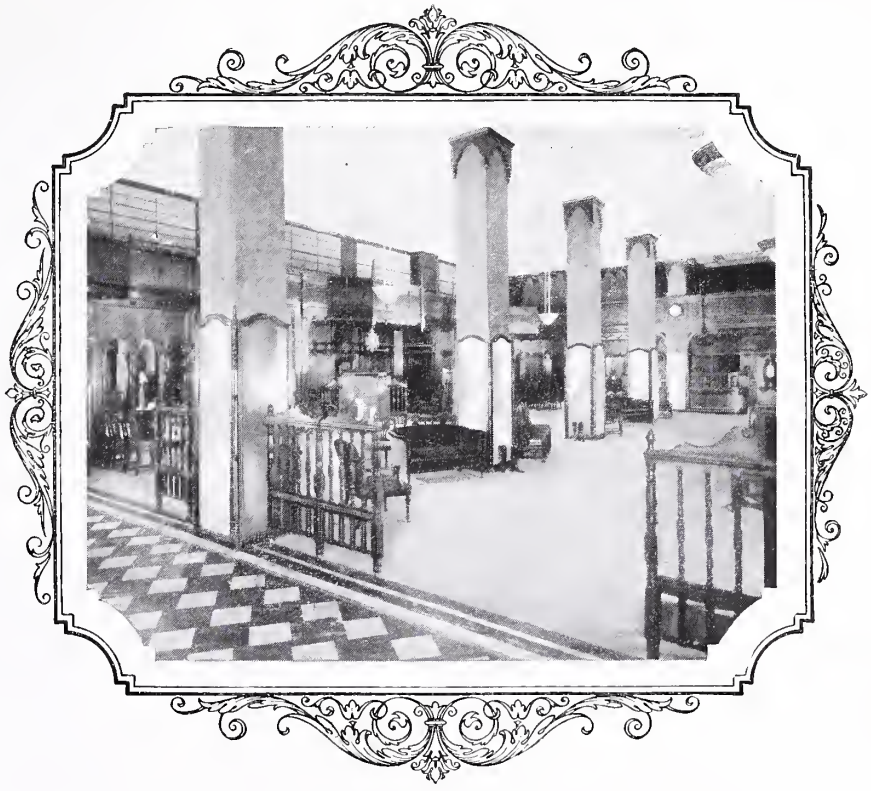

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The Exquisite Sinner

(Continued from Page 49)

nourish and develop the seed of love which their association has implanted in the heart of each, and though beset by many interruptions as a result of the frantic search instituted for him by his "business relations" whom he has left behind in the city, he manages to dispose of them all, thus clearing for himself a path of happiness down which he and his gypsy love wander to fulfillment and "The End."

An outstanding feature of the picture is its lack of plot and counterplot, which, according to Paragraph 7, Page 34 of the "Producer's Manual for Directors," is so absolutely essential to the silver success of the modern motion picture. This one quality is going to serve as an excellent contradiction of the claims forwarded by many that Josef von Sternberg as a director was merely a momentary fad, and destined for the short life so characteristic of new ideas in general.

On the other hand, to those who have always believed in and truly recognized the ability and worth of this young Austrian since his "Salvation Hunters," "The Exquisite Sinner" will serve as confirmation of and justification for their faith in his future and their belief in his ability to give to the theatre-goer who counts himself among those whom we describe as *patrons* of the art of motion pictures a splendid example of what may be expected from the screen in a few short years, during which time it is our hope that the character of motion picture production will have arisen to the standards which will justify the continuance of motion picture theatre attendance by that ever-increasing group of lovers of the true and sincere portrayal of life who comprise so large a part of the motion picture theatre audiences of America today.

On the Set with John Barrymore

(Continued from Page 32)

"If they keep on talking about me right to my face, I'll begin to believe them and think I'm too good to make more than one picture a year," Miss Taylor said at the conclusion of her interview, just before she left for a trip to New York and Havana. "That is why I am going away."

"But, seriously, if I have scored a success it is because of the aid of a sophisticated director, and a sophisticated actor opposite me. Every step up that I have made has been with the aid of sophisticated direction—Charles Brabin, who made 'A Fool There Was'; Marshall Neilan, who made 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,' and gave me 'Mary, Queen of Scots' to play, and Cecil DeMille, who made 'The Ten Commandments.'"

The Two-Thirty Three Club *of* Hollywood

By Leroy Johnston

HAVING attained a membership of nearly 1,500 representative men from the ranks of Hollywood and Los Angeles studios and theatres, the Two-Thirty-Three Club of Hollywood has begun the second year of its existence with the organization of a holding company to sponsor the building of a twelve-story $1,500,000 club-house which will be centrally located in Hollywood and the only structure of its kind in the world.

Furthermore, accepting a suggestion by Frank Lloyd, noted producer-director, the club is sponsoring a big Fourth of July celebration and pageant in which the biggest stars of the screen will participate and which is expected to be the most colorful series of tableaux on American historical events yet conceived. The big pageant is to be put on at the Coliseum, Los Angeles (seating 100,000) and aliens taking their final citizenship papers are to be the guests of honor.

Edwards Davis, president of the Two-Thirty-Three Club, has been elected chairman of the executive committee which numbers about 100 presidents and secretaries of leading Los Angeles clubs, lodges and civic institutions. Frank Lloyd, assisted by representatives from every studio, will supervise the production of the pageant in which more than 4,000 are expected to participate and which will cover every vital phase of the development of the United States from the arrival of the Pilgrims up to the World War. President Coolidge has been invited to attend.

Recently the Two-Thirty-Three Club joined with the Motion Picture Directors' Association in conducting funeral services for Harold Shaw, well-known director. The club's Masonic degree team has recently conferred the third degree of Masonic ritual upon Kenneth Harlan, Monte Blue, Walter Long, Douglas Fairbanks, Lou Tellegen and Russell Simpson.

At the club's initial inter-club dance at the Biltmore Hotel the largest gathering that ever attended a similar event at the leading Los Angeles hostelry was present, 2,200 attending the dance and partaking of the buffet lunch which followed. T. Roy Barnes was master of ceremonies with Edward V. Rowland, J. J. Goldsmith, Bryant Washburn, John Ince, Wallace Beery, Monte Blue, John Elliott, Otto K. Oleson and J. L. Johnston in charge of arrangements and reception of members and their wives.

On the occasion of the initiation of Douglas Fairbanks and Kenneth Harlan, the assembly of the club reached such proportions that a new and larger clubroom had to be obtained. Among prominent motion picture folk who have been initiated

(Continued on Page 88)

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What Do You Really Know About Charlie Chaplin?

(Continued from Page 41)

exhibited to the theater public. Chaplin is the criterion for comparison. Comedy for years to come will be measured by "The Gold Rush," "The Kid" and "The Pilgrim," as the artistic yardstick. They have, in their making, been endowed with immortality.

Chaplin is one of a very few people concerned with making motion pictures who have earned international recognition. The name "Charlie Chaplin" is as well known in the political, social and art circles of the Continent as it is to the American boy. He has been the object of more editorial comment from exacting critics of the arts and drama than probably any other one person in any field of commercial or artistic endeavor.

Yet the man Chaplin is as retiring and shy as he is famous. He has been described as "the saddest man in Hollywood" by several writers of maudlin magazine trash. In all probability the only thing sad about him is his opinion of the intellectual capacities of these respective blurbists.

The real Chaplin is a man who is getting a huge kick out of life. It is obvious that one who has endured the ordeal of misery that was his lot in leaner years will retain an impress of struggle and anguish that even a score of golden years cannot totally erase. The screen is a penetrating analyst. Nothing escapes the camera. That is admitted by everybody. The Chaplin that you see in a comedy, the directorial Chaplin that you feel in one of his productions . . . they are the spirit of the real "Charlie" . . . a blending of the mirthful with the pathetic. It is the heritage of all people of genius. . . . this sudden swaying between the two contrasts.

Socially, Chaplin is always "the life of the party." Yet there are times when he escapes from mankind and tramps away by himself into the odd nooks and crannies of the city. It is our impression that one of Charlie's delights would be to hobo about New York in the wan hours of the night, just to rub elbows with life and escape the artificial and superficial that he cannot altogether evade in his daily routine. That would substantiate the pathos in him . . . a mood of that sort. His reputation as "the life of the party" is simply the comic Charlie. They are both undoubtedly delightful characters.

There are certain people in Hollywood whose names suggest the Chaplin influence. One is Edna Purviance, whose performance in "A Woman of Paris" brought her distinction. Then there is Mack Swain who has been the foil and abettor of many of Charlie's silly antics. Henry Bergman is another. "Chuck" Reisner has also been identified with many Chaplin achievements. Georgia Hale, with one performance in "The Gold Rush" following upon her work in "The Salvation Hunters," took a long stride toward film success. And now it is Merna Kennedy.

Merna Kennedy is Charlie's new leading lady who is soon to be seen in "The Circus," on which he is now working. Having youth and beauty, she is already the object of much interest in Hollywood, and is accredited with much talent. Time will tell. She has "premiered" in a great vehicle.

This Chaplin, waif of the London slums

(Continued on Page 88)

What Corinne Griffith Brought Back from New York

(Continued from Page 29)

The wardrobe lady called her over to ask her about some colors in an evening dress and it wasn't until we were walking through the studio grounds back to the set where she was working that I got a chance to ask her the question that I knew she could answer.

"Miss Griffith," I said, "what is your advice to other women regarding clothes? You know there are so many women that have expensive things and yet they never look well dressed. Why is that?"

We walked on a few steps in silence.

That is because she has never analyzed herself," she answered. "Being in pictures of course makes one super-critical of oneself but each woman should be her own critic. If a new mode comes out and she likes it and buys it, it may look terrible on her for the simple reason that it is not the type of thing that she should wear.

"Of course, clothes primarily are a matter of comfort, but in making them comfortable it is also possible to make them add to the attraction of one's personality. However many women are copyists and influenced by the fad of the moment instead of studying what lines are best suited to them. Women that are fairly stout should keep away from the tight fitting lines, while practically any one can wear straight or loose lines. There are so many deviations of fashion that by following your own best lines you will be in the vogue.

"Of course, it is nice to get a touch of individuality and I think that clothes should express the person. There is so much that you can do with them. One ribbon or flower can speak a whole volume.

"In fact I don't think that it will be long before fashion looks to motion pictures for the ultra-fashionable in clothes instead of Paris. After all, Paris is only the fashion center because the French have heretofore been ahead of us in originating their own styles and just at present it looks as if the American women would beat them at that."

I agreed with her when I thought of the gorgeous creations of loveliness and originality that I had seen in the wardrobe room.

Colleen to Play Ella Cinders

(Continued from Page 43)

ture, however, is in a different and hitherto unexplored field, in that she is not emulating other screen interpreters of pen-and-ink comic characters who achieve likeness through makeup or attitude,, but is reincarnating "Ella Cinders" for the silver sheet through emotional and human portrayal; she will not only animate the figure of Charles Plumb's creation, but will make it lovable and charming in its flesh and blood existence.

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BUT WE WISH TO REMIND YOU

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FOR AFTER ALL

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WE'RE SPECIALISTS ANYWAY—

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THAT'S PROGRESS!

COMMUNITY LAUNDRY

Vienesse Medley

(Continued from Page 18)

reading of the first few chapters — and when she had finished the book, she had peopled the entire tale and visualized the complete, rounded story.

Those who have been privileged to see the finished picture in the projection room have been astonished at the bigness of it — the development is so gradual and smooth, and the atmosphere so compelling, that the spectator has the feeling of being a part of it—and it is only when "The End" is flashed on the screen, that he realizes where he is. I predict that many will want to go back a second and third time to catch certain parts that they particularly enjoyed and which they will want to live through again—or perhaps to refresh their minds on other parts that seemed too fleeting. Just as "The Four Horsemen" set a high mark in production, so will "Viennese Medley" establish a new record—not only for spectacular excellence, but for the deep human note which it strikes. It is June Mathis' masterpiece —her greatest achievement. *It is June Mathis!*

What Do You Really Know About Charlie Chaplin?

(Continued from Page 86)

. . . mime of the English music halls . . . hopeful actor of America's one-night stands . . . who dared to dream of glory and made his dream come true . . . who braved the scorn of reputedly wiser folk to work out his own ideas and in so doing carved a career replete with achievement . . . who defies convention and dares convention to defy him . . . who challenges and crushes all the supposedly secure idioms of comedy and tragedy . . . who will not bow beneath the heel of a photoplay regime that is the slave of tyrannical adherence to worn-out ideas of showmanship and successful production of pictures . . . and in his defiance goes ahead and proves that he is right . . . he cannot help but be a great figure in his time and in his place. Some day we will fully appreciate him. Let us hope that time comes before he is lost to us forever.

The Two-Thirty Three Club of Hollywood

(Continued from Page 85)

into the club the past few months are Douglas and Robert Fairbanks, Monte Blue, Kenneth Harlan, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Lewis S. Stone, Mayor George E. Cryer of Los Angeles, Joseph M. Schenck, Tyrone Power, Winter Hall, W. H. Tooker, Earle MetCalfe, Charles Ray, Raymond Hatton, George Fawcett, George Bancroft, Chester Conklin, Lynn Reynolds, Edwin Carewe, Walter Long, Lou Tellegen, Lionel Belmore, George Marshall, James Horne.

How Old Is a Child?

(Continued from Page 15)

little old man in him responded to the direction suggestion."

Returning to the theme, he said: "I don't believe that anything will kill the sense of the wondrous that is in children. You can drive it underground, that is about all you can do. When you have proved that Santa Claus is merely fat old Uncle Joe, whom the kid dislikes, you have simply made that child hate you. He still believes, under cover, though he may ape your foolish uncertainty in front of his contemporaries, and declare his skepticism truculently. But take him away alone and talk to him about fairies; wave the magic wand of intuition before him, and watch the shine come into his eyes. He *knows*. And watch him walk out on you the moment you start window-dressing and talking down to his level."

That comment of Harper's, "And watch him walk out on you the moment you start window dressing and talking down to him," impressed me much the same as did McGowan's comment that when any of "Our Gang" began to misbehave, "I just take the offender off to one side and talk with him man-to-man fashion."

And there you are.

"How old is a child, anyway?"

Who knows!

An Off Screen Personality

(Continued from Page 37)

and Thalberg. The rest is history and it is still in the making.

With several companies under his jurisdiction and with the ample facilities and resources of the Loew company, Stromberg now has every opportunity to demonstrate his capabilities, having made an excellent start with "The Torrent," "The Devil's Circus," "The Barrier," and "Monte Carlo."

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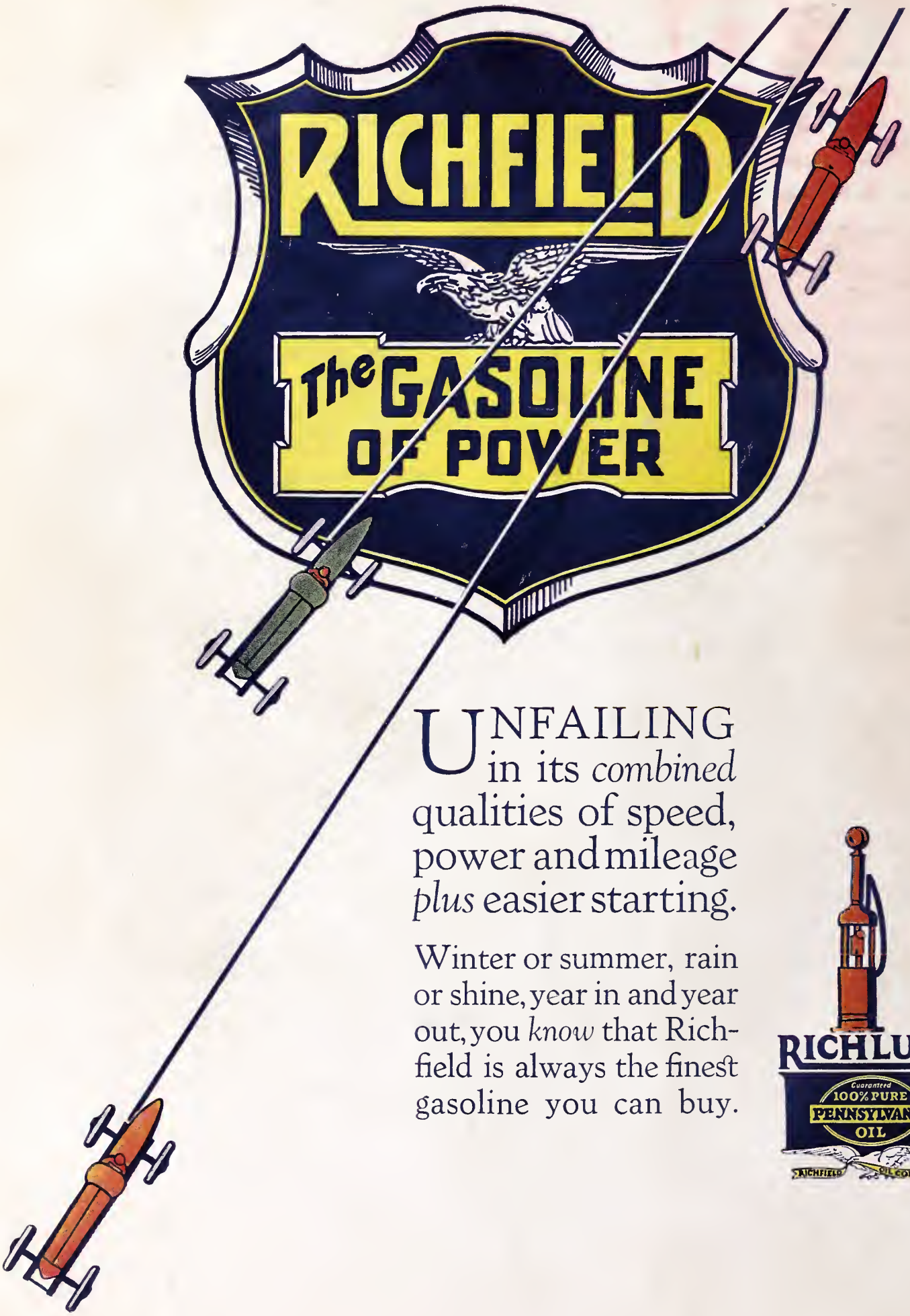

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THE VOICE OF THE INDUSTRY

Volume II
Number 9

The MOTION PICTURE Director

June
1926

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THE STUDIO DEPARTMENT

Beginning with this issue THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR presents a completely new department devoted to special articles on semi-technical subjects, and to interesting items about the activities of players, writers, directors and the people who make pictures. This department will continue as one of the features of the magazine and is designed to be of special interest to all who are actively concerned with motion picture production.

NEW FEATURE FOR NEXT MONTH

Beginning with the July issue and continuing for the next twelve months, or longer, THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR will publish a series of articles prepared by representative leaders of the various departments of the industry in which will be discussed their personal views on subjects relating to the making and exhibition of motion pictures. In this series will be articles by producers, directors, authors, scenarists, exchangemen, exhibitors, stars, production managers, technical men, assistant directors, cameramen, property men, electricians, technical directors, location managers, research department executives, casting directors and other active forces in the industry.

THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR
J. Stuart Blackton, Editor and Publisher

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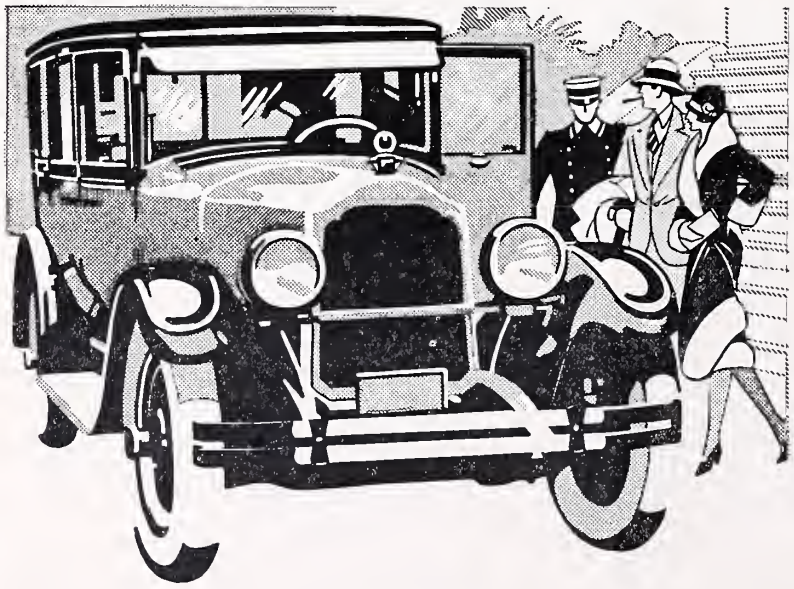

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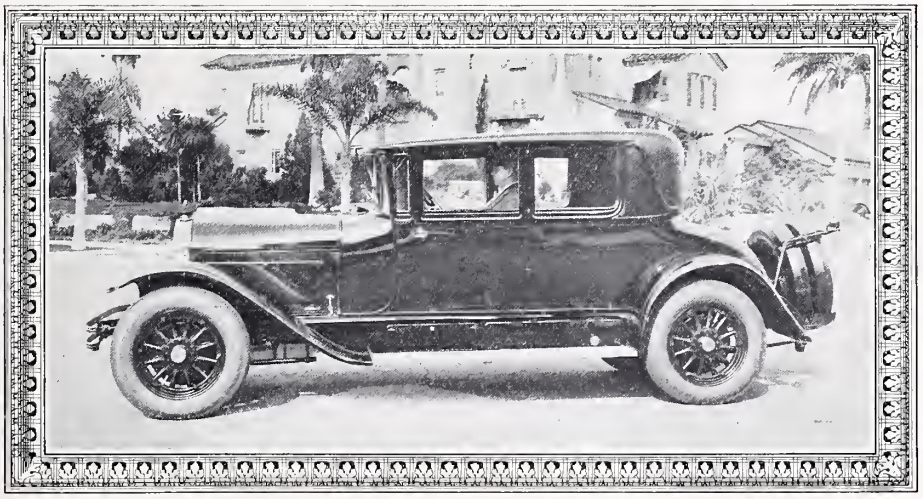

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IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

by J. STUART BLACKTON

THE gathering of the leading exhibitors of the country in Hollywood for the seventh annual convention of the M. P. T. O. A. has a significance more far-reaching than merely an excursion of the Motion Picture Theatre Owners to Studioland. From this contact between the men who exhibit our product and the men who make pictures should grow a closer understanding of the problems of each.

Between the Motion Picture Directors' Association and the Motion Picture Theatre Owners of America there is a community of interest that can be cemented only by such direct, intimate contacts as this convention makes possible. We who make pictures are working in the dark, blindly groping, unless from both those who see and those who exhibit our product we can receive direct, constructive reactions. Through the exhibitor we must receive the wishes of the great theatre-going public which constitutes the ultimate consumer of the pictures we make.

As "The Voice of the Industry," and as the mouthpiece of the motion picture directors, individually and collectively, we welcome the Motion Picture Theatre Owners to Hollywood.

The Fulfillment of an Ideal

IN 1910 was established in New York the first magazine of general reader interest to concern itself with motion pictures. It was brought into being primarily through the concerted efforts of the producers of that period. Having been largely instrumental in its founding I have watched with paternal pride its steady growth until today it is still a dominant figure in the field in which it was the pioneer.

Fourteen years later—just two years ago this month—there was brought into being in Hollywood, as the official publication of the Motion Picture Directors' Association, a similar publication to which was given the name, THE DIRECTOR MAGAZINE. In its limited way it performed its function admirably, and on the ideal that constituted its foundation—the establishment of a better understanding between those who make and those who see motion pictures—has been built today THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR. Within the past few months this magazine has been divorced from direct relationship with the Motion Picture Directors' Association and has been reestablished as an independent publication of national appeal, dedicated to the conservation and the promotion of the best interests of the industry of which we are a part, and as such is blazing its own trail into hitherto uncharted realms as "The Voice of the Industry."

In order that it may more effectively fulfill this function the old DIRECTOR MAGAZINE has been made over until its identity has been completely merged in the new publication. Yet back of it, in spirit and in moral support, are the same men who sponsored the first issue of THE DIRECTOR MAGAZINE, and on the opposite page appear the portraits of the motion picture directors who constitute the Editorial Board of this publication, to whose whole-hearted support and cordial cooperation the publication owes much.

OTHER arts have been dignified by publications which truly represent them and which are in themselves expressive of their artistry. The Eighth Art—as we delight in calling our motion pictures—has not been so represented. THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR is intended to meet that need.

It is not our intention to decry existing publications, nor to minimize their place in the general scheme of affairs. They meet a definite demand and meet it adequately. Two clearly defined fields of publication activity are being intensively tilled by these existing media. But in between is virgin ground, a field as yet untilled and undeveloped. Into this territory THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR has been blazing a new trail. Sincerely, earnestly and truthfully we have pioneered until today we believe that we are serving a definite purpose in the advancement of the industry of which we are a part.

In the fulfillment of that purpose it is our desire to build a magazine that will be of direct service and constructive value to the producing interests of screendom, to the exhibitor and to the motion picture theatre patron. THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR is essentially a Hollywood publication. It is intended to be an unbiased, unprejudiced source of authentic information concerning the interesting things that happen in the *making of pictures*. It is not intended to be either a technical magazine, nor a "fan" publication.

For the exhibitor and theatre-patron alike it is designed as a sincere, truthful, constructive medium for transmitting the production side of the equation, for bringing about that better understanding between the exhibitor, the public and the director of motion pictures. At the same time we are keenly conscious of the fact that the entertainment qualities of motion pictures are largely found in the illusion of reality that is created. Obviously anything savoring of a technical discussion of the mechanics of production would have the effect of destroying, or at best, impairing, that illusion and consequently has no place in the columns of this magazine.

In a sense this issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR marks the turning of another milestone in its career. We shall earnestly and sincerely strive to fulfill the ideal upon which it has been founded and to make it of genuine value to the industry—of interest and service to those who make, to those who exhibit and to those who see motion pictures.

WRITING in critical comment on current New York presentations for the "New York Herald-Tribune" Harriet Underhill pays her respects to Malcolm St. Clair in particular and to motion picture directors in general, by saying:

"Everytime somebody proves that the director is, in truth, the maker of the picture it delights our soul. Long ago we realized that, but people laughed at it when we said so. 'Oh, no,' they replied, 'the play's the thing.'

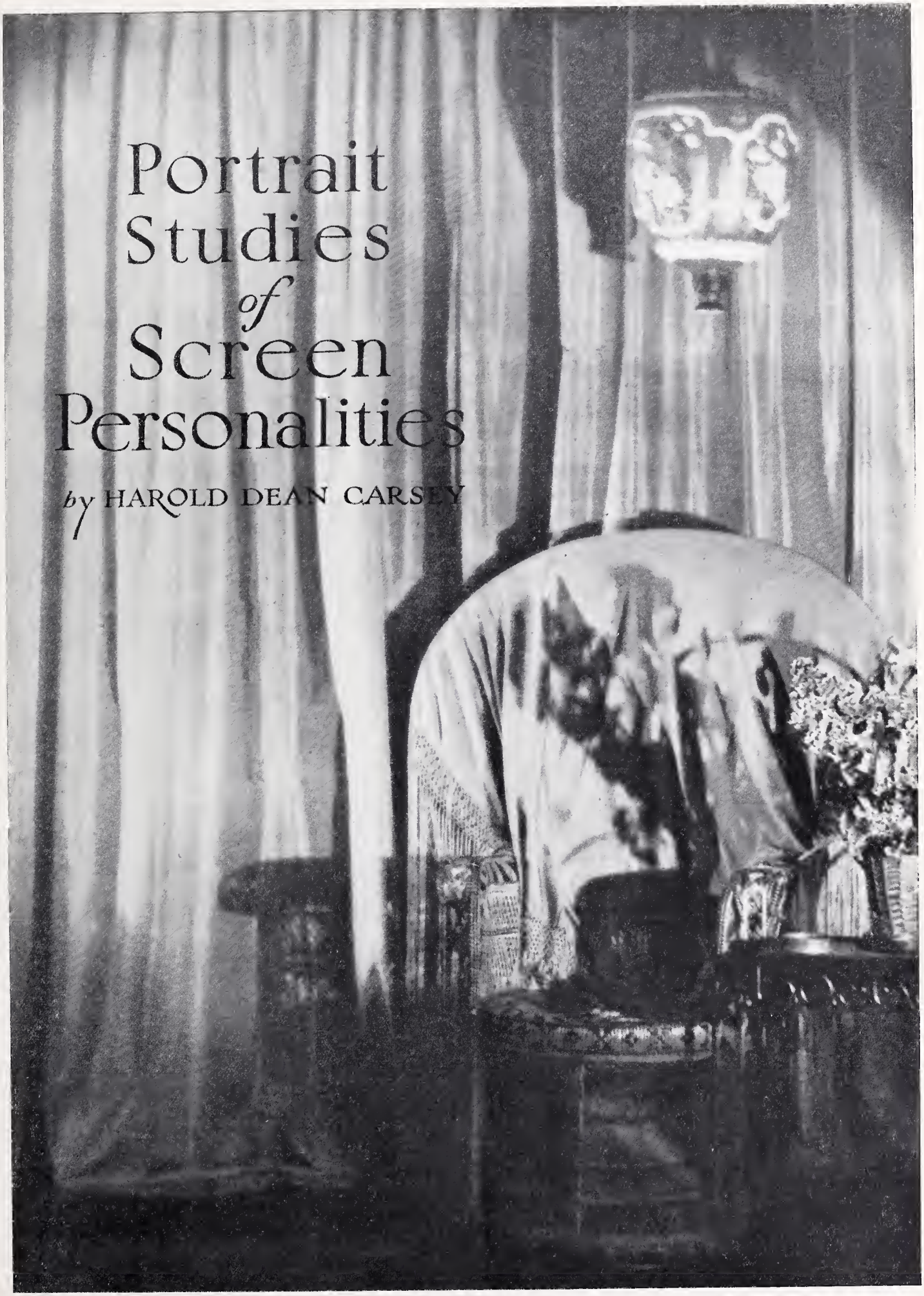
"Well anyway, Malcom St. Clair has proved our point again."

De Mille and "The Deluge"

PARTICULAR interest centers in the recent announcement from the De Mille Studios to the effect that, after a considerable expenditure of effort and money, all plans for the filming of the story of "The Deluge" have been abandoned to avoid conflict with the priority interests of another producing organization whose intention of filming a similar theme has already been established. It augurs well for the future of the industry when such a spirit of loyalty and co-operation is evidenced between producing interests who might normally be considered rival enterprises, particularly when it entails the loss of many thousands of dollars actually expended.

No Apology Necessary

ARTHUR JAMES' recent editorial comment in *Motion Pictures Today* that the screen needs no apology strikes a note that the entire industry can well recognize. The screen does need no apology. We have nothing to apologize for. Rather are we serving today a very definite purpose in the lives of men, educating and inspiring mankind as well as affording worthy entertainment for the relief of tired mentalities.



Portrait Studies of Screen Personalities

by HAROLD DEAN CARSEY

Clara Bow

That Clara Bow is capable of much more than just the typically flapper types she has hitherto portrayed is the opinion of Famous Players-Lasky who are grooming her for more ambitious roles.
—An unusual study by Harold Dean Carsey.

Margaret Livingstone

The increasing popularity of Margaret Livingstone in the Orient gives rise to the interesting speculation whether she would prove as fascinating in Oriental roles as she does as an Occidental vamp.
—Photo by Harold Dean Carsey.

Lilyan Tashman

There is something "different" about Lilyan Tashman that has brought her into popular demand among the studios, and while she is still under contract to Metropolitan, she spends much of her time on other lots.—Photo by Harold Dean Carsey.

Anita Stewart

Anita Stewart is always charming but here the camera has caught something more than just the classic beauty of her features, and has emphasized an appealing winsomeness that has always been so characteristic of her.—A study in portraiture by Harold Dean Carsey.

Jetta Goudal

For a long time Jetta Goudal was exceedingly conscious of her hands. Today at the DeMille studios, she is popularly referred to as "The Girl with the Inscrutable Face and the Expressive Hands."—Portrait by Harold Dean Carsey.

Florence Vidor

Upon the completion of "Love Magic," her first starring vehicle for Famous Players-Lasky, Florence Vidor will leave Hollywood, temporarily, for the Long Island studios of that company, where her next picture will be made.—Portrait by Harold Dean Carsey.

THE SAILOR WHO COULDN'T TELL A LIE

By Ed Earl Repp

I was down one day by the breezy bay.
Awatching the ships go by,
When an old tar said, with a shake of his head,
I wish I could tell a lie!

I've seen some sights as would jigger yer lights,
For they jiggered my own forsooth,
But I ain't worth a darn at spinnin' a yarn,
When it wanders away from the truth.

We were out on the bark, the Nancy Spark,
Full a league and a half at sea,
When Cap'n Snook, with a troub'ed look,
Comes an' he says ter me:

Bosun Smith, make haste forwith,
An' hemstitch yer spankersail,
Throw an accordian pleat an' a herrin' bone stitch,
For she's gwine ter blow a gale!

I straight way did as the Cap'n bid,
An' no sooner the job was through,
When a North wind cracked, took us dead aback,
An' mutterin' lights how she blew!

She blew the tars right off'n the spars,
An' the spars right off'n the mast.
Anchors an' sails an' kegs an' nails,
Went by on the wings of the blast.

The galley shook when it blew our cook,
Right out'n the larboard jim,
Pots an' pans an' kettles an' cans,
Went clatterin' after him.

The skipper shouted above the din,
An' the words blew right out'n his mouth,
It whistled a pace past the old man's face,
An' blew all the hair off his chin.

"Oh we're lost I fear, if the wind don't vere,
"An' blow right right up from the south."
An' the wind hauled 'round with a hurricane sound,
An' them words blew back ter his mouth.

She blew the tars back onto the spars,
An' the spars back onto the mast,
Anchors an' sails an' kegs an' nails,
Came back to the ship an' stuck fast.

She blew our cook from out'n the spume,
An' back into the galley's jim,
The hair blew back on the Cap'n's face
As he shouted above the din.

A waterspout 'rose off'n the larboard poop,
An' thundered an' whirled an' roared,
An' lifted aloft a ninety ton sperm,
An' dropped her, squirmin', aboard.

With whale in the hold an' not a hand lost,
We headed for home forsooth,
But I ain't worth a darn at spinnin' a yarn,
When it wanders away from the truth.

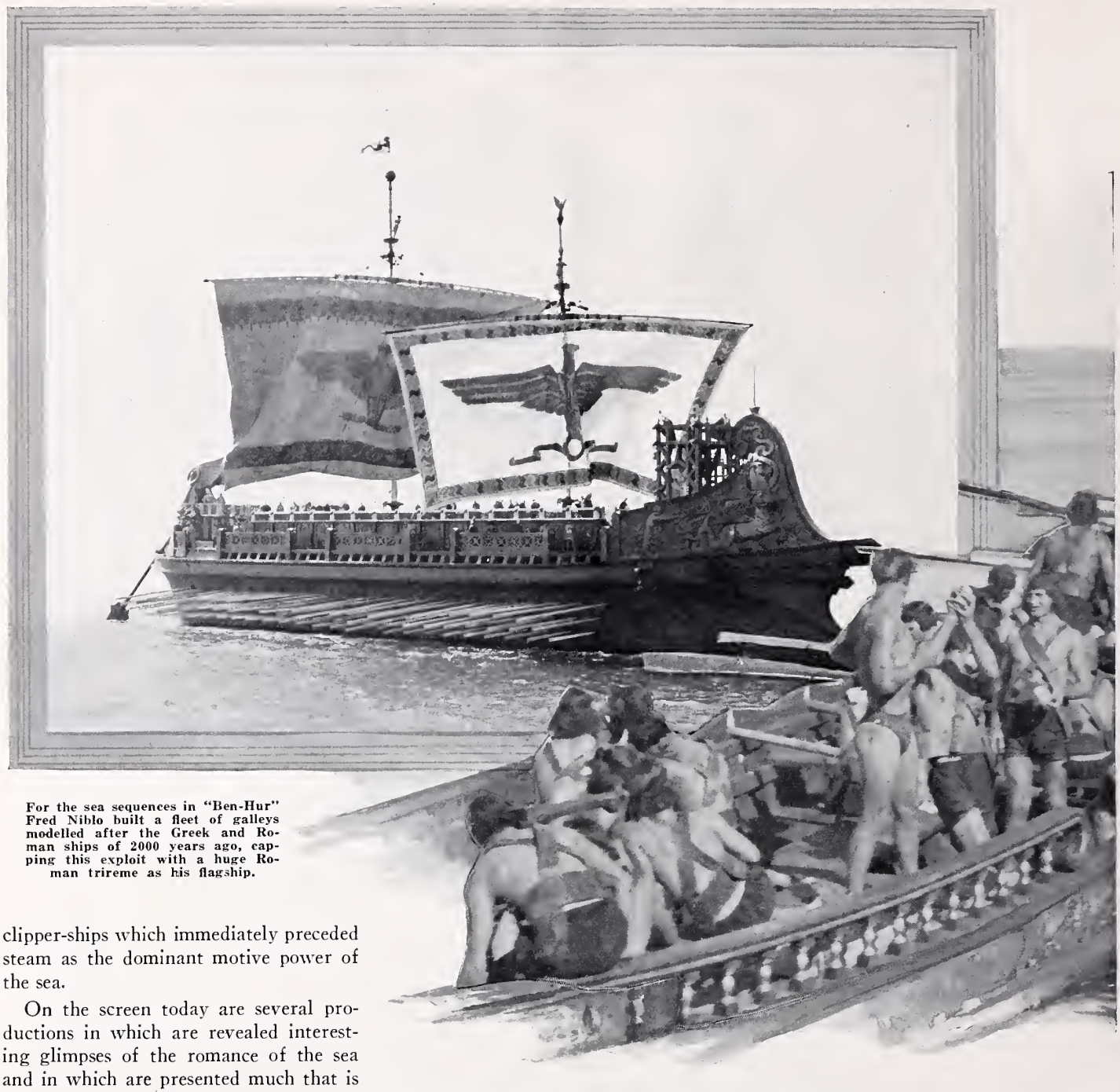
Down to the Celluloid Sea

by BERNARD A. HOLWAY

Illustrations by WALLACE WOODBURY

TOWERING above the tops of the low buildings that surround the Charles Ray Studio the masts and superstructure, the high built poop and upthrusting forecastle of the old Mayflower have been a constant reminder of the fascination and romance of the sea and the ships that have furrowed its waters since man first discovered that naval transportation was possible,—suggesting the intriguing possibilities of epic themes rivalling in magnitude those sagas of the overland trail exemplified by "The Covered Wagon" and "The Iron Horse."

Sea stories we have had in the past. Stories in which the realism of seafaring life has been well developed. But it has remained for the producing and releasing season of 1926 to develop to its full the possibilities of the sea and in productions now making or already released there have been created screen epics of the deep that in themselves constitute a saga of maritime progress from the early ships of the Mediterranean to the towering



For the sea sequences in "Ben-Hur" Fred Niblo built a fleet of galleys modelled after the Greek and Roman ships of 2000 years ago, capping this exploit with a huge Roman trireme as his flagship.

clipper-ships which immediately preceded steam as the dominant motive power of the sea.

On the screen today are several productions in which are revealed interesting glimpses of the romance of the sea and in which are presented much that is of genuine historic value.

Completed but not generally released is Douglas Fairbanks' colorful treatment of the Spanish Main in "The Black Pirate," and Joseph Henabery's thrilling production of "Shipwrecked," while now in production at the Lasky studio is Jimmy Cruze's historic spectacle, "Old Ironsides," and announcements are being made of the forthcoming production of "The Monitor and the Merrimac."

In all of these realism has been achieved to an unusual degree. Research departments have dug deep into the lore of maritime history for accurate facts and there has been developed in the studios a new type of construction engineer,—the Marine Technician; himself a deep-water man, a seafarer who understands the building of ships and how to man them.

For the genesis of our saga of naval affairs as represented by current production activities or released pictures, we have but to turn to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of "Ben Hur," one of the most interesting details in the production of which was the construction of faithful replicas of the old Greek and Roman pirate ships which infested the Mediterranean sea two thousand and more years ago.

These vessels were built after exhaustive research which involved translating descriptions from the original Latin, according to Buddie Gillespie, assistant art director at M-G-M who had charge of this detail, as well as a great deal of prowling around in the shipyards of Italy, many of which are still established on the same spot as was occupied by their forebears in the days of the Roman Empire. The actual construction was by Fratelli Neri, Italian shipbuilder. Nor were these mere studio craft, built for a few scenes and close-ups, but sturdily constructed vessels for which special timbers were shipped in from other countries—absolutely seaworthy, as was evidenced by the fact that all of them were rowed, as in the days of old, in all kinds of weather, from Ancio to Livorno, a distance of some two hundred miles.

After building a fleet of galleys, came the construction of the biremes and triremes of the Roman navy including the construction of the huge flagship with its triple bank of oars, its accommo-

In the long rowboat of "The Black Pirate" Doug has reconstructed a craft modelled very closely along the lines of the earliest of seafaring galleys.

The stages of marine development are marked by the galley, the galleon and the caravel. The galleon here shown is a reproduction of the ships that sailed the Spanish Main in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries.

dations for a large number of soldiers and its powerful beak for ramming the enemy ship. In every respect faithful reproduction was sought and on the screen today, in the sea sequences of "Ben Hur," an accurate and realistic picture of the naval craft of Caesar's day is presented.

The stages of shipbuilding are marked by the galley, the galleon and the caravel, says "Doc" P. H. L. Wilson, marine technician for Douglas Fairbanks and one of the best versed nautical men in the country. In "The Black Pirate," the galleons of the Spanish Main and the pirate ships in which Doug and his bewhiskered crew carry on gorgeously, touch upon the next highlight of maritime construction in the development of the galley with its chief motive force acquired in terms of man-power at the oars to its complement in the galleon with its multiple sails spread to catch the wind from every vantage point.

All told eleven ships or parts of ships, not counting fifteen 'tween deck interiors and a fleet of twelve small boats, were built under Doc Wilson's supervision. Of these five were seaworthy, not including the Llewellyn J. Morse, rebuilt for use in this picture as the mothership of the fleet and later completely remodelled by Jimmie Cruze as Old Ironsides.

In the construction of the pirate ships

With the dawn of the 19th century came a new trend in marine construction of which Old Ironsides was an early exponent.

and the Spanish Galleons has been created what is probably the most faithful and most accurate reproductions of marine craft of that period that has been seen on the Pacific ocean. Not only were the hulls fashioned with extreme care for accuracy of detail, but equal attention was paid to the rigging, and the bending of the sails.

The rigging was done by a crew of fourteen picked riggers, practically all of them Norwegians descended from the hardy Norse mariners from whom have come many of the most notable contributions to maritime construction and who developed fundamental laws that have been followed for centuries.

"On Doug's ships," says Wilson, "we used the tarred hemp of the galleon era for ratlines instead of the wooden or steel rungs of the present period. The galleon shrouds were kept in line by fair-load spreaders and crainlines such as the pirates used in those days. The blocks and tackles were equipped with wooden sheaves and the entire gear wrought by hand."

"Describing the galleon as differentiated from the galley or the rowing type of ship, Wilson says, "The sailing galleon was considerably larger in tonnage, designed with very blunt bows, much

The developments characterizing Old Ironsides found their refinements in the clipper-ships which immediately preceded the coming of steam.

heavier and deeper in body, with the greatest beam on the water line, and a decided tumble home extending along her topsides to her main and quarterdecks. Two other distinguishing features of the galleon were the high sterncastle and forecastle.

NOT all the adventure appears on the screen in these pictures, however, for in the making of them occurred many thrilling episodes that played no part in the pictures themselves but were sufficiently exciting to the participants. For instance in the making of "The Black Pirate" the Llewellyn J. Morse was nearly blown to sea with a crew of make-believe sailors and pirates, helpless in the face of a Pacific gale. Such was the force of the wind that mooring cables were snapped and the the old Morse was being driven before the wind when assistance came in the form of tugs.

In the making of "Old Ironsides" and "Shipwrecked," too, in order to get the storm realism that the pictures called for both Jimmie Cruze and Joseph Henabery deliberately searched for the worst storms they could find—and found them.

In fact from the very beginning the

(*Continued on Page 56*)

John Barrymore

"Let's make something different," said Barrymore after sitting for the usual round of poses—and they did, with the result that the camera has caught a certain quizzicalness of expression that is so characteristic of the man.—A study by Harold Dean Carsey.

DON JUAN

By FRED APPLEGATE

ONLY those moving picture people who have long regarded the theme of "Don Juan" with eager eyes could adequately explain why such screen material as this legend of the immortal amorist has until now remained unfilmed. The difficulties in the way of committing this vivid story to celluloid have been deemed by many as being well-nigh insurmountable.

Many have considered "Don Juan" for motion picture production in the past —have looked with envious eyes at the colorful possibilities it has possessed,— and so it is with more than just passing interest that the screen world is awaiting the premier of the Warner Bros. production as directed by Alan Crosland and with John Barrymore in the title role.

Perhaps the greatest problem that confronted the producers, next to finding an actor capable of creating the title role, was the modernization and vitalization of the story, which is laid in Spain and in the Rome of the latter part of the fifteenth century, during the hey-day of Pope Alexander VI and the ambitious, luxury-loving Borgias, who had broken Rome into two factions, the one comprising their supporters who appropriated the best of Italy's art and wealth to the maintenance of a perpetual carnival of political intrigue, fortune-hunting military expeditions, and luxurious entertainment; the other that of their enemies, those ancient families who refused homage to upstart authority and deplored the spoliation of their country for capricious self-gratification.

The one problem was solved by the solution of the other, for to "Don Juan," John Barrymore has brought that same creative genius that made his "Hamlet"—so successful in New York and London—human and understandable.

The reason for the unpopularity of so-called costume pictures, in which category "Don Juan" falls, is not so much the oddness of the costumes, customs, manners, and settings but the failure to quicken it into glowing life. The

characters in most costume plays are clothes-horses wearing clothes which are obviously costumes, thus dispelling the illusion. They are like jerking puppets instead of the living breathing men and women that they should be.

One must do more than build huge imaginative sets, hire mobs composed of a great variety of human types, dress them in the style of the period, and teach them its customs and manners, to make a great photo-drama. One must have a great story of universal and eternal appeal containing those touches of human nature which make the audience forget costumes, countries, and periods, makes it forget the theater in which it is seated, and so vitalize it as to transform it from spectators to participants.

Don Jose, a courtly, punctilious aristocrat is a perfect gem of Barrymore characterization.

"Don Juan" is a lavish and spectacular production but it is not its splendor that impresses one so much as its inherent vividness, virility, and vitality, much of which is attributable to the development of the story by Bess Meredyth, adaptress of "The Sea Beast," in collaboration with Barrymore and Alan Crosland.

Their "Don Juan" is obsessed at once

Barrymore as Don Juan and Estelle Taylor as Lucretia Borgia in the palace of the Borgias.

by a misconception and an ideal. Gifted with every grace and talent, he pursues his ideal with relentless energy. He is the very embodiment of his colorful age, when rapiers leapt as quickly and easily from their scabbards as glances from the eye, yet fundamentally he does not differ from the uncompromising young idealist of our own or any other age.

"Don Juan" really encompasses two dramas, the tragedy of Don Jose, the father, contained in the prologue and the near-tragedy of Don Juan, the son in the picture proper. Deeply atmospheric, the prologue carries one to

Mary Astor shares appealingly some of the spiritually fine scenes that characterize "Don Juan."

Warner Oland as Caesar Borgia, Estelle Taylor as Lucretia Borgia and Montagu Love as Donati.

the grim-gorgeous halls of a Spanish grandee's ancient castle. Don Jose, a courtly, punctilious, deeply natured aristocrat is a gem of characterization like nothing Mr. Barrymore has ever before attempted. His able support consists of Jane Winton, John Roche, Yvonne Day, Phillipe de Lacy, John George, and Helena D'Algy.

His father instilled in the young and impressionable Don Juan a distrust and contempt of women which is emphasized by his own observation of the bitterness and disillusion with which they have repayed his father's love and trust. Despite this seeming mastery of the illusions of life, the young grandee unconsciously harbored an ideal for which he began a constant and passionate quest with the completion of his studies and the coming of manhood.

Fabulously rich, comely, noble mannered, accomplished in the arts and graces of his day, he quite naturally gravitated toward Rome, where such gifts were best appreciated. There the Italian Renaissance at the height of its glory was blooming like a lovely voluptuous flower. Established in a luxurious palace, the hearts of Rome's fairest were showered on Don Juan like the full blown blossoms of a spring time cherry orchard.

Prologue and picture proper contain probably the most remarkable cast ever assembled in one photoplay. In support of Mr. Barrymore is seen Mary Astor, Estelle Taylor, Willard Louis, Warner Oland, Montagu Love, Joseph Swickard, June Marlowe, Phillis Haver, Myrna Loy, Nigel de Brulier, Hedda Hopper, Lionel Braham, Sheldon Lewis, Emily Fitzroy, Gibson Gowland, Gustave von Seifertitz, Dick Sutherland, Helene Costello, and Helen Lee Worthing.

Beside the dramatically strong and consistent structure Bess Meredyth has infused into the script details and "touches" which could come only from a thorough and intimate knowledge of the subject matter with which her extensive travels in Europe has rendered her thoroughly conversant.

With the completion of this picture Alan Crosland, also of European experience, gains the distinction of being the only director to guide the cinematic efforts of both John and Lionel Barrymore. His "Enemies of Women" starring Lionel Barrymore was a widely heralded success. His artistic, masterful, and efficient direction of "Don Juan" will place him in the very foremost rank of his profession. With every opportunity for the overemphasis of the luxury and splendor known to the trade as "production," he has made a marvelously well-knit picture, authentic, convincing, well balanced—and he has done it sanely, without waste, in the best narnative manner.

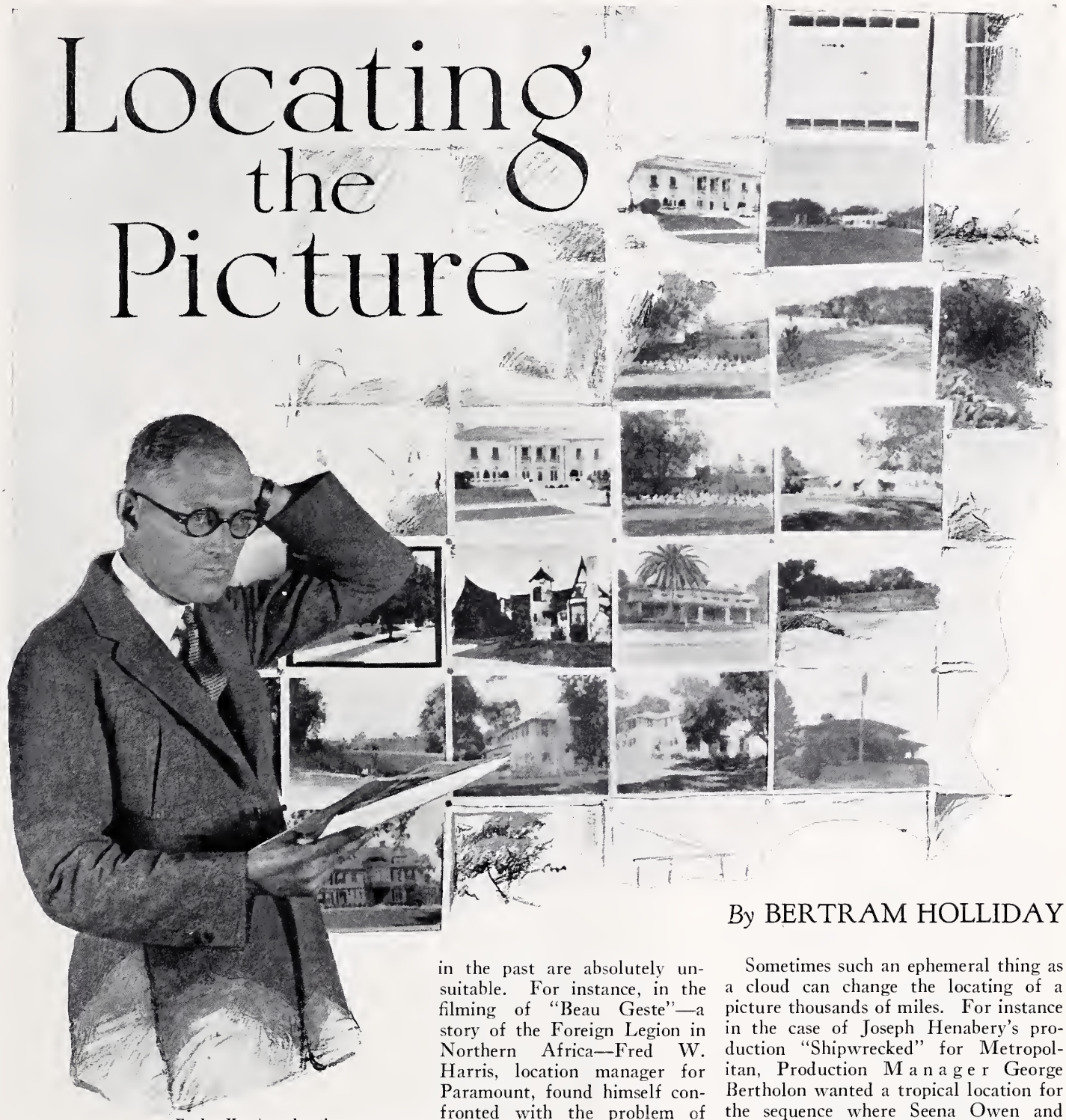
Only an artist of Europe raised and trained in the atmosphere of Paris, the stronghold of Renaissance tradition could have done justice to the scenic and pictorial possibilities of "Don Juan." Ben Carre has done more than that. With a long experience in the theater and the cinema, he has triumphed superbly in bringing to "Don Juan," through his sets, the genuine feeling of the period and the place they represent. With an uncanny skill and perhaps no little intuition he has so wrought that the backgrounds seem to partake perfectly of the moods of the scenes, changing as they change. Yet they do not intrude.

A good share of their effectiveness is of course attributable to the skill of Byron Haskin, whose splendid cinematography of "The Sea Beast" won so much favorable comment. He seems to etch his subjects surely but delicately with faultless judgment and consistency. The average audience little realizes how much their good or bad opinions of a picture are unconsciously shaped by the photography. One of the most beautifully filmed scenes ever flashed on the silver screen is the bacchanalian dance presented by the Marian Morgan dancers.

With stereoscopic vividness the cam-

(*Continued on Page 63*)

Locating the Picture



Fred Harris, location director for Paramount.

By BERTRAM HOLLIDAY

AS IN many other businesses, the most comfortable way of doing things is to follow the lines of least resistance, according to Jack Lawton, location manager for Universal, hence when requisitions come through for an ordinary winter scene, the temptation to designate Truckee is irresistable. Or if high mountains and rugged scenery are desired, Lone Pine is frequently selected. Both of these places are easily accessible and not far from headquarters.

More often than not, however, the problem is not so simple, and frequently the locations that have served admirably in the past are absolutely unsuitable. For instance, in the filming of "Beau Geste"—a story of the Foreign Legion in Northern Africa—Fred W. Harris, location manager for Paramount, found himself confronted with the problem of locating the Sahara desert within striking distance of Hollywood. There are innumerable patches of desert scattered around within reasonably easy access from Hollywood that have served in the past, but for such a production as "Beau Geste" not one of them would do. It had to be real desert and lots of it.

Frank Blount, who, as one of the production superintendents at the Lasky studios, works hand-in-glove with the location department, solved the problem by remembering that some thirty miles from Yuma, Arizona, on the California side of the line, there is a big expanse of the Arizona desert that met the requirements of the sketch that Herbert Brenon had brought from New York.

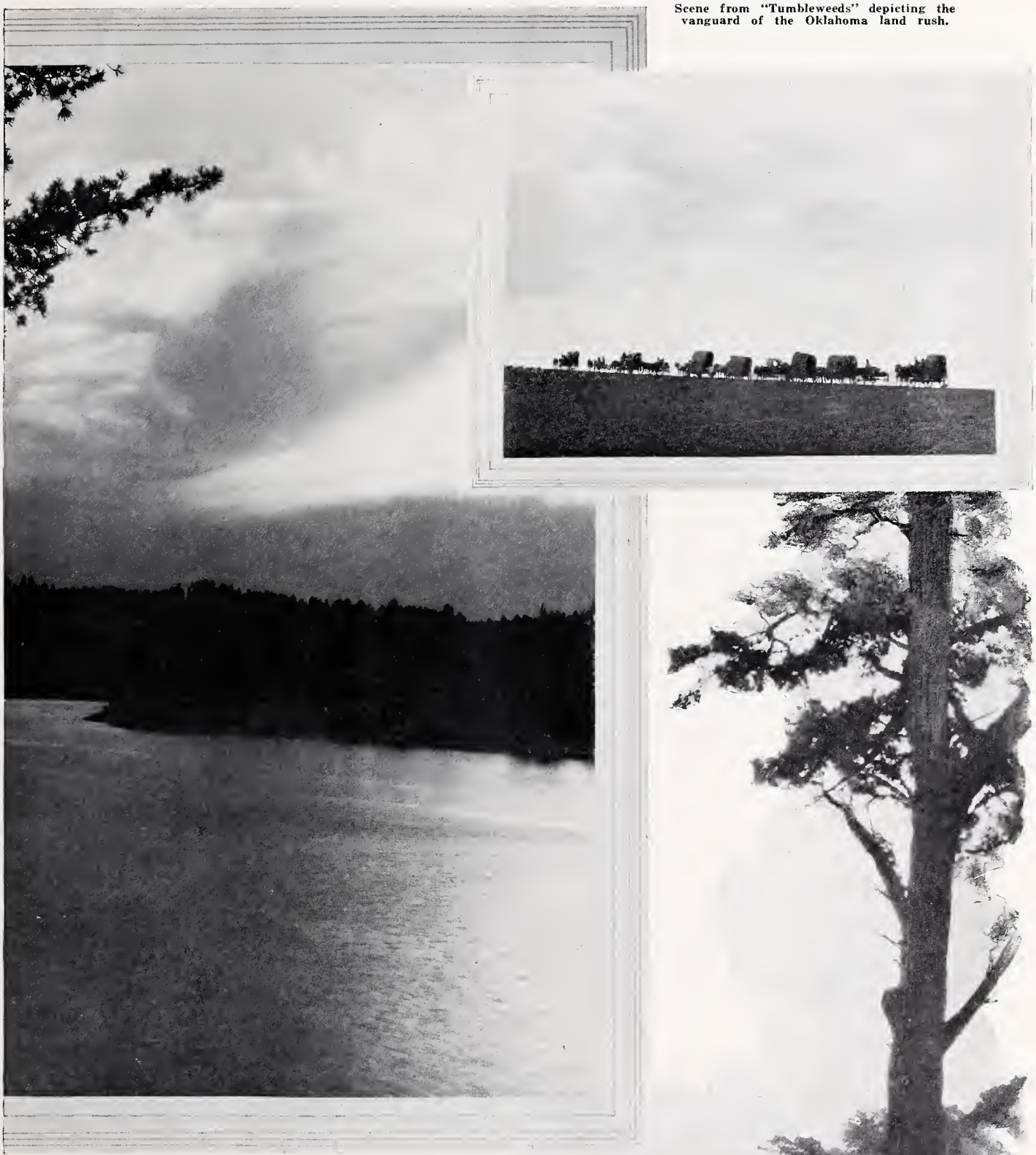
Sometimes such an ephemeral thing as a cloud can change the locating of a picture thousands of miles. For instance in the case of Joseph Henabery's production "Shipwrecked" for Metropolitan, Production Manager George Bertholon wanted a tropical location for the sequence where Seena Owen and Joseph Schildkraut are shipwrecked on a tropical island. The real tropics were out of the question, for the heavy rains prevented camera work. Location had been tentatively planned at some point along the Southern California or Baja California coast where tropical atmosphere is very evident, when word came of a spot in Mexico where, every afternoon, billowy white clouds appeared on every horizon. Major Robert Ross was dispatched to Mazatlan, Mexico, where he found conditions ideal, the rainy season over, cocoanut palms lining the shore and dense jungle growth inland with wild monkeys sporting in the trees. To Mazatlan went the "Shipwrecked" company secure in the know-

The Teton Range, Wyoming, from the Fox production "The World of Promise."

Left: Mount Shasta—Photo by Elmer Fryer. Center: Lake Arrowhead; storm clouds at eventide—Photo by Elmer Fryer.

ledge that there had been found for them just the location for the action of the story and, of equal significance, a spot that had never been used before.

The whole decision, however, was primarily based on the cloud effects for, strange as it may appear at first thought, a clear sky is the bane of



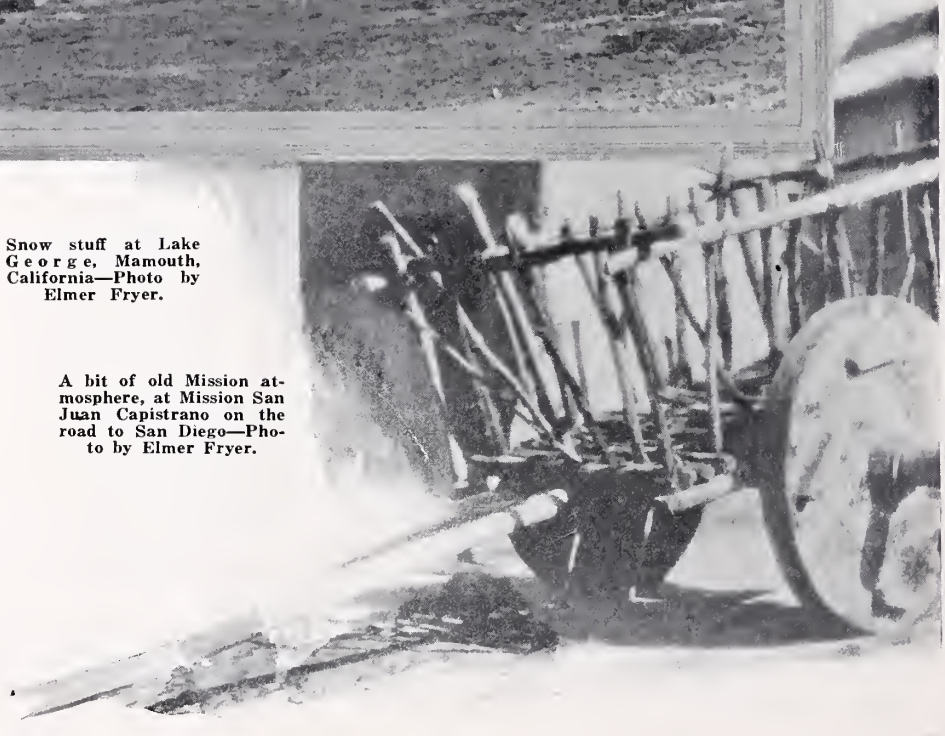
Scene from "Tumbleweeds" depicting the vanguard of the Oklahoma land rush.

Right: A scene at Monterey, California, from the Paramount production, "Padlocked."—Photo by Newton Hopcraf..

cinematographers. Clear skies photograph, flat and uninterestingly. But clouds! They make a picture a work of art, and add just enough of contrast to the background to make it interesting.

Finding the right location for the picture is in truth becoming one of the sciences of screen craft.

Snow stuff at Lake George, Mamouth, California—Photo by Elmer Fryer.



A bit of old Mission atmosphere, at Mission San Juan Capistrano on the road to San Diego—Photo by Elmer Fryer.

The successful location manager must be a fount of all knowledge, or at least he is expected to be, when it comes to meeting the demands of production managers and directors. He must be a geographical and historical authority. He must be more than a weather prophet for he is expected to be able to tell off hand what particular brand of weather will be forthcoming in any particular section of the country at a given time. He must be a railway passenger and freight agent combined, with his head crammed with schedules and tariffs.

Not only that but between the location manager and his ally, the production manager, all kinds of seemingly insurmountable obstacles must be overcome when the company is on location. Take the "Beau Geste" location in the Arizona desert. Not only did Frank Blount, as the production superintendent assigned to this picture, have to provide housing for 2000 men thirty miles from the nearest town and keep them there for three months, but he had to transport vast quantities of building materials, props and accessories across the shifting sands of the desert and up steep sand hills where a mule team struggled valiantly to carry a small load of camera supplies while tractors plowed their way half way up the shifting slope and then slid back as the hill slid with them.

Ingenuity must be on tap at all times and it's the production manager's job to get things done. After building a plank road for a mile and a half across the desert Blount found himself momentarily stumped. He was within but a short distance of the site selected for the fort and for the oasis which marked its location; but the last climb was too much. Finally he solved his problem with a little nature study. He observed the lowly centipede with its multitudinous legs, digging in and covering the ground. His caterpillar tractors could do it if they had legs. So paddle blades were fitted to the treads of the tractors and they dug in, hauling capacity loads up the steepest sand hills in record breaking time.

That was one problem. Another was water. Without quantities of it the camp was impossible. An eight-ton well rig was brought on a board track, a squad of men taking up the boards as

Snow scenes on Donner Lake near Truckee, California—Photo by Elmer Fryer.

the truck passed over them and laying them down in front, and thousands of gallons of water brought in the same way to serve until the well was functioning. In fifteen hours the drill struck water at 90 feet, continuing to the 153-foot level where a plentiful supply was found, meeting the demands of the camp for 50,000 gallons a day without showing an appreciable lessening of supply. However, the water thus found did not meet Blount's approval for drinking purposes and additional drinking water was hauled from Yuma daily.

Blue Fox Farm on the Island of Rocking Moon, Alaska. From the Metropolitan production "Rocking Moon." Below:—Lake Arrowhead, California—Photo by Elmer Fryer.

In making "The Ice Flood" Universal Pictures Corporation called on Jack Lawton for a great waterfall. He located the nearest available waterfall that would suit the purpose in Oregon and the whole company was transported to Klamath Falls, where some remarkably effective shots were obtained. In making "Uncle Tom's Cabin" it was found desirable to film the story in the actual places described in Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel. The Eliza scenes were taken at Cairo, Illinois, at the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. But, and a very large "but," the ice had already broken up when the company was ready to shoot, and Lawton had to find a substi-

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Summer Styles *in* Movieland

As Worn by Wampas Stars

Photographed expressly for
THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR
By Harold Dean Carsey

Dolores Costello, Warner Bros. star, displays this stunning creation in natural Japanese ermine, trimmed with red fox. Furs by Willard George, Inc.

Edna Marian in a sports outfit of white flannel skirt and wool sweater. By Ernest Swift, Inc.

Fay Wray, petite Universal player, in a Dobbs hat of bankock, and wearing a dressy sports outfit of heavy white crepe with an appliqued motif in dull brick-red silk. Apparel by Ernest Swift, Inc.

Joyce Compton, First National player in a silk coat embroidered in gold braid and lined with Kasha; with a flair as sponsored by Landin. Apparel by Ernest Swift, Inc.

Below: Margaret Morris, featured Paramount player, in a Beaucraft, boys de rose silk, two-piece sports wear with Dobbs hat to match. Apparel by Ernest Swift, Inc.

Dolores Del Rio, exotic First National star, wears with peculiar charm this white caracul coat trimmed with golden fox. Furs by Willard George, Inc.

Adaptations

By Allan Dwan

Illustration by Wallace Woodbury

THE advantages and limitations of the screen as a story-telling medium, as compared with the novel, short story, or drama, have formed a subject of endless discussion ever since motion pictures came into their own as an artistic medium.

Similarly the fact that a screen play, taken from a play or novel, varies in movement, action and often in plot details from the original version, without varying however from the theme, is another subject that is little understood outside of the technical circles of the motion picture world.

As a matter of fact it is the desire of producers and directors to adhere to the original plot and plan of a novel or drama as closely as possible, and at the same time have a workable *pictorial* story. But the written and pictorial mediums differ greatly—a fact that is never taken into consideration by the theatre patron.

A novel may be "strong" and deal with a somewhat unpleasant theme without leaving an unpleasant impression on the mind of the reader. It is a study of life, rather than a portrayal of it. This is due to the reflective quality that is possible in writing, and is due also to the deft shadings of language. An author can lighten his touch, can leave a hiatus, or he can describe mental processes or psychological situations.

But a picture must be *pictorial*. There must be something to photograph every minute. Something must take place every second. Action—and I do not necessarily mean spectacular or violent action—should be the essence of the screen tale.

The screen's possibilities are essentially narrative, and do not partake of reflective or introspective processes. The screen can't describe a situation. It has to *show* it, or else suggest it, partly by photography and partly by the use of words—that is, by a title. There is no way in which the screen can devote a reel or half a reel to the thoughts of the hero or heroine, the way a book can devote a chapter or two to the thoughts of its characters, their emotional and psychological reactions within the mind.

As a result, if a literal translation of a novel were attempted on the screen, in many cases a very different tone, in fact a different story, would be the result. The impression left on the mind by the screen play would be greatly different from the impression made by the novel. Unpleasant effects would be heightened to an impossible point, and a frank story handled in a deft way would become brutally vulgar if adhered to literally in its pictorial translation. This is because the screen methods are pictorial and visual, the appeal is directly through the eye rather than through the channels of thought. Pictorial art reaches a vividness of effect which a novel seldom attains.

In the novel Edith Gilbert is a talented singer. In the screen version of "Padlocked" Lois Moran portrays the part as a dancer, a part that suits her admirably and registers much more effectively on the screen.

To point out what I mean, let me use a frank example. A novelist may write a subtle story of a fallen woman in her surroundings, a story with the remorseless hand of Fate as its theme, and a sense of pity as its reaction. Let me ask you whether you could take such a story, scene for scene, surrounding for surrounding, event for event, and translate it literally to the screen without having a revolting picture, brutal and utterly repulsive to the picture-goer, and entirely lacking in the deft and subtle qualities of the author's written tale? It *is* quite possible to tell such a story subtly on the screen, but it would have to be done by using the screen's own methods, by changing plot and surroundings and scenes, even though the theme remained the same.

This emphasizes one phase of the

problem which is encountered when book material is considered for the screen. The illustration is purely general and represents a type of story that presents difficulties that are practically prohibitive of literal translation.

A more concrete illustration of the many seemingly insignificant items that crop out in the translating of a story from the one medium to the other may be found in the adaptation of Rex Beach's powerful preachment against the narrowness of reform—his latest novel, "Padlocked," which I directed for Paramount.

Florence Turner as Edith's mother, whose untimely death is brought about by her husband's passion for reforming the lives of others.

Noah Beery as Gilbert, the narrow-minded-bigoted reformer, with a mania for regulating the lives of those about him.

In the motion picture world it has long been recognized that Rex Beach instinctively writes in terms of pictures. Translation of a Rex Beach novel from book to screen involves few if any major changes such as so often have to be made in the works of some of our best fictionists. We all recall "The Spoilers" as a particularly vivid illustration of this point. Both in its earlier creation and in its more latterly screen presentation, the fundamental story is virtually unchanged.

So it has been with "Padlocked." Basically the story is screenable material. And yet certain changes

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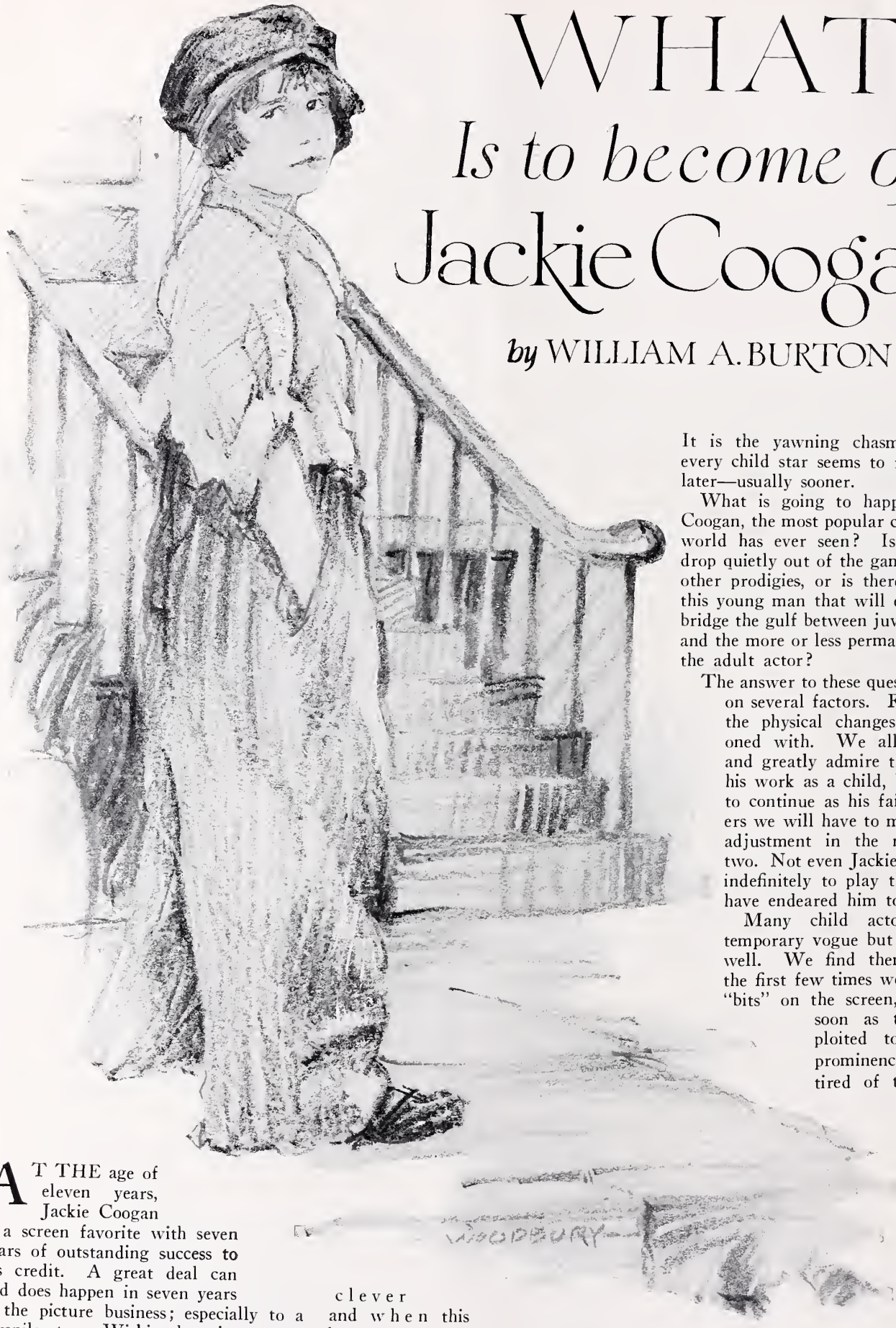
Below: — Louise Dresser as Mrs. Alcott—another of those unsympathetic parts that Miss Dresser handles so effectively.

WHAT *Is to become of* Jackie Coogan?

by WILLIAM A. BURTON



AT THE age of eleven years, Jackie Coogan is a screen favorite with seven years of outstanding success to his credit. A great deal can and does happen in seven years in the picture business; especially to a juvenile star. Within that time a cute youngster usually grows out of his cuteness and begins to discover that he has feet and knee joints, and wrists with hands dangling from them. Usually, too, the clever child learns that he is clever and when this happens the prodigy is ready for the oblivion of The Great Hiatus.

No, The Great Hiatus is not the title of a new production, neither is it the professional name of a new clairvoyant. It is the yawning chasm into which every child star seems to fall sooner or later—usually sooner.

What is going to happen to Jackie Coogan, the most popular child actor the world has ever seen? Is he going to drop quietly out of the game like all the other prodigies, or is there anything in this young man that will enable him to bridge the gulf between juvenile stardom and the more or less permanent status of the adult actor?

The answer to these questions depends on several factors. First there are the physical changes to be reckoned with. We all love Jackie and greatly admire the artistry of his work as a child, but if we are to continue as his faithful followers we will have to make a mental adjustment in the next year or two. Not even Jackie can continue indefinitely to play the parts that have endeared him to his public.

Many child actors enjoy a temporary vogue but do not wear well. We find them interesting the first few times we see them in "bits" on the screen, but just as soon as they are exploited to greater prominence we get tired of them. Most people like young things whether they happen to be a child, a forlorn pup, a stray kitten, or a wabbly yellow duckling. These "young things" always make a legitimate appeal to our affections, but it takes something more than an appealing immaturity to hold the interest of the fickle screen public over a

A great deal of interest has been aroused by David Belasco's announcement that he was preparing to enter Jackie in a novitiate for the study of "Hamlet."

period of seven years.

That Jackie has done this very thing is equivalent to saying that he has already defied precedent. How has he done it? Of course he has the advantage of unusually skillful management, but no degree of management alone would lift an ordinary child to the heights that Jackie has reached.

A great deal of money and ingenuity have been expended on the exploitation of dozens of cute youngsters during the past seven years, and one by one they have dropped out of the procession. Jackie is still going strong. What is it that he has that the average precocious screen child has not? The answer is—unusual

Jackie's next picture will show him as a typical American boy and with the golden locks that have so long characterized him in kid parts, shorn for all time. Tentatively the new picture will be titled, "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut."

intellectual and emotional resources. Jackie can think and he can feel, and he can express what he thinks and feels. And this comes pretty close to artistic genius!

His carefully planned travels, his personal appearances, and his hobnobbing with the great and near great have given him a poise that would be a credit to a veteran diplomat. The child has a natural grace and graciousness. In moments of repose one may distinguish in him a trace of that "sweet melancholy" that seems to be an inseparable attribute of the artistic temperament. By nature and training Jackie is wonderfully equipped for a permanent and prominent place in the field of histrionic art.

Can he continue to defy precedent, and retain his hold on his tremendous following when the time comes that he must abandon the roles he is now playing, and reaches the stage of "gangling youth?" Nothing short of genius could accomplish this difficult task, but there are veteran critics who declare that if it can be done at all, Jackie Coogan is the boy to do it. Harry Carr, whose predictions are regarded with more than ordinary respect by thousands who read his editorials, declares that he has seen every great actor of the past generation and those of the generation that is slipping away, and if genius is something that lies beyond the reasonable and accountable, then he knows of only two great genius' in this field of art—Charles Chaplin and Jackie Coogan.

To continue without a break from juvenile to adult roles there must of course be a gradual "shading" period when the greatest possible skill in the selection of screen vehicles as well as the most consummate art in direction and acting will have to be displayed. Whether this can be done, time alone will tell.

And now we have another line of thought opened up on the subject of what will become of Jackie. A great deal of interest has been aroused in

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His carefully planned travels, his hobnobbing with the great and the near great, have given Jackie a poise that would be a credit to a veteran diplomat. He is seen here with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Modern Joshuas

By CLARENCE A. LOCAN

IN THE breast of every great explorer is a sheer love of the difficulties he meets, and a great capacity for feeling the thrill of conquering them. The inventor, the scientific investigator, the engineer, the surgeon who succeeds in the face of difficulties knows the same love for the obstacles he surmounts, the knotty problems he must solve. It is these things that make such careers fascinating, all-absorbing.

Now consider the fascinating possibilities of a career wherein the problems met embrace all the world that an explorer may reach, and beyond; that include all periods of written history as well as the realms of fancy that take within their scope all the arts and sciences, and at the same time occupy a world of their own!

That is what the ever-new and ever different problems of motion picture production offer the director and his producing and technical staffs. Each picture presents a multitude of puzzles to solve, difficulties to overcome, inventions to make, explorations to launch in geography, history, literature, and the arts and sciences. Each succeeding picture—since the theatre patrons must have variety—presents an entirely different set of these tests of capacity and ingenuity.

Consider a few of the problems held forth by such an exceedingly well-known story, as Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." It would seem that this novel, aside from the fact that it deals with a past rather than a present period, would not offer unusual difficulties in transferring it to the screen.

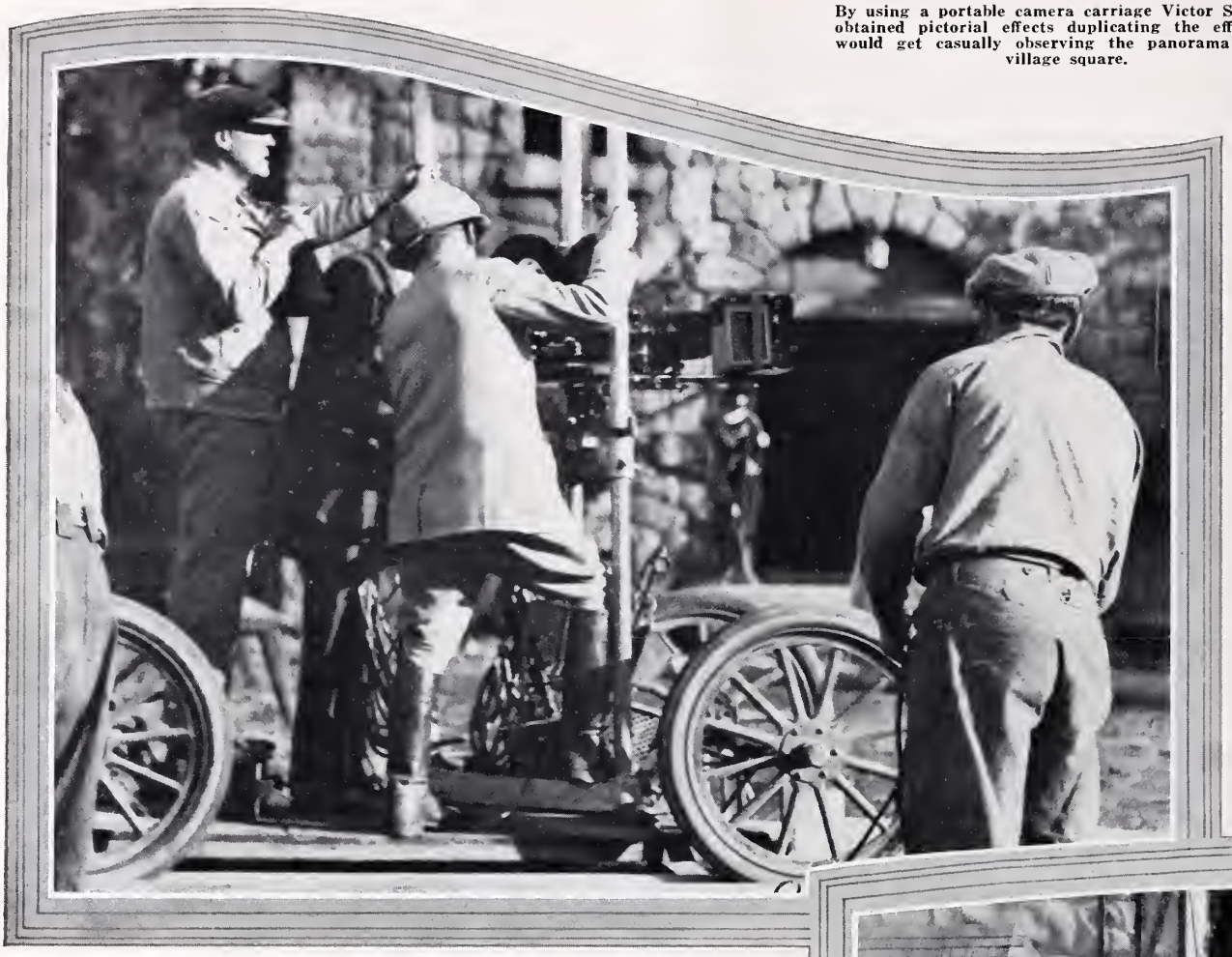
And yet, Nordic determination, a vast amount of American mechanical ingenuity and a flavor of Dutch scientific thoroughness as represented by the director and his aides have been tried to the fullest in giving this Hawthorne classic to the screen.

One of the interesting features of the production is the fact that "The Scarlet Letter" is laid almost entirely out-of-doors, in the woods, on the quaint market-place of an early Puritan settlement, and on the streets of a Pilgrim village. California weather, usually a hundred per cent clear, has its March and April showers, and it was in this uncertain period that production of the exteriors went forward.

To meet the weather man's prophecies, all the interior scenes to be used in the picture were arranged as "alternatives," to be taken on days when the weather forbade outdoor work, but this proved only a partial solution. Quickly formulated inventions and some very original expedients had to be employed to keep production moving according to schedule.

For instance, during the making of the dramatic scenes before the pillory, where Miss Gish as the heroine faces disgrace for the sake of her beloved, sudden showers threatened to interfere; the quick "sun showers" that drop from small, passing clouds.

Director Seastrom hurriedly consulted Lew Kolb, chief electrical engineer of the studio. A battery of "wind machines"—powerful aeroplane propellors with which hundred-mile artificial gales may be produced for filming cyclones and hurricanes—were wheeled into place, and trained so that the wind they would



By using a portable camera carriage Victor Seastrom obtained pictorial effects duplicating the effect one would get casually observing the panorama of the village square.

Recurrent sun showers threatened to interfere seriously with the shooting of the scene below until wind machines were brought into use driving the rain away from the set.

create swept above the actors some twenty feet or more. Then, whenever a "sun shower" came along, the wind machines were started, and the roaring but invisible gale they created blew the rain aside from the place occupied by the players and cameras. Thus, with the sun shining, and a barrage of wind intervening overhead, the scenes went forward without pause while rain clouds drifted by.

The use of colored lights to produce certain artistic lighting effects desired by chief cameraman Henrick Sartov gave rise to many odd expedients. In one series of scenes, where Miss Gish was photographed under this artificial, colored light, it was found that the star's make-up did not adapt itself to the chromatic rays. Brief experiments in changes failed to produce the desired results. Then Sartov had one of those inspirations from which inventions are born.

Ordering a sheet of copper burnished brightly enough to serve as a mirror, he suggested to Miss Gish: "Make up with this as your looking glass. I think that the reddish light it casts instead of the silver of the ordinary mirror will adjust our difficulty. When your make-up looks all right in this mirror, it should be all right when photographed under my colored lights."

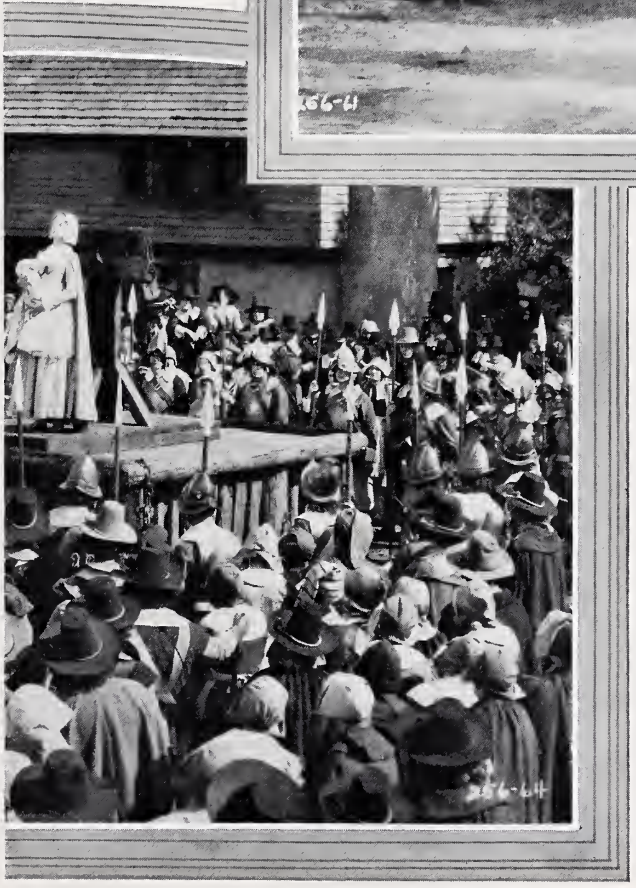
It was found that the mirror gave the results desired, thanks to Sartov's inspiration, his speedy ingenuity in applying it, and the lore concerning the properties of light that he brings to the screen from profound study of the subject in the University of Rotterdam, where he served as professor of physics.

Another application of blended lights of various qualities enabled Sartov to photograph all the "soft focus" scenes with Miss Gish without using the usual substitute for his sharp-focus lens. He had been searching for an expedient to take the place of the "soft-focus" lens for some time, as the latter tends to distort the image to some extent. His solution was the projection of certain light rays upon the scene; rays invisible to the eye but affecting the film in such a manner that a beautiful diffusion was obtained. In an equally ingenious manner, another set of close-ups of Miss Gish were given a very ethereal appearance through the use of a "singing arc," in which sound vibrations transmitted a quality of vibration to the light impulses themselves.

A remarkable photographic effect obtained in the sequence showing the Pur-

itan village, is that in which the camera stands as a spectator might in the middle of the square facing the village jail, and beginning here, sweeps, as the spectator would do with the natural impulse of looking over a place seen for the first time, the whole village in a comprehensive panorama.

The Scandinavian director accomplished the effect, by a relatively simple mechanical means, so that the camera could perform an almost complete circle as naturally as a person's eyes would do it,



"Filtered light" has been used extensively in "The Searlet Letter" to produce fog effects when there was no fog.

and without showing any undesirable motion picture equipment in the Pilgrim village. It was done by means of mounting the cameras and all the equipment on perambulators which ran on a smooth, curved track, and as the camera turned the track, over which it had run was removed so that they would not show in the scene filmed.

By a similar bit of daring imagination realized mechanically, Seastrom overcame what has often been held as an impossibility—to show the thoughts within a player's brain. Usually this is covered by a subtitle, an admittedly faulty method. But Seastrom shows the face of his leading man in several scenes, with the expression of deep thought that usually precedes the subtitle, and then instead of a written explanation "lap dissolves" into a scene that depicts the thought itself. So deftly is the trick accomplished that it in no way resembles the old, obvious "vision" or "retrospect," and yet it leaves no possible doubt in the spectator's mind as to the significance of what he is seeing; he seems literally to be glancing within the actor's mind. The director experimented with this idea some years ago in Europe, before he was brought to America by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization.

A fog that was needed when no fog was obtainable in the natural way, was achieved through another of Sartov's devices—the projection of invisible, interfering rays of light into ordinary sunlight by means of powerful arcs and filters. These interfering rays were totally invisible to the eye, but in the camera they photograph as swirling clouds and wraiths of fog.

One of the most interesting technical accomplishments of the picture was the filtering of sunlight. During February and March, the position of the sun changes appreciably from day to day.

This would have no significance if all scenes could be completed in a single day, but with certain very big scenes, which may take a week to film, although they occupy but a few moments when seen on the screen, the difference in light quality over a week's time is apparently sharp and exaggerated when condensed into the film running time. To combat this, in the case of filming "The Scarlet Letter," artificial lights were turned upon the actors through the sunlight, and from day to day these were adjusted by different thicknesses of gauze placed before them, thus keeping the sunlight "balanced," despite its natural vagaries.

Crashing The Gate

by CARROLL GRAHAM

"Dooty is dooty" and even Director Earle Sedgewick feels the weight of the gateman's hand.

The unauthorized person who gets inside the studio gate is a rarity despite the fact that Kennedy figures he scrutinizes 1874 passes every eight working hours.

KENNEDY jovially saluted the gentleman in the Rolls Royce sport car, and waved him through the automobile gate of Universal Studios. With almost the same gesture, or at least a continuation of the movement in which his hand had gone to his police cap, he collared a man who had attempted to scurry through in the wake of the car.

"See here!" he expostulated, "what's the use of trying to crash this gate twice in the same day? Don't you think I'd know you anytime during the next ten years, even if you grew a muff and wore a different suit?"

"I've got to see my friend Bill there, who just drove in!" cried the prisoner, in a voice at once indignant and wheedling. "I'd have got in through the Information Gate if he'd been in the studio. Now I want to catch him before he goes into his office. "Save a lotta grief by letting me in, old scout!"

"He knows you well, does he?" queried Kennedy quizzically, eyeing the well-dressed victim with a keen, good-natured gaze that took in all details and seemed to penetrate beneath the surface.

"Knows me! That's a good one. I should say he does. He wants to see me. But I'm in a hurry—"

Kennedy tilted back his cap and scratched his head, as though a bit hesitant and perplexed.

"Let's see—what does that fellow in the Rolls do here?" he asked.

"He's—he's the new production manager. Don't you know him?"

"Sure I know him, and his name isn't Bill, and he's not the new production manager! Now that I've told you, you don't wish to see him, do you?"

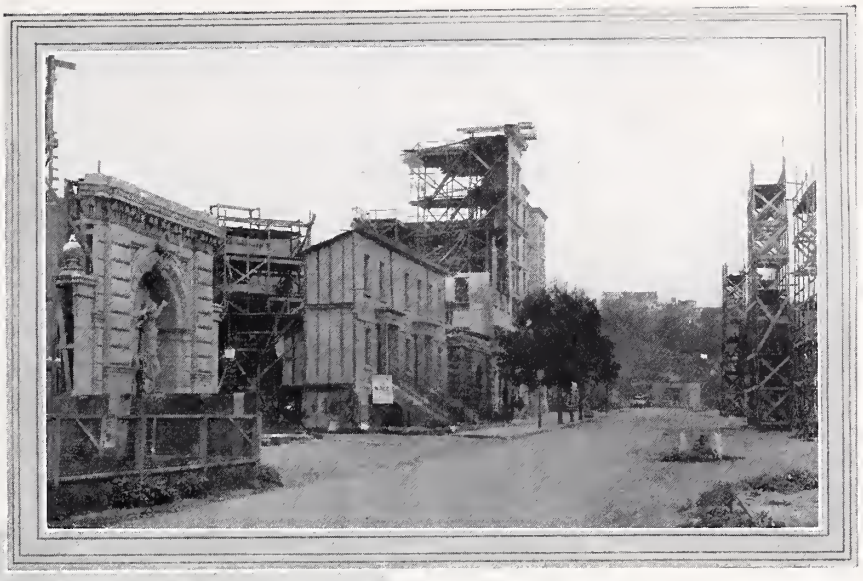
"I'll report you to the management!" declared the irate gate crasher.

"The best way to get the management's ear is through the Information Gate," said Kennedy as quietly as though he were replying to a polite inquiry. "First entrance to the right there. Now beat it!"

The gate crasher stalked indignantly

away. Kennedy waved a Ford through the gate with the same sort of gesture he had used to usher in the Rolls—he's nothing if not democratic—and turned to me with a grin.

"That fellow—" indicating with his thumb the direction taken by the gate crasher, "That fellow's just another one of 'em, different and yet the same. I don't know why they do it. Did you hear the crazy stall he put up? Can you figure why he tries to get out on the lot to get a job when the casting director's office is open to the street."



Here and there about the lot one comes unexpectedly on bits of realism that seem vaguely familiar, such as this deserted village street which, shot from varying angles, and filled with all kinds of people has been seen time and again on the screen.

An off-scene glimpse of the main studio street at Universal City. The sort of view that the visitor to the studio sees, but that never is seen on the screen.

Over on the back lot one picks one's way around a pile of weatherbeaten scaffolding, suddenly to emerge onto this bit of the old world.

"Nothing to his story at all, then?" I wanted to know.

"Nothing but words and air. Here comes another. He hasn't tried to get in before, but he's been getting up his nerve for some time. Stand by and listen to his line."

A shabbily dressed, slouching individual came up warily, his glance darting this way and that, his manner indicating considerable embarrassment. His eyes rested momentarily and nervously on Kennedy's uniform and badge, and I expected to see him shy away.

"Say," he began in a husky, confidential tone, "I got some private business with Mr.————, and he was goin' to send somebody out to the gate to bring me in. Guess he's forgot, and I can't wait much longer. Can you lemme in so's I can go and find him myself?"

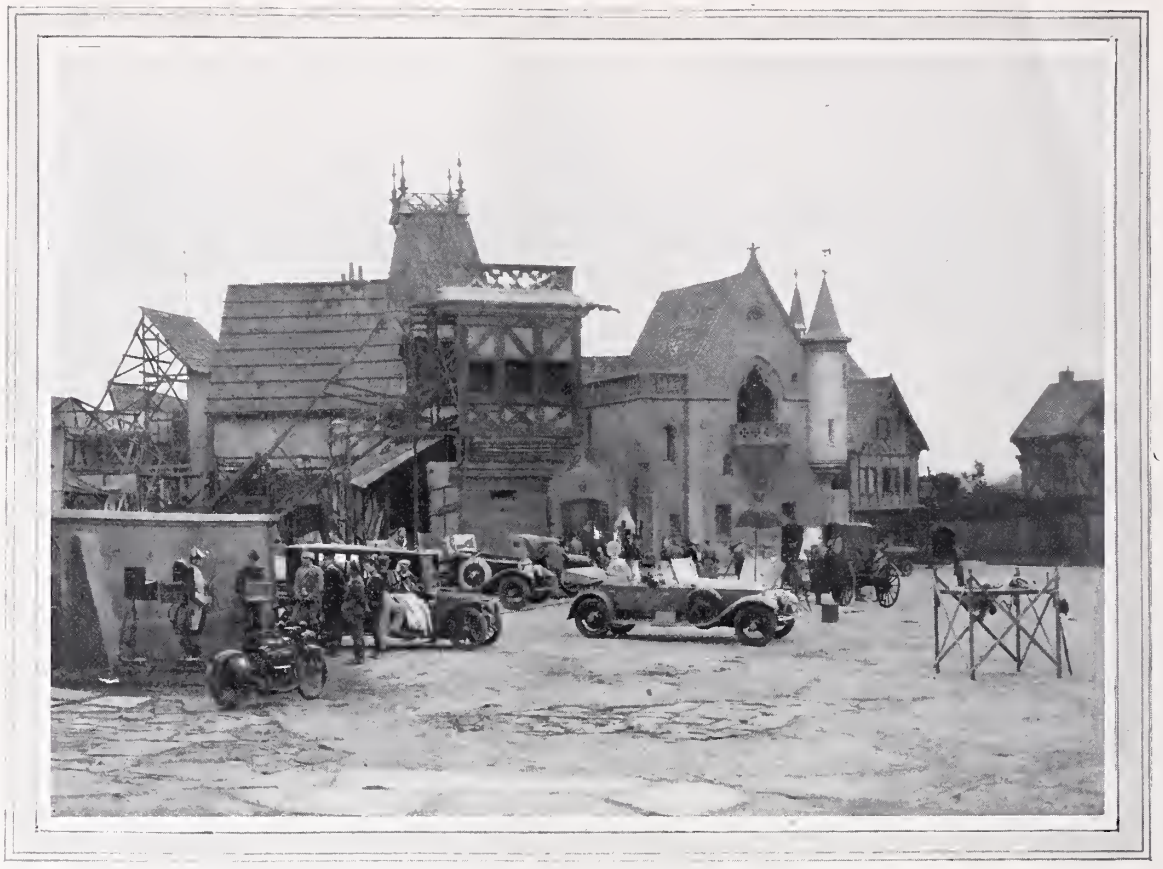
"Your time's valuable, hey?" Kennedy queried.

The mysterious one winked broadly. "Not so much, but this business I've got is very private, and he wants to see me as much as I want to see him. Let's go, eh, chief?"

"Sorry, but he didn't leave any word with me that he wanted to see his confidential agent, so you'll have to stay out!" said Kennedy firmly.

He of the uneasy glance said nothing, but walked swiftly away. A moment later a woman drove up to the gate at the wheel of an impressive car, with her nose figuratively turned skyward, her gaze beyond us. She tried not to see Kennedy, and came very near driving over him, but the figure of the law refused to budge from her path and the arm of the law was raised in a gesture that she had to heed.

"I'm coming for my husband!" she



No setting attracts more interest at Universal City than does the huge Notre Dame sets, one corner of which is shown here. At the time this shot was made Norman Kerry was making a scene in "The Love Thief."

said. "He's in conference with Mr. Laemmle. I was told to drive right in."

"A pass is necessary for everyone I do not know by sight, madame," Kennedy said politely. "However, if you'll park outside and telephone from the Information Gate, your husband can come out, or they can send someone to bring you in."

"Another fake?" I asked.

"I think that this one was real, but I'd rather be fired for doing my duty than for not doing it!" quoth Kennedy axiomatically.

"In fact, it's the real ones I don't know, rather than the fakes, who bother me," he confessed. "There are a lot of people who say they are theatre owners, or that they represent newspapers or magazines. Now naturally Universal wants to treat all the theatre-owners cordially, but they come here by the thousands, and they can't all be exhibitors! So I have to stop them and check on 'em. And the newspapermen—Lord! There can't be more than a few thousand of 'em in Los Angeles and environs, but it seems like they come here by the hundred thousand."

MANY people find it difficult to understand why visitors in general must be kept from the studio lots. They are not barred because of any mere whim or desire to be exclusive on the part of the producers; if it were possible to admit them, on the contrary, the heads of the film companies would consider it very effective advertising. Nor is it due to the temperament of stars or directors, but rather, to the number of people who would have to be admitted if the gates were opened to all.

The crowd that, in spite of discouragement, daily seeks admittance at Universal City, for instance, would fill the studio and crowd out the workers. But even supposing that visitors would not flock to the studios as to a circus, block all the traffic and stop all the work, the presence of a very few of them around stages would be very costly to the producers. Motion picture players and directors are working in a delicate, tricky medium, doing one scene at a time, and the scenes themselves are jumbled in story sequence, while the surroundings are not at all inspiring. Add to these handicaps the presence of morbidly curious spectators who do not know what the actors are doing and therefore cannot follow them in thought and sympathy as the audience of a stage play does—and the work of the staff and players is seriously impaired. But—as Kennedy went on to say:

"When I think a man has legitimate business inside the studio, I'm careful to investigate and let him in, after I've made sure. But it's my specialty, vocation and avocation to keep out miscellaneous visitors, pests, bootleggers and other annoying or shady customers."

Kennedy spat reflectively, let in several comers afoot and in autos with a careless wave of the hand, and continued his dessertation.

"My acquaintance in every branch of pictures and among all the folk who have contact with the studios, and my faculty of remembering names and faces, are my salvation. I seem to have a talent for remembering people, and a man never needed it more than I do. My work isn't very hard, but it becomes tiresome and gets on one's nerves. But I'm willing to be courteous and obliging to everyone who wants to get into the studio—until they try to get hardboiled with me. Then I have to come back at 'em in kind—"

I have no doubt that Kennedy could come back at them in kind when they do get "hardboiled." He's that type of man—one of the best-natured, most patient individuals in the world, but the sort that it doesn't pay to bulldoze. And there's really no way of getting around him. He's enduring as well as obdurate, for after over a year as gateman of a motion picture studio, he still has a lively sense of humor.

Kennedy, the Cerebus, Scylla and Charybdis combined, of the Universal Studios portals, has been in the employ of that company for about five years as a member of the police force, a captain of "mobs," a studio guide, and a specialist in many capacities.

This is not the story of Kennedy, however, but of the unbelievably large army of humanity that he daily observes coming into its first contact with a motion picture studio and motion picture folk. It occurred to me that the rest of us who have served our time around

(*Continued on Page 76*)

The Lower Middle Class In Hollywood

By James Lewis

Illustrated by Jack Collins

Oscar

OSCAR WHAT'S-HIS-NAME is a gateman at Ultimate Pictures Studio. Oscar came out from Nebraska some years ago to start a chicken ranch at Whittier but they hit oil right in the middle of his Rhode Island reds.

As luck would have it Oscar was only leasing the land which he might have bought for $575 an acre before they struck oil. He can tell you about that now.

Oscar's chickens got scattered somehow during the oil excitement and Oscar decided it was a good time to go into the movies. He had been thinking of it for some time. A Nebraska friend of Oscar's had once played in a Charlie Chaplin comedy and he said Charlie had made a lot over him. It was, in fact, Oscar's friend's foot that Charlie had tripped over in "A Day's Outing." Oscar's friend said he felt pretty important when the camera boys took a close-up of his foot. It just went to show what a kick you can get out of life in California.

Oscar says it was a Twist of Fate which got him to work on the gate when he really wanted to be an actor. It seems that he went to the wrong window and almost before he knew it they had him rigged out in a swell uniform with red braid. He thought they were going to take him before the camera but instead they sat him down outside a gate.

"This is Mr. Seligman's private gate," they said. Don't let anybody else crash it."

When Mr. Seligman comes up the driveway in his imported car Oscar leaps to his feet, touches his fingers to his cap and opens the gate. Mr. Seligman doesn't do anything. Then Oscar closes the gate.

"It was really quite a joke on me," says Oscar, "but maybe it's all for the best."

Alexanda Lightfoot

"THE train comes through the pass, see? We got two boxes turning to catch Morgan when he jumps off the last coach." It is important that he jumps, see, because if he loses his nerve the sun will go down and it will be another day before we get back to Los Angeles.

"Ollie Hines who is on the first camera says, 'I don't think that ham will jump and if he don't I would like to sock him with my tripod on account of it taking two hours to get this here set-up with back-light and everything.' 'Why don't you think the ham will jump, Ollie,' I says. 'Because I don't, that's why,' says Ollie. 'Mebbe you will get another think, Ollie,' I says, 'when I tell you I got the brakeman greased for a five-spot so when the train gets opposite the bank if Morgan don't jump the brakeman is going to push him off.' 'That's different,' says Ollie. 'Now you're talking.'

"When you are making a horse opera you ain't got no time to monkey with artistic temperament, see? If Morgan don't jump it means another night at the Metropolitan Hotel with cakes and coffee for seventeen and a day ride in off the desert instead of night.

"'It wouldn't be no trick at all,' I says to the brakeman at Desert City, 'for you to sneak up behind this ham and if he hangs back to give him a good stiff poke or mebbe a kick in the slats.' 'What if he got killed?' says the brakeman. 'It won't make no difference,' I says, 'we got all the scenes in the box except this last one.'

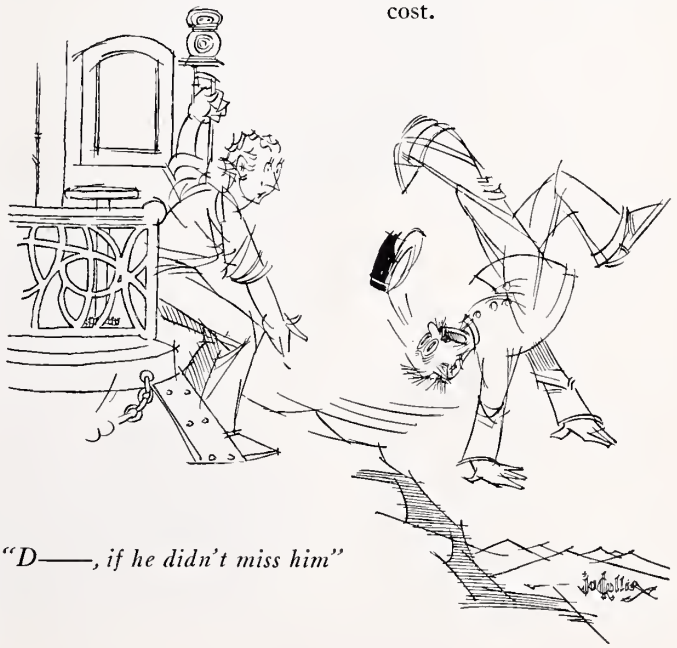
"The brakeman, who is hardboiled, finally agrees he will give Morgan the air if Morgan don't take it hisself, the camera set-ups is all jake, and we got the train timed so Patricia Twogun will be riding by when the ham takes his Brodie, see? It looks like we can't boot it.

"Pretty soon the train comes along and we can see the ham ain't goin' to jump. He is hanging to the hand-rail on the last coach like he is glued. So Ollie Hines yells, 'Jump, you big stiff, jump!' Just then we see the brakeman and he draws his foot back and takes a good swift kick at the ham, see? But I'm damned if he don't miss him, lose his balance and fall off the coach hisself.

"'Camera Ollie, camera Joe!' I yell quick as a wink and when the brakeman come rolling down the cinder bank we get about a hundred feet of good action with the train disappearing in the distance. Patricia Twogun is wise there is a bone somewheres so when she rides up to the brakeman for her bit she keeps the horse between him and the camera. With a new title and some work in the lab we got a scene just as good as if the ham had jumped."

Alexanda Lightfoot is a producer of those breezy, western films which are professionally known as the "horse opera." While he maintains a small office in that section of Hollywood Boulevard which is variously known as Poverty Row and Suicide Alley his regular address is the Great Out Doors. Generally the Mohave Desert.

Alex has but a single boast. He never made a five-reel western that exceeded $5,000 in cost.



"D——, if he didn't miss him"

Hell-Bent

By Fred

IT IS with themes of the rugged simplicity of "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" that J. Stuart Blackton has made his finest and most popular photoplays.

Gloriously nude of colossal settings; devoid of legions of extras, and developed to the zenith of dramatic interest through excellent acting, intelligent direction and the deft cohesion of situations, this screen veda of the Carolina mountains will undoubtedly achieve its due mark as one of the outstanding film hits of the year.

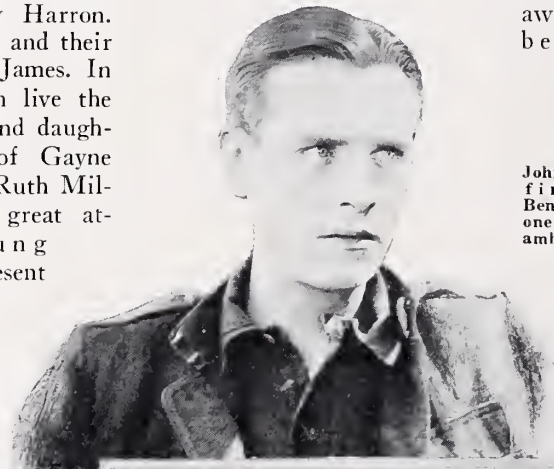
"Hell-Bent fer Heaven" could very easily have become the most lurid type of melodrama on the screen; fodder for tin-pan nickelodeons. Adherence to the spirit of the Hatcher Hughes Pulitzer Prize play, and complete sympathy for and accord with the characters enacted on the part of Commodore Blackton, has definitely erased any touch of the cheap or tawdry in the motion picture venture.

In tempo this picture has a poetic allurement strangely combined with a primitive savagery of movement. This is best illustrated in the performance of Gardner James as the simple-minded and destructive force in the picture. His is a character at once malevolent and pathetic. A sensitive youth just past his teens; of slight, almost frail, build; crowned with an unruly shock of yellow hair; of drawling speech and shiftless gait, and constantly poring over a well-thumbed copy of "Pilgrim's Progress," from which he issues sudden innuendos of impending doom to the wicked (as his warped mind sees them) hill-billies of undying feuds; obsessed by the desire to bring "relijin" to the mountains, he moves through the picture as an object of undeviating interest. Undoubtedly James' performance is the outstanding hit of "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" and will mark one of the highlights among the year's screen performances.

A love interest of tender beauty, built up by Patsy Ruth Miller and Johnny Harron, is interspersed with a sinister vein of jealousy and hate maneuvered by Gardner James, the ensemble building into a climax of action and thrilling drama that has had few parallels in photoplay annals.

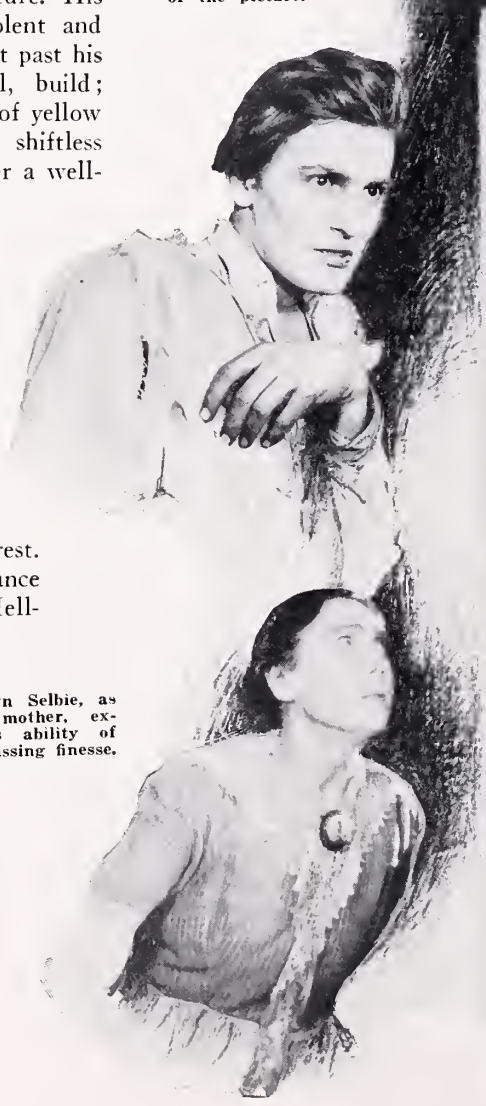
The story of "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" concerns the Hunts and the Lowries, neighbors in the skyland of the south. The mother and father are enacted by Evelyn Selbie and James Marcus, whilst the role of the son is played by Johnny Harron. These are the Hunts; and their hired man is Gardner James. In the neighboring cabin live the Lowries, whose son and daughter in the person of Gayne Whitman and Patsy Ruth Miller, have formed a great attachment for young Hunt, who is at present away in embattled France.

The young hired man has always regarded the Lowrie girl with more than passing interest. During the time young Hunt has been away he has been pressing



Johnny Harron finds in "Hell-Bent Fer Heaven" one of his most ambitious efforts to date.

Gardner James as the simple-minded destructive force of the story is one of the outstanding features of the picture.



Evelyn Selbie, as the mother, exhibits ability of surpassing finesse.

A love interest of tender beauty, built up by Patsy Ruth Miller and Johnny Harron, is interspersed with a vein of jealousy and hate maneuvered by Gardner James.

Fer Heaven

W. Fox

his attentions in the hopes her affections will be switched to him. The opening shots of the picture show this in a very subtle treatment.

The sudden return of the boy from war disrupts the well-laid plans of James. The fires of hate and jealousy are kindled anew when the girl welcomes him home in jubilant ecstasy. When the now sullen hired man sees the great welcome extended to the returned hero by the girl's brother he smirks to himself with glee at the thought of a plan for revenge. When the others have passed outdoors he calls the likker-lovin' Lowrie upstairs to his room for a nip o' moonshine; explaining the while that although he doesn't believe a man ought to touch likker, yet he never could see why he should stand in the way of a man who really wanted a drink. When he has thoroughly impounded sufficient of the virulent hooch into the now boisterous Lowrie, he proceeds to poison his mind against young Hunt by declaring that "the young fellow doesn't mean well toward your sister." From that point on the routine of slowly building up a spirit of distrust and hatred in Lowrie against his sister's sweetheart develops with pleasing naturalness.

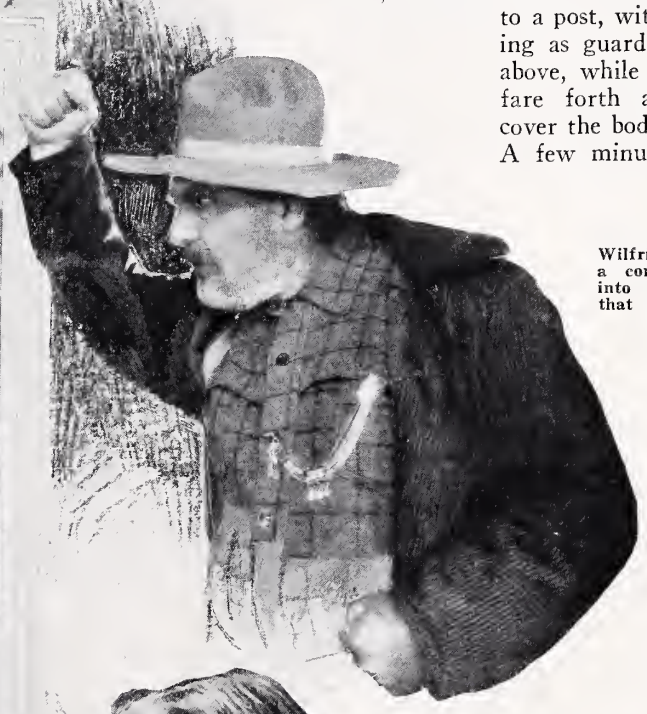
Hunt offers to ride a bit down the road with Lowrie who is enroute home. This the brother gladly accepts as a fortuitous chance, and the two ride off together. Shots are heard later down the road and soon the riderless horse of the son comes galloping back into the Hunt yard. The father and his brother, also living there, grab their rifles from over the fireplace and start out after Lowrie.

The miscreant is soon brought back and, taken down into the cellar, is tied to a post, with James acting as guard at the door above, while the avengers fare forth again to recover the body of the boy. A few minutes later the

James Mareus as the father.

Lillie romps through the picture playing a dramatic role exceedingly well and calling much attention to herself.

Patsy Ruth Miller as the girl—a wistful and endearing heroine, imbuing her performance with charm and realism of a distinctive order. This picture will do much for her.



Wilfrid North injects a consistent realism into his delineations that is always convincing.

Gayne Whitman, a looming screen favorite, does very well in a difficult role.

Hunt lad appears in the doorway, much to the consternation of James who believed him dead. He tells him that his father and uncle have gone after Lowrie. When Hunt wildly asks him the location of the nearest phone he tells him of one located in a cabin just beneath the big dam down the canyon. Hunt rushes out and away down the hillside. A few minutes later James follows in the same direction.

It has been the hired man's practice to dynamite fish in the river. He now takes several sticks of the explosive to plant against the dam. In the resultant destruction of the wall, a mighty torrent of water rushes down the canyon and engulfs with one mighty swirl the little cabin where Hunt is phoning. With a roar and rumble the flood pushes down the canyon. After a prolonged and terrific struggle, the young fellow frees himself through a window of the upturned floating cabin and plunges into the cold whirlpool. Finally reaching his own stoop he rushes in and sees James, sitting at the top of the cellar stairs, giddily muttering from "Pilgrim's Progress" to somebody in the cellar recesses. Learning that Lowrie is captive down there, Hunt throws the half-wit aside and rushes downstairs. Grinning malevolently to himself, the lad at the top of the stairs pins the door down behind Hunt. The two are now imprisoned in a dark, damp cellar where the line of water from the flood is gradually rising.

The fury of the flood rises in a terrific crescendo. It is here that Blackton has secured one of the most effective and overwhelming scenes of any of his pictures, and of any pictures, for that matter. By kaleidoscopic flashes of flood scenes he has built up the dramatic climax to the zenith of thrills.

From here on to its finish it is a thing of life and action. No compromise has been made with artificiality. The flood scenes are as realistic as the screen will ever get. If for nothing else, "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" will live because of its flood shots.

To give a concise description of "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" and do it even partial justice is impossible. One has to see the picture to appreciate the foregoing in the least; for what I have said is merely a vague outline that limited space holds us to.

Johnny Harron finds in this picture one of his most ambitious efforts to date. A most promising young actor, he has heretofore been sadly handicapped by a lack of the right kind of parts. In this he has a role of tailored proportions. The amusing pantomime where he describes his bayoneting adventures in France to the home folks is an achievement of no small measure.

Harron gives his role warmth and naturalness by excellent restraint from heroic gestures and attempting impossible feats. A clean-cut, alive and alert young man, he plays his part with admirable zest. His scenes with Patsy Ruth Miller are charming; his scenes with Gardner James are arresting.

Evelyn Selbie exhibits ability of a surpassing finesse. Her portrayal of the mother is, as we would visualize a mother in any part of the world, irrespective of situation or location. It has been a silly credo of motion pictures that scenes depicting a mountain mother must be replete with tobacco chewing, pipe smoking, likker-drinkin', cussin' and whatnot. As a matter of fact mothers are the same the world over and the refreshing and glorious, not to say realistic, touch of the mother in "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" must be accredited to the talent of Evelyn Selbie and the everlasting pioneer spirit of Commodore Blackton.

In his scenes with Gayne Whitman, Gardner James develops some of the most interesting bits of character delineation the screen has seen in a long time.

Gayne Whitman, a looming screen favorite, does very well in a difficult, if not unsympathetic, role. Blackton has given him opportunity aplenty here to present a versatile aspect. There is a certain pathos of expression, a sorrowful melody to his work even in his moments of unpopular and villainous situations, that is sure to elicit the interest of the picture-going public.

As for Patsy Ruth Miller, I am at a loss to say anything comprehensive. That this picture will do inestimable good for her in her stride toward stellar prominence is certain. A wistful and endearing heroine, she has imbued her performance with charm and realism of a distinctive order. The best tribute that could possibly be paid to her, and the tribute that will mean the most to her as an individual and in her professional capacity, will be paid by the audience leaving the theater after viewing "Hell-Bent fer Heaven."

Marian Constance Blackton has written her script with fidelity to the original and with sympathy for the ideas of Hatcher Hughes. Many other scenarists would be inclined to "elaborate" on the original and instill "box-office" angles." Such treatment for "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" would have made it absolute trash. By conscientious and unpretentious labor this young lady has slowly worked toward a place in the sun that is not far distant.

Every so often the photoplay produces an epochal epic. During the past

(*Continued on Page 63*)

COMPELLINGLY beautiful,—the creations of The Atelier command attention and envy wherever they are seen. Celebrities of Screen and Stage —discerning women everywhere acclaim their loveliness and charm. Their prices, too, are decidedly tempting.

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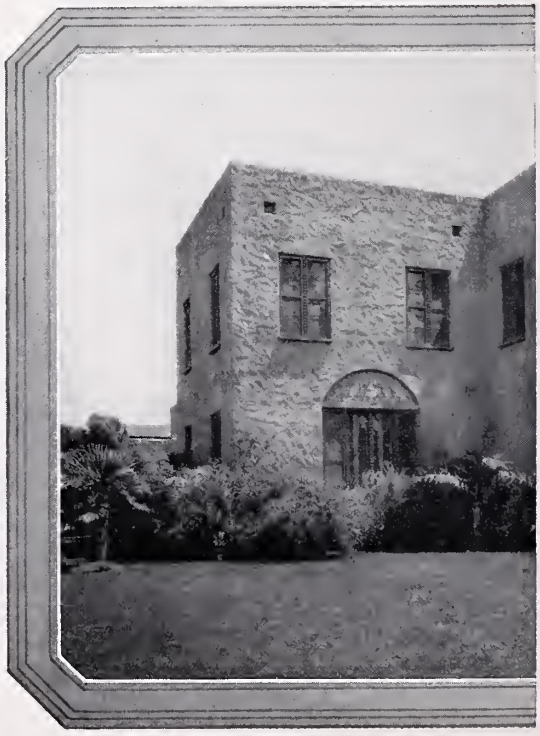
BEHIND THE PORTALS

HOSPITALITY:—*Gleaming Italian walnut against a background of soft blue and old gold. Wondrous chair fabrics enhanced by hangings of burnt orange velour and hand block linen. A deep pile Persian rug.*

CHARM:—*Rare old pieces from the far corners of the earth—Glowing candle light —Home!*

PHOTO BY KEYSTONE

Home of
MISS MABEL NORMAND
Furnishings and Decorations by
BE-HANNESEY ART STUDIO



By NATE GATZERT

"PERSONALITY" is a much abused word, yet it undoubtedly plays a leading role on the stage of life. To reflect Personality in one's surroundings is the art that changes a "residence" into a "home."

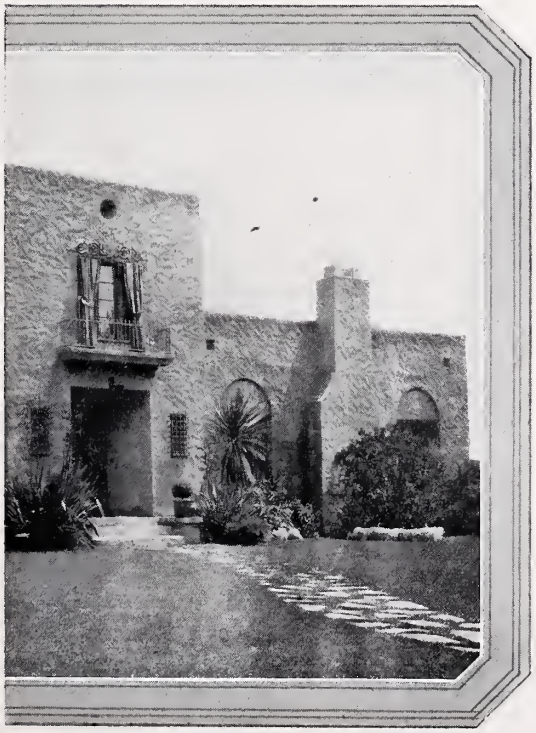
Miss Mabel Normand has succeeded in this art as perfectly as in the art of the cinema. Her home is a thing of charm, hospitality, luxury—but in no manner is one ever conscious of a striving for display or ostentation.

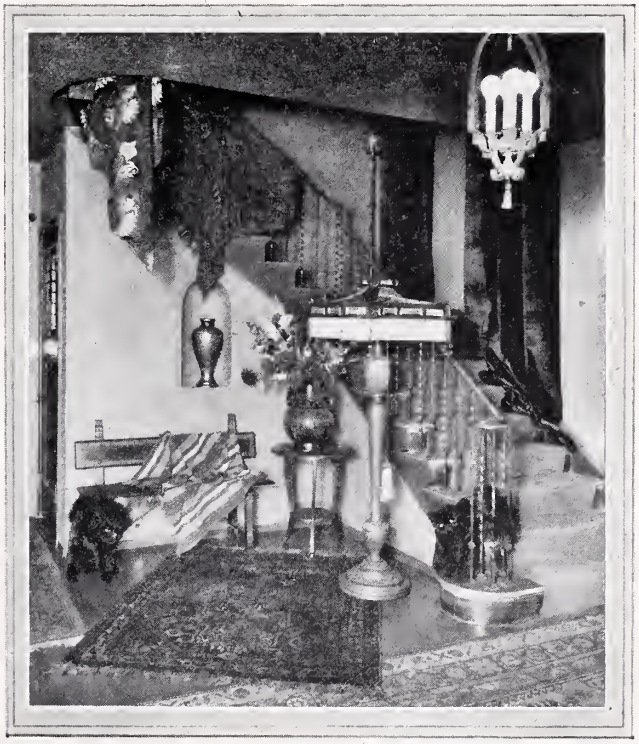
The charm of her personality is captured and held within the walls of her home in a manner that forms for her the perfect background, the assurance that comes with perfect harmony, the joy and contentment that spells happiness.

COMFORT:—*Downy-deep cushions. A silk Prayer rug—Golden rays from a lamp of marvelous old bronze and enamel inlay.*

PHOTOS BY KEYSTONE

ENCHANTMENT:—*Ornate teak from far-away China. A perfect setting for the bridge party, mah-jongg or afternoon tea.*





WELCOME:—*An entrance hall that makes a perfect "lap-dissolve" from an inviting exterior to a welcoming interior.*

The Writers

By Larry Weingarten

THE reputation of being the funniest man in Hollywood is a difficult one to maintain, but that blonde mass of muscle and humor, Donald Ogden Stewart held his own, and outdistanced all contenders to his crown in a sixty-minute shriek fest on the occasion of Rupert Hughes' return to Hollywood. Don and his worthy band of comics including, Wally Young, Maude Fulton, Patsy Ruth Miller and others, proceeded to kid President Hughes many and often. When the laughter died down, Hughes took the stage, and it was expected that he would reply in kind, but instead he made a grand speech, and set his hearers right regarding his alleged attack on the character of the late G. Washington. His speech in the national capitol was entirely eulogistic, said Hughes, but a portion of it was misquoted by a wag in the audience which resulted in getting the author more free space than could have been procured through the combined efforts of the Wampas and the British Foreign office.

Jackie a Jockey

GERALD BEAUMONT, one of the Red Book's most consistent contributors and writer of thrilling race track stories has sold a script to Jack Coogan, Sr., for Jackie's next M. G. M. release. The story taken from an actual happening in Beaumont's experience at Latonia was written especially for the little star and will be released under the title of "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut."

Chip Shots

FRANK CONDON, short story expert, novelist, scenario writer, and golfer, (vote for one) left for New York the other day, and among his traveling accouterments was one oversized brown derby. Frank, replaces a mean divot, and just a few days before departing eastward he romped home with a piece of hardware in the form of a loving cup which represented the low score in the San Gabriel Golf tournament. Between mashie and niblick shots, Condon writes humorous movie stories for the Satevepost.

Clever These Chinee

THE character drawings of many of our famous screen stars, and members of the Writers now on exhibition in the club rooms are the work of Herman Amlauer, noted portrait artist, late of New York. Amlauer's exhibitions have created much favorable comment all over the country. He is making his home in Hollywood and will specialize in drawing and painting movie folk.

Guild Election

THE results of the last Guild election are as follows:—President, Percy Heath; Vice-President, Maude Fulton; Treasurer, Edward Montagne; Secretary, Ewart Adamson. The board of directors contain the names of Mary O'Connor, Grant Carpenter, Al Cohn, Alice Eyton, Waldemar Young, Rupert Hughes and Julian Josephson. Rupert Hughes was presiding officer of both the Guild and the club but resigned the Guild office.

Beston P. G. Degree

LOVERS of apple pie, and there are many residents of Hollywood who hail from the middlest west, will find that the chef at the Writers has at last discovered the formula for perfection in that palatable desert. Joe Jackson and Jeff Shurlock have given the chef the P. G. degree—Professor of Gastronomy, and what's best of all the purchase price of the chef's masterpieces are within the reach of all. In other words those members of The Writers who are not familiar with its dining room are urged to get acquainted.

What They're Doing

JOE JACKSON, the best dressed man on Cahuenga, is scrivening a bit for Universal, but still finds time to indulge in his favorite indoor sport—neckwear shopping. Lorna Moon is back in Hollywood after an absence of two years. Dick Schayer is writing an original, "Tell it to the Marines" which M. G. M. will make with Lon Chaney in the title role. Wally Young is writing script for "The Flaming Forest" for M. G. M. Julian Johnston, one time editor of Photoplay, is now a film executive at Lasky's. He has charge of the Herbert Brenon unit.

Just Missed the Strike

HERBERT GRIMWOOD, noted English thespian, has returned from London. Grimmy is famous for his wide range of Shakesperean characterizations and gained fame more recently in Morris Gest's "Mecca." His most noteworthy screen performance was his Savanarola in the production of "Romola." Grimwood will remain in Hollywood through the summer.

Al Cohn Resigns Play Committee

THE resignation of Al Cohn as chairman of the dramatic committee, an office he has held for three years, came as a big surprise to the members of The Writers. A tireless and enthusiastic worker, Al, as head of the dramatic committee nursed the plays from their wobbly inception to their present robust status. Play night at The Writers is an event in Hollywood, and a splendid source of revenue to the club. Cohn's final program in April was one of the most successful in the history of the club and all the encomiums heaped upon that young man are richly deserved.

New Chairman

MAUDE FULTON is the committee's happy selection for chairman to succeed Al Cohn. Few if any artists in Hollywood are better qualified to select and produce plays for The Writers membership, which body comprises the most critical audience in the country.

Miss Fulton is making a departure from the regular program in her initial offering. Instead of the usual four one-act plays she is staging but two.

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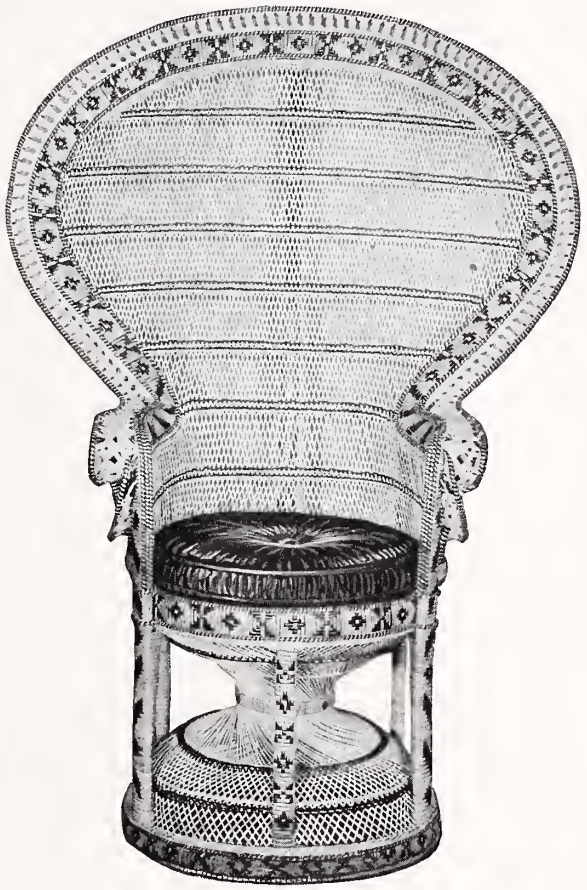

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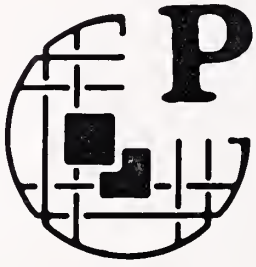

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DOWN TO THE CELLULOID SEA

(*Continued from Page 21*)

production of "Old Ironsides" has been marked by storm experiences. In order to develop the fleet of some fifty odd sailing vessels required for the battle scenes between the American vessels and the Tripolitan pirates—the episode in American naval history that forms the theme of "Old Ironsides"—a fleet of small fishing schooners of pungy and buckeye type were brought around from the Atlantic coast. These were specially needed for remodelling as Tripolitan feluccas, one of the requisites of that type of vessel being the pointed and bows and sterns characteristic of the pungies and buckeyes.

With eight of these fishing boats on board the four-masted ship, the John Ena, and three more aboard the steamer Santa Inez, the John Ena started for Los Angeles harbor in tow of the Santa Inez. On the second day they ran into a southeast gale so heavy that the John Ena's hawser parted and she was helplessly adrift in mountainous seas. Off Hatteras she again encountered difficulties and lost one of her fishing vessels overboard. Then, rolling in the trough of the heavy seas, the mizzenmast went by the board, torn bodily out of the ship. A few minutes later the mainmast went followed by the jigger. Helpless, without steerage way, she was at the mercy of the seas, until the weather calmed.

And so it went.

Just as the engagement with the Tripolitan pirates marked a decisive period in American naval affairs, so did the launching of the Constitution mark a new era in maritime construction.

In the gradual evolution of naval construction from the galleons of Black Pirate and the caravel of "Miles Standish" the high sterncastle and forecastles of that type of seacraft gave way to the long lines of the Constitution in which the more modern type of seacraft gave way to the long lines of the Constitution in which the more modern type of sailing vessel finds its prototype.

In the remodelling, the clipper ship Llewellyn J. Morse, which as previously mentioned served Doug Fairbanks as the mother ship for his "Black Pirate" fleet, has been rebuilt both below the water line and aloft. Despite the fact that the hull below the water line will never show in the picture, in order to get the same sailing qualities and to make a faithful reproduction the hull of the Morse has been changed from the round bottom which characterized her construction to the dead rise construction which is based on a pronounced keel tapering up, along the lines of the modern racing yacht.

All of this has its importance, for Old Ironsides, by virtue of the new ideas embodied in its construction, was able to sail rings around the enemy craft, gaining a supremacy that won for the newly created American navy a respect that has not since waned.

"Old Ironsides" is to be a real seagoing picture and not all the excitement occurred during the bringing of the fishing boats around from the east coast. For instance, receiving through the weather bureau reports of a storm off the California coast Jimmie Cruze deliberately set sail looking for trouble and found it—plenty of it in the shape of stormy seas as those who went with him can verify, including Joe Sherman of the Paramount publicity staff.

Similarly Joseph Henabery in building the storm sequences for "Shipwrecked" set out with cast and technicians in the clipper-ship Indiana seeking realism, and he too, found it.

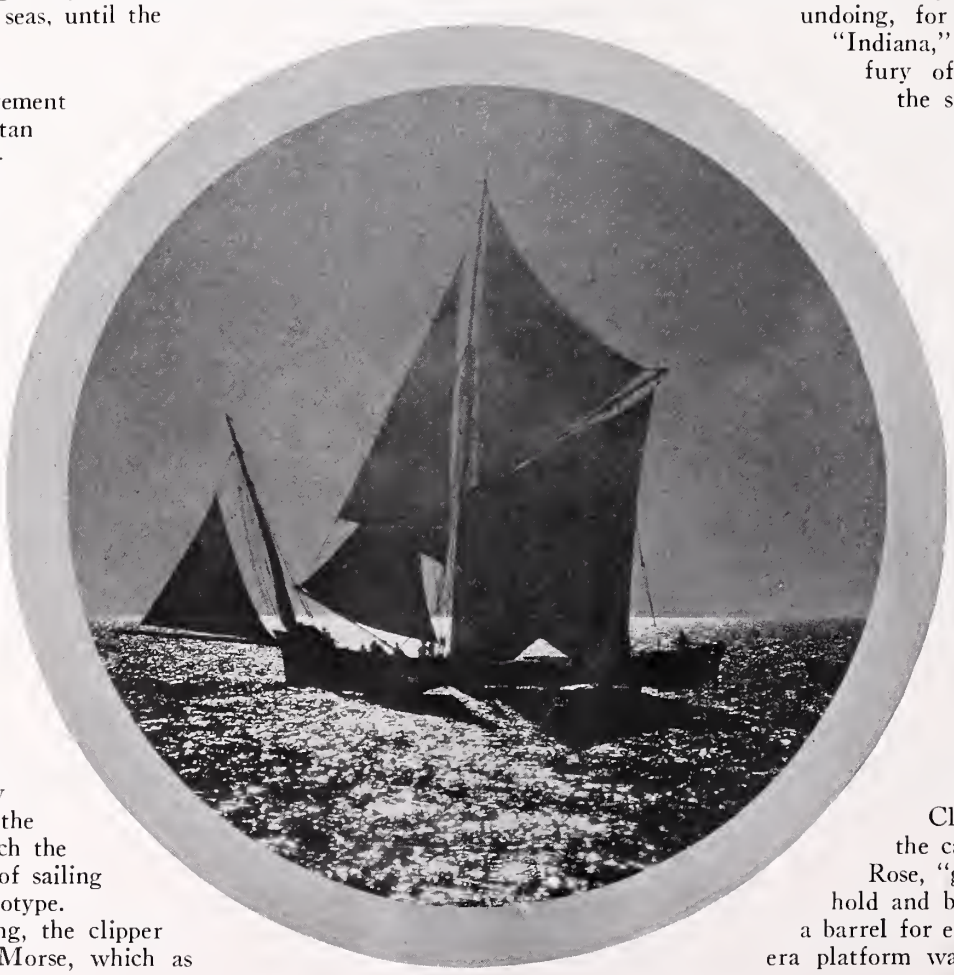
On a threatening day, so ill-omened that not even a rum-runner would put out from the protecting coast from San Diego to Vancouver, the three-masted, square rigged "Indiana" sailed from San Pedro, accompanied by the Red Stack tug "Restless." The "rushes" of that day's shooting have revealed a matchless photographic record of all that is beautiful on the sea, with the gliding silhouette of the "Indiana" standing out on a background of magnificent storm clouds.

Those same storm clouds, so marvelous looking on the screen, augured ill for the crews of both boats. As night began to darken the storm increased to a gale. Wind-driven rain made the air nearly as wet as the ocean. All canvas was furled on the "Indiana," and a line was passed from the tug to tow the huge windjammer to port.

The powerful "Restless" strained at the huge bulk of its charge, succeeding against the waves and wind in keeping the sailing vessel headed into the gale, that it might not be rolled completely over. Its very valiance proved its undoing, for the weight of the "Indiana," combined with the fury of the storm, parted the seams of the tug.

From the "Restless" was shouted the bald statement to those on the helpless "Indiana"—"We are sinking." In answer the "Indiana" shouted back—"Don't cast off! We are helpless!" And just half a mile away the surf boomed on the reefs of Point San Vicente. Nothing could have prevented the "Indiana" from drifting on those rocks had the sinking tug abandoned it.

Doug Dawson, assistant director; Matthew Betz and Clarence Burton of the cast; and Charley Rose, "grips," went into the hold and brought out a box or a barrel for each man. The camera platform was unleashed, that it



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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

SO WE'RE SATISFIED

* * *

FOR THE PRESENT

* * *

TO SPECIALIZE

* * *

ON THE SHARE WE GET

* * *

BUT WE WISH TO REMIND YOU

* * *

THAT IT'S ALWAYS POSSIBLE

* * *

TO DO A LITTLE BIT MORE

* * *

AND IN THE COURSE

* * *

OF A NATURAL GROWTH

* * *

WE'LL SPECIALIZE

* * *

ON THE "LITTLE BIT MORE"

* * *

FOR AFTER ALL

* * *

WE'RE SPECIALISTS ANYWAY—

* * *

THAT'S PROGRESS!

COMMUNITY LAUNDRY

might serve as a raft when the time came. Jimmy Wade, of the property department, set off rocket after rocket—the ultimate feature of impending disaster on the high seas.

Somehow or other, Joe Illo, head electrician, and his crew, managed to get the generator, previously used for movies, to going. All the sun-arcs were lashed down, and soon their powerful beams were flashing out in the Continental code "S O S"—"S O S." Every slight touch on a piece of electrical equipment brought a stabbing shock in the soaking storm, but the lights continued to shine out their appeal for help.

Aboard the "Restless" certain disaster faced all. For three hours the straining tug had pulled at the "Indiana" in the face of the storm which had blown both ships back so that not a foot had been gained toward the shore.

Captain Frank Randall ordered all hands on the buckets, the last stand to be taken against the inrushing waters. Deep down in the hold, working knee deep in bilge water and oil and in the suffocating heat of the boilers, Bud Coleman, property man, and Elmer Fryer, still photographer, handed up buckets of water to the rest of the line. For weary hours Director Joseph Henabery and his staff formed a human pump to keep the water from gaining. Dave Keeson and Dewey Wrigley, cameramen, and their assistants, Louis D'Angelo and Roy Tripp, fought the water alongside of E. J. Babille, business manager of the troupe; Walter Culp, "grips;" and Joseph Schildkraut, leading man of the cast.

The two engineers sweated to keep their boilers going at high pressure, with a sudden explosion threatening at any second. Time after time the hoarse whistle was sounded in the series of five blasts only emitted by a sinking boat.

As a rescuing tug, the "Sea Witch," raced from San Pedro in answer to the Federal Wireless Company's phone call, the "Restless" cast off from the "Indiana" and made a desperate effort to reach shore before the rapidly filling hull could plunge to the bottom.

A second tug, the "Pilot," followed the "Sea Witch," arriving in time to find the "Sea Witch's hawser broken, and the "Indiana" again drifting toward the rocks of Point San Vicente. The "Pilot" passed a line to the buffeted vessel and made port at five o'clock in the morning, an hour after the tug "Restless" had tied up to the wharf and been emptied by a steam pump. Not until then did Henabery and his staff drop the buckets which had cheated the storm of two more ships.

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ADAPTATIONS

(*Continued from Page 35*)

have been necessary in bringing this novel to the screen, each for a very definite reason, and I am frank to say that I think the picture version is just as strong as the novel, and that it drives home the theme of the story just as hard.

For instance one very fundamental change that has been made is in the specific talents of the heroine. In the novel Edith Gilbert, a high spirited modern girl of seventeen, the daughter of a small-town bigot, is a talented singer. In the picture Lois Moran, who is herself an accomplished dancer, portrays the character as a cabaret dancer.

The reason for this is found not in the fact that Lois is a dancer, but in the simple little truth that the human voice—or any other voice for that matter—doesn't photograph on the motion picture screen, but the rhythm of the dance does. Following the characterization of the original in this respect would have gained nothing and lost much in realism, charm and human appeal.

As it is the change does not affect the theme of the story in the slightest, although this one change may have caused several other minor changes. The fact that Lois is herself a clever little dancer adds materially to the realism of the part and the screen story rings true and sincere.

Again in the scenes where Gilbert's bigotry and narrow-mindedness—his humiliation of his family—finally brings his wife to the breaking point, the action of the story is changed to make the death of the wife—as played by Florence Turner—accidental rather than deliberate suicide. In the screen version, instead of deliberately turning on the gas in her room, she is made to faint, following a quarrel with Gilbert (Noah Beery) and falls, accidentally opening the gas cock.

There are many obvious reasons why this scene had to be changed. It is one thing to read this sequence as described in the flowing language of the author and quite another to see it reenacted on the screen in all its grim reality. Insofar as the story itself and its development is concerned the result is practically the same. If anything the later action is improved.

Upon the death of his wife, Gilbert brings Belle Galloway (Helen Jerome Eddy) into his home as a "comfort" to his daughter. Belle is characterized as a smirking, hypocritical woman reformer who has aided Gilbert in his reform work. Here the action on the screen follows the action of the book. Edith reacts at once to Belle's being brought into the house, knowing her to have been one cause of much of her mother's unhappiness, with the result that she leaves home and goes to New York where she becomes a dancer in a cabaret.

In the novel Edith became a singer through the influence and patronage of Jesse Hermann, a wealthy Long Island patron of the arts, with whom Gilbert has clashed over the question of the purity of the theatre. This episode has been eliminated in the film as not being essential to the screen version.

Similarly in the novel Norman Van Fleet became enamoured with Edith's voice as heard over the radio, without having identified her as the cabaret singer. This angle has been eliminated by the change in Edith's professional talent, and on the screen Van Fleet (Allan Simpson) is attracted to Edith by her dancing in the cabaret and Edith responds with sincere love. At the cabaret she also attracts the attention of Jesse Hermann (Charles Lane) who sets about to develop her talents, and who angles for her, using as his blind Mrs. Alcott (Louise Dresser) a woman who moves in best society but is a former mistress.

All of this follows the story in a general way. Edith is lured into the Hermann home by Mrs. Alcott, Van Fleet is led to misunderstand by the cynical comment of his companions. Edith goes back to the cabaret and Van Fleet goes to Europe, disillusioned, as he believes.

In the story Edith innocently takes refuge with a girl friend in an apartment that is raided by the police, because of immorality charges, and is brought into court. She has about convinced the judge of her innocence when Gilbert and his new wife appear. Edith refuses to go home with them, and denounces Belle. The latter prevails on Gilbert to have the girl committed to a reformatory. The complications of this situation have been eliminated in the film version, in which Edith is arrested in the cabaret on a warrant sworn out by her "mother" charging her with being a wayward minor. She is brought into court and Gilbert wants to take her home. Edith repudiates Belle as her "mother" and the judge, with Gilbert's consent, commits her to the Home of the Good Shepherd, a quasi-reformatory, for three years.

Edith finally is paroled in Mrs. Alcott's care through the influence of Hermann, and is taken to his Long Island home, where she looks upon him as a friend and benefactor.

In the novel Gilbert is left wallowing in his marital unhappiness after he is made to see how Belle Galloway has helped him to wreck his home.

In the film version he goes to New York and enters Hermann's home just after Van Fleet has arrived. Edith believes he has come to take her back to the reformatory and faints. He carries her away, but he actually is taking her to freedom and trying to make amends for what his bigotry and narrow-mindedness have caused in the past. He takes her to Europe, where he and she become true friends, and there, through Gilbert's connivance, Van Fleet again finds her and—well the picture ends in the manner that all good pictures are supposed to end.

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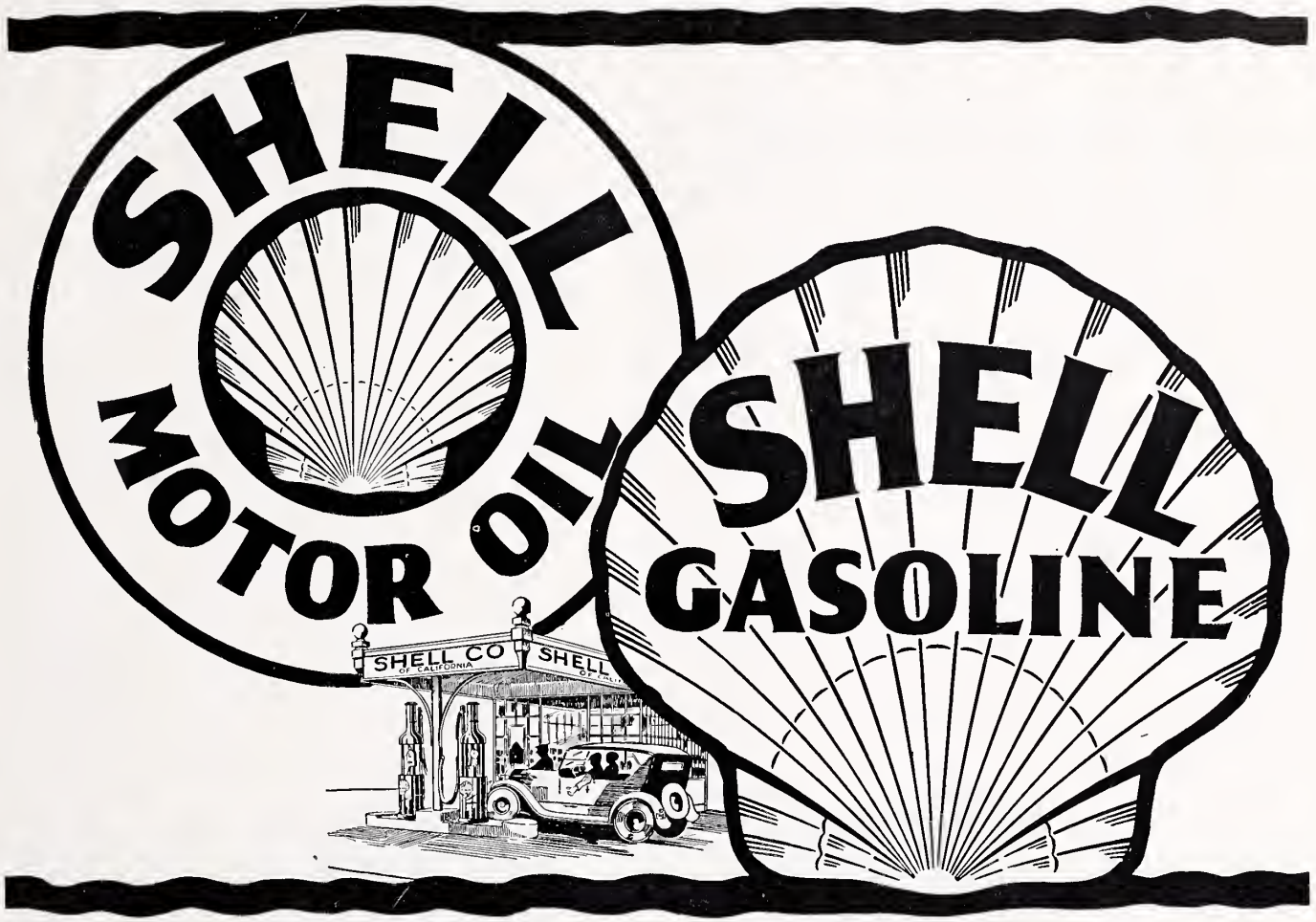

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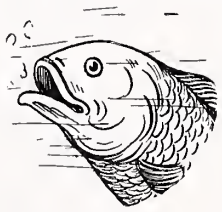

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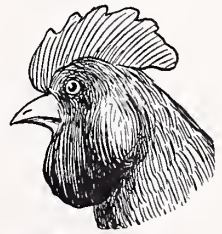

WHAT WILL BECOME OF JACKIE?

(*Continued from Page 38*)

theatrical circles by David Belasco's recent announcement that he was preparing to enter Jackie in a novitiate for the study of Hamlet, and that the lad would make his debut in the role of the melancholy Dane at the age of sixteen. Mona Morgan, Chairman of the Shakespearean Federation attempted to throw a bombshell into Belasco's plans by endeavoring to prove that Hamlet was thirty years of age. The "Wizard," however, firmly maintains that the Prince of Denmark was but sixteen.

In view of the early maturity of our American boys—as witnessed by young Doug Fairbanks, for instance—there is no reason why in another five years Jackie's physique should be in any way a handicap to the portrayal of the role, and Jackie might well be justified in saying, in the words of Hamlet himself, *"I have that within which passeth show."*

From England where the Bard of Avon is theatrical religion, newspaper writers commented extensively on Belasco's statement. *The Manchester Guardian,* one of Britain's foremost daily papers, recalled the fame of their own, "Young Roscius," who lived early in the nineteenth century and who startled the world with his wide range of Shakespearean characterizations, particularly those of Romeo and Norval.

An old copy of the *London Morning Herald* unearthed following the Belasco-Coogan pact and dated August 4, 1804, told the story of this child prodigy, whose name was William Henry West Betty.

The Herald said:

"A very extraordinary phenomenon has lately burst upon the world. He is twelve years of age and enacts all the principle roles of Shakespeare's characters in a style of superiority that astonishes the most experienced actors. Off stage his manners are puerile, as he is often seen playing marbles in the morning and Richard the Third in the evening. The moment he begins to converse upon stage business he appears as an inspired being. The Edinburgh manager expressed his fears at the first rehearsal that the lad's voice would not fill the theatre, whereupon young Betty replied to the buskin to have no apprehension on that score for if his voice did not fill the theatre, his acting would. And he was quite right, and there were extraordinary scenes of popular enthusiasm when he appeared in London at the age of thirteen."

The splendid work of George Billings in the role of Abraham Lincoln proves conclusively what can be done by the concentrated study of a great character. It is true that Billings has the physical characteristics of Lincoln, but the little quirks and mannerisms that literally bring the beloved Abe to life again come only from an intelligent understanding of "things within which passeth show."

The playing of Hamlet calls for no unusual physical characteristics. As a matter of fact if one could recall all the great actors who have distinguished themselves in the role and gather them together on a single stage, the first thing the observer would remark would be the extraordinary differences in physique. What Billings has done with the role of Lincoln, a really able young actor should be able to do with Hamlet, and I know of no more promising material for the molding process than Jackie Coogan. He already has the temperament, great possibilities for the wide emotional range, and unless his eyes and mouth belie the spirit, a capacity for flashing rebellion. Personally, I see Jackie not only as a potential Hamlet, but as a Romeo that would create a stampede of all the eligible actresses to play his Juliet.

Each passing day brings Jackie closer to maturity. When he reaches manhood's estate he may be butcher, baker or candlestick maker, but the chances are ten to one that the name of John Leslie Coogan will be a box office magnet for the children of the children who now flock to the theatre when Jackie's name is flashed in electric lights.

What Billings has done with the role of Lincoln, a really able young actor should be able to do with Hamlet. I know of no more promising material for the moulding process than Jackie Coogan.

Just now, Jackie is hard at his studies, which include Hamlet. He is spending all his spare hours at the Coogan Rancho on the Mexican border, riding, fishing and swimming, while his Dad and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, to whom he is under contract, have been exploring the literature of the world for a suitable story for his next picture. According to announcements from Jackie Coogan Productions final selection has been made in the form of a race track story specially written for Jackie by Gerald Beaumont, in which Jackie is to appear as a derby winning jockey. This means the sacrifice of Jackie's bobbed hair, which has so long been characteristic of him, and his appearance on the screen as a short-haired American youth.

Florence Ryerson is adapting the tale for the screen.

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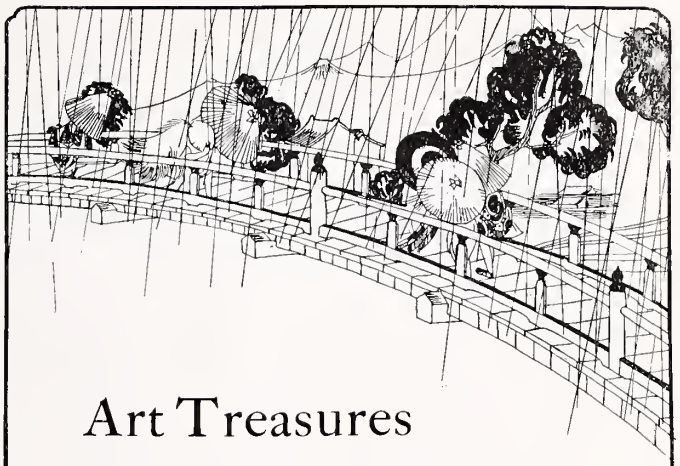

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Locating the Picture

(*Continued from Page 31*)

tute locality approximating the actual one. He had hopes of finding it in Wisconsin or Minnesota, actually he went to Plattsburg, N. Y., before he finally did find exactly the conditions he needed.

California is unquestionably the ideal place for picture production in general and pretty nearly every conceivable location can be found within its confines, although occasionally, to meet unusually exacting conditions, location managers will have to go clear across the continent as did Jack Lawton. But ordinarily California and particularly the territory adjacent to Hollywood will fill the bill. Requests come in for summer scenes in winter, or winter scenes in summer; some companies want backgrounds of high mountains or flat valleys with plenty of trees; others yearn for deserts and jungles, canyons and rolling hills—all have to be produced out of the location manager's magic bag of tricks, usually on about twelve hours' notice. Most of them he can find reasonably close at hand.

Occasionally, however, a story comes from the scenario department with such an unusual setting or requirement that neither California nor the studio architects can supply the need. Then the location manager is really appreciated. Such an instance occurred in the making of "Rocking Moon," George Melford's production for Metropolitan, based on Barrett Willoughby's novel of Alaska. In the original story a blue fox farm figures conspicuously.

Now pine trees and ocean can be found at Monterey or at Torrey Pines on the road from Los Angeles to San Diego. But blue foxes are another story entirely. In the first place there isn't one south of Vancouver. In the second place they won't live in California. In the third place they are expensive and difficult to obtain anywhere.

Then, too, a picture had never been made by taking the whole cast to Alaska, although many "Alaska" pictures have been photographed in British Columbia to the everlasting disgust of travelers and native Alaskans. Of such productions the following story is told by Miss Willoughby of a Seattle showing. Scene after scene showing scenery about seventy-five miles north of the Washington line had flashed on the screen when finally a tall sourdough, located about midway between the projector and the orchestra, rose in his wrath and with a wide gesture stated to the entire audience, "H——, folks, this ain't Alaska!"

And so George Bertholon routed the entire "Rocking Moon" company into Sitka and Juneau and there procured effects that *was* Alaska and could not

have been duplicated anywhere else.

Yeah. The business of locating the picture presents many difficulties that often the location manager alone knows how to solve, and to be ready to solve any and all such problems as they come to him he must in truth be a perambulating encyclopedia. He never gets a chance to rest. Wherever he goes he's on the job. If he takes a fishing trip, one eye is watching for locations. If he takes the family out for a week-end drive, he's searching for new places, new backgrounds. He's got to be at least half a jump ahead of the rest of the world. The more the world travels, the more he travels. He's got to guard against things today that a few years ago could "get by" without argument, such as a New England setting with eucalyptus trees, an Indian desert with African elephants, or a jungle scene with both lions and tigers in evidence.

But as Jack Lawton puts it, "I'd rather be doing it than anything else I know of."

Hell-Bent fer Heaven

(*Continued from Page 48*)

year it has proved more prolific in its contributions. It has had its multitude of spectacular pictures; many arrestingly fine pictures; a few imposing pictures; and a very few great pictures. "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" is spectacular in its simplicity; fine in its treatment; imposing in its realism and strength of theme; and great in its human appeal. It can be categoried in the small group that combine artistry with mass popularity, teeming with the money-making ingredients; it can be classified with the smaller group that show judicious selection of players, well-prepared script and faithful adherence to the ideal of making each production better than its predecessor.

In the compendium of the year's outstanding motion pictures, the critics cannot fail to discuss and endorse J. Stuart Blackton's "Hell-Bent fer Heaven."

DON JUAN

(*Continued from Page 26*)

era has caught every graceful movement. The technique of the dance is perfect and one senses that in spirit these are not just professional performers but nymphs and shepherds for whom dancing is a real joy. This dance, presented in the gorgeous banquet hall of the Borgia palace is a part of the entertainment at the marriage feast which has, as its climax, a duel to the death between Don Juan and Donati with rapiers and poniards—one of the most thrilling ever filmed. It is no cold, formal affair of honor fought according to an ancient code, but a spontaneous, hot-headed, tempestuous, catch-as-catch-can, blood-lust fight with the weapons that the combatants best knew how to use.

Defying all precedent, Barrymore has insisted since coming to Hollywood to make "The Sea Beast" and "Don Juan" on performing all the action before the camera himself, no matter how hazardous or difficult. The only time in his experience that the writer ever heard a company of actors and technicians applaud the action on a moving picture set occurred at the final scene of the duel. As the two antagonists got to their feet after the scene, bloody, panting, and dripping with perspiration, the company, which had been watching open-mouthed suddenly burst in spontaneous applause lasting for some seconds.

The effect which Barrymore has on his co-workers is extraordinary. Before he steps onto the set it is very apt to be just a set with actors on it. After he steps onto it it becomes in verity whatever it was designed to be and the actors become real persons. He doesn't cast others into a shadow by the magnificent effulgence of his own performance. He possesses that far greater and rarer genius which illumines all that surrounds it.

Perhaps this effect is partially accounted for by a revealing statement which he recently made upon the completion of "Don Juan," to wit: "As with Hamlet in London we worked harder with the soldiers on the battlements than with the principals because it is the subsidiary characters which do more towards retaining or dispelling an illusion than anything else." How many stars would concern themselves with "the soldiers on the battlements" except perhaps to insure that they would in no way detract from their own importance?

In this type of role with which the public has long associated him, Barrymore is at his excellent best. This part affords him an opportunity to display that concisely elegant humor for which he and his family are so justly famous and which was almost altogether lacking from Ahab Ceeley in the grim and powerful "Sea Beast." There are several scenes with Estelle Taylor, that are the very quintessence of delicate, sophisticated humor. Willard Louis contributes many hearty chuckles in his usual good form. Mary Astor shares appealingly some of the most spiritually fine and deep scenes to which her virginal loveliness adds the consumating touch of chasteness. Barrymore remains the incomparable.

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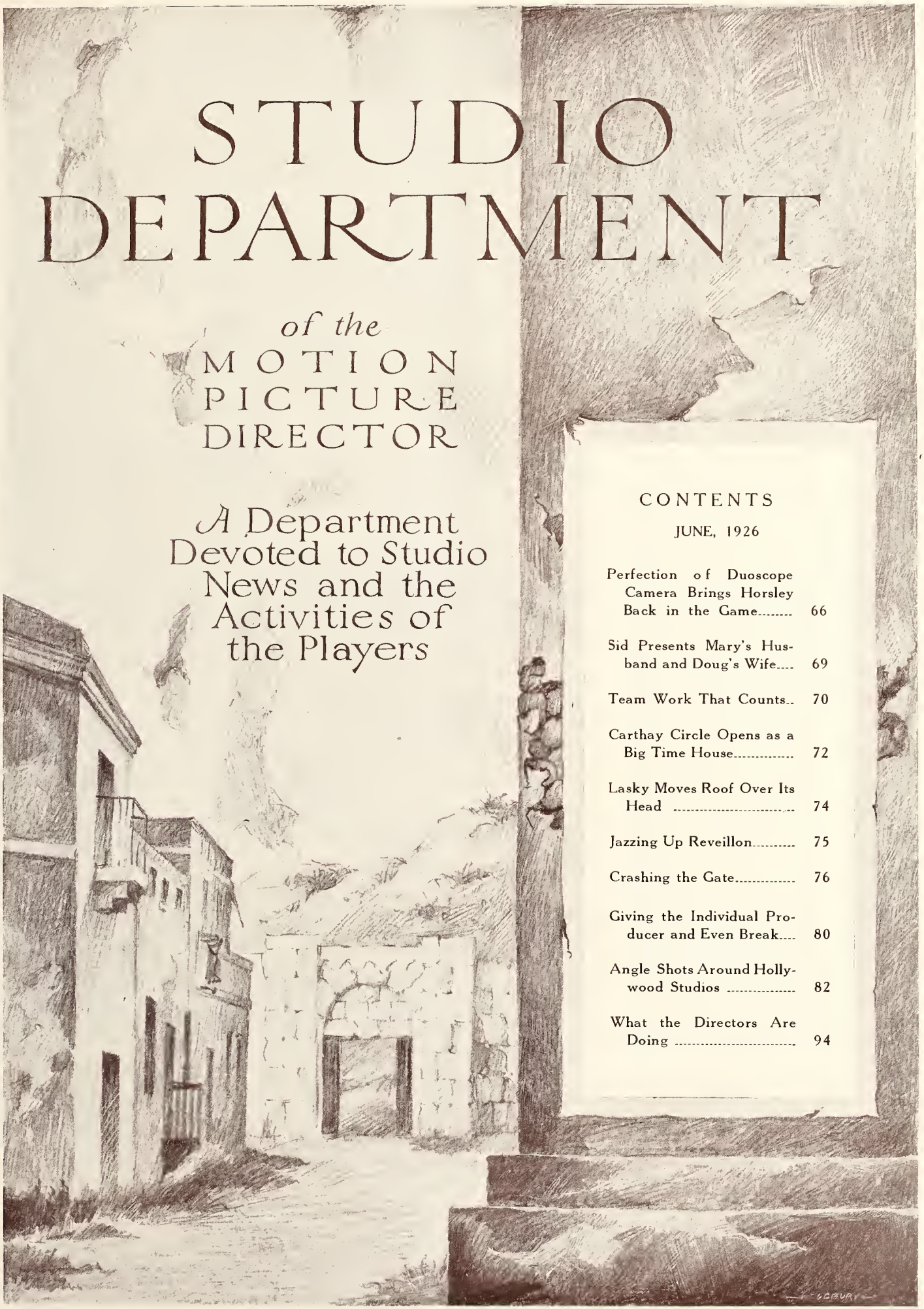

STUDIO DEPARTMENT

of the
MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR

A Department Devoted to Studio News and the Activities of the Players

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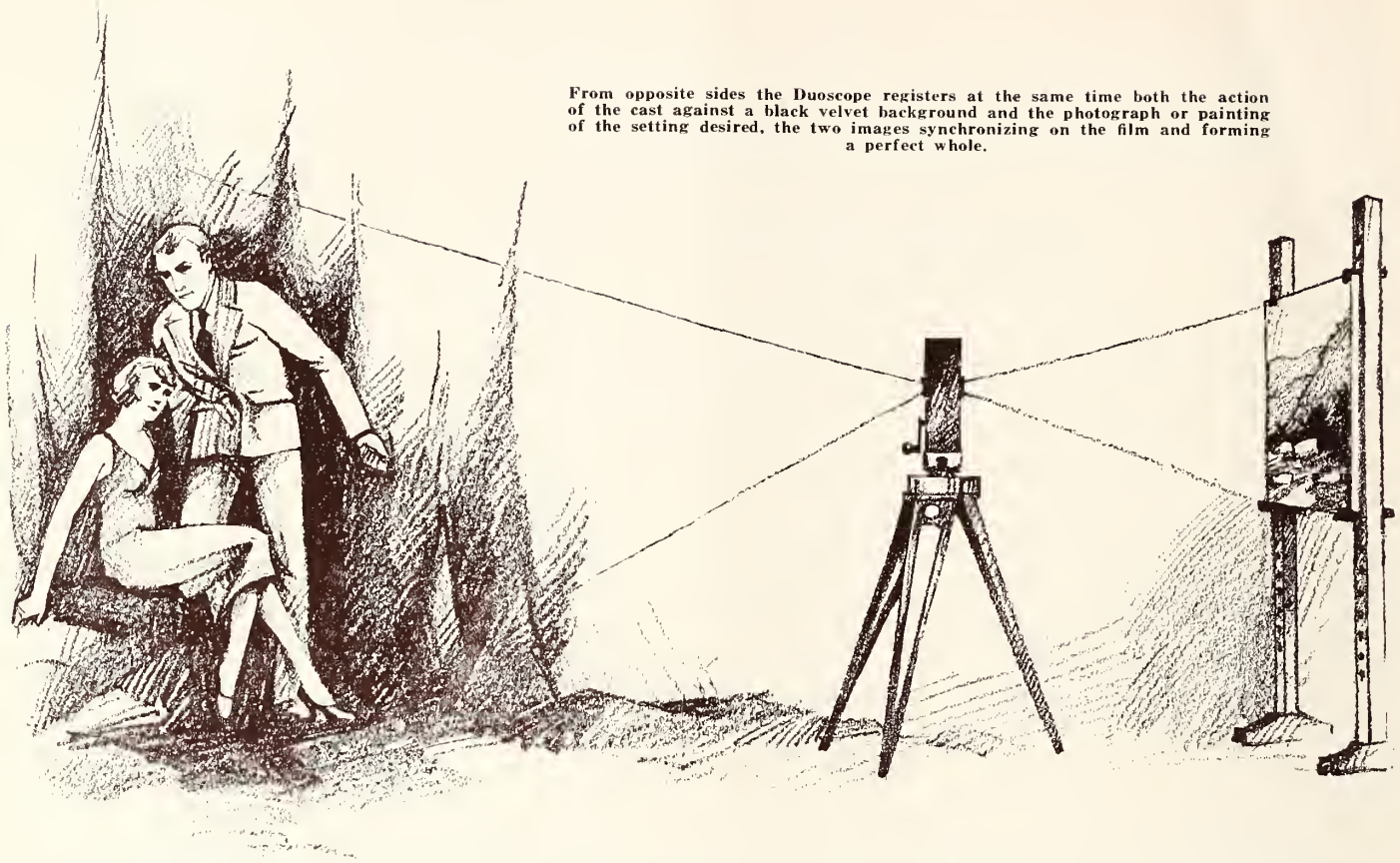


From opposite sides the Duoscope registers at the same time both the action of the cast against a black velvet background and the photograph or painting of the setting desired, the two images synchronizing on the film and forming a perfect whole.

PERFECTION OF DUOSCOPE CAMERA BRINGS HORSLEY BACK IN THE GAME

WITH the formation of the Cinema Patents Corporation of which David Horsley is president and Tom Smith, vice-president and general manager, several notable inventions affecting cinematography are being brought together into one organization for the advancement of motion picture artistry. Included in these features of direct interest to every one engaged in the production of motion pictures are the Horsley patents including the newest of the Horsley devices—the Duoscope or double exposure camera.

With the many of the Horsley devices the production world is generally familiar. The Duoscope, however, opens up new angles of unusual interest and brings to the screen possibilities for greater realism at much less negative cost than has heretofore been deemed possible. According to statements made by officers of the Cinema Patents Corporation, production costs may be reduced in some instances as much as seventy-five per cent.

Briefly the fundamental feature of the Duoscope Camera is its faculty for registering on the film two separate images at the same time.

In the accompanying illustration one phase of this feature is shown, wherein the oil painting or black and white reproduction of the setting desired is photographed through the celluloid side of the film, while the action of the characters is photographed from the opposite direction upon the emulsion side. Thus, by placing the action of the scene against a black velvet background and photographing at the same time a painting or photographic enlargement of the setting desired, exact reproduction values are obtained with virtually no outlay for expensive settings or equally expensive trips to locations.

This is demonstrated in the above sketch, the scene at the right being a painting of the Mount of Olives which is to be used in a forthcoming production of "The Life of Christ." A test film of this was made recently at Universal City when the characters at the left appeared in action against a black velvet drop and on the film were registered as walking about on the Mount of Olives, one of the characters being seen standing on the rock in the foreground.

Once the camera has been focused so as to bring characters and setting into synchronization, no further synchronization is necessary, as the film moves through the camera but once.

Before opening up the possibilities of the Duoscope Camera for general use Dave Horsley has worked out its practicability in the production of a ten-reel dramatization of Verdi's opera, "Il Trovatore," which has now been completed by the double exposure camera and will probably be released through one of the three big releasing organizations. The operatic score for the picture is being prepared by Victor Schertzinger.

The next Horsley production will be "The Life of Christ" in which will be developed the conception of the English speaking peoples. Famous paintings of the Holy Land depicting the backgrounds in which some of the most dramatic moments of the Christ's stay on earth will be used, such as the painting of the Mount of Olives already referred to, the trial room in the court of Pontius Pilate and the Via Dolorosa where Christ is said to have received the cross.

DAVID HORSLEY, the inventor and perfector of the Duoscope Camera, is to the cinematographic phases of motion picture production what Commodore Blackton and those other pioneers are to the general production phases of the industry; with this exception, where Commodore Blackton was allied on the side of the Motion Picture Patents Company, Dave Horsley threw in his lot with the "independents." The story is told of this alignment to the effect that, when the Motion Pic-

ture Patents Company was formed in 1908 it was the intention of the organizers to build an airtight monopoly. They built a structure that they believed to be horse high, pig tight and bull strong, but they left David Horsley out because, as it has been reported, he had only a wash tub and a sink in his laboratory and a camera that he had built himself with a can opener and a screw driver.

Whatever the reason may have been, Mr. Horsley struggled alone in the "independent" field until his example led others into producing and he was the leader in many of the fights, particularly those involving patents, in which he became an expert. His opinion and advice is frequently sought in patent matters and laboratory problems and without doubt he has contributed more to the advancement of motion pictures in practical devices than any other member of the industry.

He was the first to use diffusers in daylight studios, the first to solve the problem of "static," (the bugaboo of the business up to 1913), the first to build and use a continuous printer, the first to design and build an automatic light change for printers, and the first to make successful talking pictures. Many consider as his greatest "first" the fact that he was the first to open a motion picture studio in Hollywood, although he modestly points out that he was not the first to open a studio in California, as Muybridge, one of the inventors of motion pictures, had one at Palo Alto in 1872 and Colonel Selig and Fred Balshofer had studios in Edendale when Mr. Horsley arrived here in 1911.

Mr. Horsley was one of the organizers and largest stockholders in the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, and it was through the purchase of his stock that Carl Laemmle came into control of its destinies, after which Mr. Horsley purchased the Bostock Wild Animals and opened his large studios in Los Angeles. His plant was for five years one of the show places of the city, in which he produced many of the big features of that time for release on the programs of the Mutual, Triangle, Pathe, General Film and for state right distribution.

The "Static Club," which was the first organization of camera men in this country, elected three honorary life members—Thomas A. Edison, William Paley and David Horsley for their services to the industry.

IN REMINISCING on the subject of the general development of cinematographic phases of motion picture production, Mr. Horsley says:

"Noah Webster, in his well known dictionary, defines a 'cycle' as 'A period of time, in which the same course begins again.' The motion picture appears to be completing its first cycle. This has taken about thirty years, many of which have been spent under the leadership of self-appointed Napoleons. It needs a Moses. It has listened to any voice except the voice of reason, followed every strange calliope into any blind alley when there was enough noise. It now seems to be headed back to fundamentals and is seeking its sal-

DAVID HORSLEY
The inventor and perfector of the Duoscope Camera.

vation at the hands of the men who nursed it into being, the camera men.

"The foundation of our art-industry is photography and in the beginning the all important, the only essential member of the staff was the camera man. Sometimes he was the whole works.

"The first motion pictures were scenics, followed soon after by trick pictures, many of which are not approached, much less excelled by the pictures of today. Watch the eyes of an 'old-timer' light up at the mere mention of that patriotic thriller, 'Tearing Down the Spanish Flag,' made by J. Stuart Blackton and Albert Smith in 1898 at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. On the roof of an office building in New York, with the sky for a back drop, and a cast of two small silk flags, a miniature flag pole and a human hand, the picture was made. It swept the country like a prairie fire. Similarly the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. This was undoubtedly the first time miniatures were used in motion pictures. It was made from newspaper descriptions by Billy Bitzer for the Biograph, assisted by Tony Sullivan and Charley Gorman. The quake took place April 18th and the picture was shown at Koster & Bials and the Eden Musee in New York on April 22nd. The unthinking public accepted it as genuine, never stopping to realize that the fastest running time of trains between San Francisco and New York was six days. Its sale was tremendous and it was shown all over the world.

"Gaston Melies produced a lot of trick pictures, mostly 'black art' and was probably the first to use actors, but the camera man was still supreme and did the heavy thinking of the director as well as crank the camera. Edison's 'Dream of a Rarebit Fiend' had everybody guessing with its amazing tricks. It was accomplished by multiple printing. Multiple exposures no doubt came into use later and the Vitagraph picture, 'Princess Nicotine,' was probably the first multiple exposure with perspective eliminated and was followed by a series long remembered by the picture-goers of that time.

"The making of these pretentious pictures had brought in the use of actors, who were however regarded merely as animated scenery, and tolerated as an expensive though necessary evil. About this time a 'division of labor' took place and we find the director and camera men as separate individuals. Up to that time the camera man was the king pin of the industry, but the director soon began to 'high hat' him, to which he meekly submitted.

"The next era was the rise of the actor to a position of importance, brought about by Carl Laemmle, who acquired the 'Biograph Girl' as she was known to the public, and he advertised her in his Imp Films under her own name—Florence Lawrence. Other producers followed his lead and the public soon learned the names of the leads with the result that the "star" system soon dominated the industry, relegating to the back ground all but a few of the most talented directors. They have never given up the struggle however and to some extent have shared honors with the leading players.

"About 1912 artificial lighting, as it was then called, came into general use and the electricians began to feel the stirrings of coming greatness. They demanded their place in the spotlight.

"The cauliflower is said to be a cabbage with a college education, and a property man or paperhanger commands more salary and attention under the title of technical director. The newly created class soon had the producers convinced that the all-important thing in pictures were the sets. They have had a long and expensive hearing.

"Meantime stage stars became the vogue although most of them flopped, until the camera man came to the rescue

(*Continued to page 93*)

Montagu Love

who is at present playing in the Valentino-Fitzmaurice production of "The Son of the Sheik"

Sid Presents Mary's Husband *and* Doug's Wife

DOUG AND MARY

DOUBLE-HEADERS in the motion picture world are not much more of a novelty than double-headers in the baseball world, but it is rare that in either field of entertainment a combined program of such magnitude and merit has been offered as that presented by Sid Grauman to follow "The Big Parade" at the Egyptian. Disappointed in his plans for presenting "Ben-Hur" Sid needed something big to follow the spectacular run of "The Big Parade" and to take the place of the "Ben Hur" premiere. In the combined program offering "The Black Pirate" and "Sparrows," with the two greatest living stars of the cinema firmament on the same bill, he has it.

It is doubtful whether any opening at the Egyptian Theatre, with the exception of opening of the theatre itself some three years and a half ago, has aroused greater interest in Hollywood than the "Sparrows"-"Black Pirate" premiere; for Sid Grauman has built a great deal of his reputation as a screen impresario upon the effectiveness of his prologue and the Grauman style of presentation. With all Hollywood keenly conscious of the magnificence and elaborateness of previous prologues, much speculation has been rife concerning the manner in which he would prologue such a widely diversified bill.

As usual the matter was solved in typical Grauman fashion by presenting an Egyptian Theatre prologue and preceding the actual presentation of each picture with an atmospheric prelude. Grauman's Egyptian has become in very truth so essentially a national institution that such a prologue seems preeminently fitting.

In the past Grauman openings have been characterized by presentation of stars, but at the May 14th opening, Fred Niblo as master of ceremonies, very aptly announced that Sid Grauman, the master of novelties would introduce yet another novelty in the form of no star presentations. William Beaudine, director of "Sparrows" and Winifred Dunn, scenarist, each took a bow, however, and were received with enthusiastic acclaim. But while both Mary and Doug were absent there were present the kiddies who played so dominant a part in "Sparrows" and their introduction proved one of the most enjoyable spots of the opening features.

It is not the policy of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR to enter into lengthy reviews of productions, but a word or two concerning "Sparrows" and "The Black Pirate" really belongs.

"Sparrows" is acclaimed, and justly so, Mary's greatest picture. It is in truth a triumph for Mary, for William Beaudine, the director and for Winifred Dunn, the scenarist. Aside from any sense of chivalry or courtesy it seems preeminently fitting that "Sparrows" should open the combined program. Entirely aside from its tempo, its intensely dramatic moments, livened by clever titling and inimitable Pickfordisms, the black and white presentation of "Sparrows" proves an effective foil for the colorful Fairbanks picture. In this arrangement it seems to me that Sid has again evidenced his instinctive showmanship.

"The Black Pirate," whatever the critics may say, is essentially a box office picture. Not only is there the appeal of Doug's personality, and the novelty of a practical application of the technicolor process, but there is an abundance of genuine entertainment value that will register with all kinds of audiences. Whether "The Black Pirate" will gross more than "Don Q" is not for me to predict with any positive assurance, but it is my private opinion that it will.

At all events "The Black Pirate" may be considered a vindication of the practical features of technicolor treatment. Its pastel shades, its soft browns and deep greens have a degree of "eye-comfort" that has been largely absent in many previous attempts at color photography in motion pictures. How the film will stand up under continued projection is still problematical. Everybody seems agreed that this picture is the best thing that Albert Parker has done in his directorial career.

B. A. H.

Team Work That Counts

By DUKE ORBACH

DAVID HARTFORD is convinced that he made no slip and wasted no opportunity when he turned his back on the legitimate stage a decade or so ago and turned toward the silver sheet for an expression of artistic talents.

For the screen has been good to him—even as he has been good to the screen. As an actor, director and producer, he has attained a permanent niche of an enviable character in the motion picture industry and is regarded as one of the most powerful leaders in the ranks of independents. Many of screenland's notables have responded to his direction, the casts of his pictures invariably embracing a galaxy of scintillating luminaries whose names typify box office value.

Only a week or so ago he and Frances Nordstrom, whose pen evolved some of the "best sellers," literally performed the work of five people. During the filming of "Dame Chance" at the Fine Arts studio, this duo successfully accomplished a task that is perhaps unique in the history of pictures.

Miss Nordstrom wrote the novel from which the picture was made and likewise wrote the screen continuity. Hartford not only produced the picture but directed it and played one of the leading roles which, incidentally, due to the unusual opportunities it offers, looms as one of the outstanding characterizations in his screen career. Others in the cast of "Dame Chance" are Julanne Johnston, Gertrude Astor, Robert Frazer, Mary Carr and Lincoln Stedman.

Long renowned as actress, novelist and playwright, Miss Nordstrom is rapidly acquiring fame in a new demonstration of versatility, this time as a scenarist. In her latest continuity, that of "Dame Chance," she is said to have performed a most meritorious work. Incidentally, or perhaps essentially, that picture promises to cling rather more closely to the novel of the same name from which it was taken than the average film translation, since she is the authoress of the book.

This linking of the two names—Hartford and Nordstrom—is done deliberately. Their activities are not only linked professionally but in private life as well. Only a few months ago they were married in the east.

As a consequence, the Hartfords present an almost unique cinema combination. In this instance, the wife writes the stories and makes her own adaptations while the husband directs and produces, occasionally playing. The orthodox situation wherein husband and wife figure, sees the former in the role of player and the latter as director or producer.

REORGANIZATION of the old United Studios by Famous Players-Lasky has had the effect of terminating the seven years tenancy on the United lot of the Woodbury Studio, where J. E. Woodbury has been active since the old Brunton days. The new Woodbury Studio of Still Photography has been opened across the street at 5356 Melrose avenue in the quarters formerly occupied by the Clune Laboratory. J. E. Woodbury has the record of being the oldest man in point of service in motion pictures specializing in still photography, having devoted some twleve years to this work.

David Hartford

Producer of

DAVID HARTFORD PICTURES

Frances Nordstrom

AUTHOR *and* DRAMATIST

Carthay Circle Theater is the ultimate expression of the vision of a coterie of men who love California, whose desire in building the theatre has been to do honor to the Golden State.

Carthay Circle Opens As a Big Time House

by BERNARD ASHBROOK

IT MUST have taken something of that hardy spirit, vision and courage that actuated the California pioneers to whom the theatre is dedicated, to project at a point that seems so completely out of the beaten path a temple to the motion picture art as pretentious and as magnificently appointed as the Carthay Circle theatre which opened its doors to Hollywood and the theatre-going public of Southern California Tuesday evening, May 18.

And yet, after the brilliant opening which marked its formal dedication, one is constrained to the belief that the faith and the courage of those progressive spirits who sponsored its erection has not been misplaced.

It is a remarkable tribute to the power of the screen that such an edifice should be erected in a seemingly out of the way spot, and an interesting commentary on the age in which we live that its very isolation should prove a factor in attracting the world to its doors. It would seem to disprove the modern claim that Emerson's philosophy of the mousetrap is all wrong.

The inevitable impression one carries away from the Carthay Circle theatre is one of magnificence. No other word will quite do it justice. While expenditure has been lavish in attaining the ideal of its founders, that lavishness is at no time obtrusive.

Carthay Circle is beautiful. It is interesting. It is restful. It is one of those places where one may *enjoy* the beauty of screen artistry without the jarring note of theatricalism.

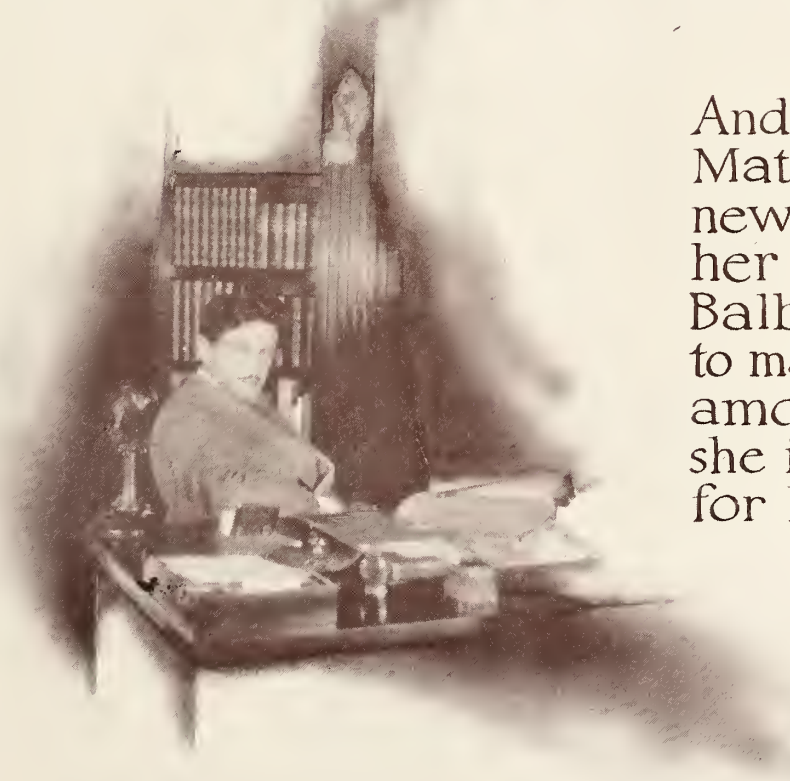
Quite in keeping with the magnificent simplicity of the theatre itself were the dedicatory exercises of the opening. And it seems beautifully appropriate that the one address of the evening should be delivered by one who has been and is so ardently an exponent of California—John Stevens McGroarty.

In the vernacular of the theatrical world, Carthay Circle is a "big time" house. The presentation of the West Coast premiere of "The Volga Boatman" established this note most forcibly and was one of the most impressive that has been seen in a land where artistry of presentation has become accepted largely as a matter of course. Hollywood and Los Angeles have grown to expect the unusual and a

(*Continued to page 74*)

A bright touch is added by the snappy usherettes in their Spanish costumes.

June Mathis in the library of her home working on stories for June Mathis Productions in the First National Program.



And while Miss Mathis creates new story ideas, her director, Balboni, pauses to marvel at the amount of work she is piling up for him.

Carthay Circle Opens

(Continued from page 72)

presentation must be unusual indeed to attract attention to itself. Just as the Carthay Circle is essentially a California institution—one of those institutions that could be conceived and executed only in the Golden West that is California, so is the prologue which prefaces the showing of "The Volga Boatman," essentially Hollywoodian. Probably no where else could exactly the same atmosphere and the same artistry be created save in Movieland.

Not since "The Covered Wagon," has a picture been prologued with such close sympathy for its theme, combined with the pep, dash and vim that characterizes the prologue to "The Volga Boatman"—a prologue that is in itself a monument to the creative and directorial genius of Jack Laughlin and a tribute to the Kosloff dancers.

Nor has there been any picture more beautifully nor more dramatically scored. Elinor has outdone himself in his music for this production. Without the score he has arranged, much of the throbbing intensity and dramatic beauty of a really big picture would have been lost. The manner in which the ever recurrent, insistent, throbbing "Song of the Volga Boatman" pulsates throughout the picture will remain in memory for a long time to come.

As a motion picture "The Volga Boatman is one of the best if not the best thing that Cecil DeMille has done. And like most truly big pictures it is frankly melodramatic, William Boyd and Elinor Fair are magnificent. Julia Faye as Mariusha is a fascinating little tartar. DeMille is always giving us new angles on worth while people and in "The Volga Boatman" has presented Victor Varconi in a new light. He handles the unsympathetic role of Prince Dimitri with a sincerity that is convincing.

A particularly interesting feature of the theatre itself is the marvelous lighting effects that are obtained in the auditorium. The field of colored lighting has barely been touched upon but its possibilities are interestingly illustrated at Carthay Circle where from the thousands of lights in the dome seemingly unlimited color combinations and shadings of color tone may be obtained. The soft blending of color constituted a veritable symphony.

Lasky Moving Roof Over Its Head

Lifting the roof from over its own head and building new floors right under the feet of other producing organizations is the extensive task of complicated workmanship to which Paramount has set itself in moving from the old Famous Players-Lasky premises in Hollywood to the recently purchased United Studios.

But the job is being done with skill and dispatch under the supervision of Milton E. Hoffman, executive manager, so that there will be no hindrance to the heavy production program on which Hector Turnbull and B. P. Schulberg, associate producers, are engaged.

Vera Reynolds' recent elevation to complete stardom by Cecil DeMille is a splendid tribute to her ability as an actress.

In a few days two of the huge stages at Lasky studio will be on the way to the new headquarters. The stages are being moved in sections and Stage 4 was unglassed this week over the heads of the William Wellman Company, which is filming "Love Magic," Florence Vidor's first starring picture.

Construction of sets for Bebe Daniels' next picture, "The College Flirt," which Clarence Badger will direct, is to begin almost immediately. This will be the first Paramount production to be made entirely at the new quarters. It is scheduled for later in May, and before it is well under way other lavish sets for "Kid Boots," starring extravaganza for Eddie Cantor, will be going up. Frank Tuttle is coming west in time to begin Cantor's initial screen venture for Paramount early in June.

The extensive carpenter shops, prop making department and electrical department have already been transferred to the United Studios and the old construction division on Argyle street has been dismantled.

Great headway is reported on the Spanish style administration building, part of the $500,000 improvement program, and the three-story dressing room building adjoining. The roof is on, and workmen today will shoot the gunite (cement) which will make the administration building more than half complete.

The Lasky forces will be producing in two studios, the old and the new, during the moving process. Companies will be routed out of the Vine street quarters over to the United Studios the same as going on location. And all this time the old studio will be undergoing dismantling and the new one partial rebuilding.

When the moving job is finished only the three-story concrete laboratory building will be retained on the original Lasky lot and it will be connected with a system of direct telephones to the United lot.

"Mantrap," Sinclair Lewis' amazing story of the Canadian woods which Victor Fleming is filming with Clara Bow, Ernest Torrence and Percy Marmont, will be completed at the present studio.

James Cruze may finish "Old Ironsides," the romantic story of the early American navy, at the new institution.

It has not been decided where John Waters, Paramount's newest director, will start the next Zane Grey story, "Forlorn River," for which Jack Holt is the only player selected.

Pictures which have been scheduled for the new studio include Pola Negri's next vehicle, as yet untitled; "You'd Be Surprised," with Clara Bow appearing in Raymond Griffith's support; "We're In the Navy Now," with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, whose last effort of that nature was "Behind the Front;" "The Rough Riders," the epic story feature the character of Theodore Roosevelt.

William Beaudine and Ernst Lubitsch, Warner Bros. Directors, against a background of girls from the "Patsy" musical comedy on the hizarre caharet set for Lubitsch's "So This Is Paris," hased on the French Farce, "Reveillon."

JAZZING UP "REVEILLON"

GIRLS from the cast and choruses of the three musical comedies showing in Los Angeles during the filming of Ernst Lubitsch's production for Warner Bros. of "So This Is Paris" made under the working title of "Reveillon" with Monte Blue, Patsy Ruth Miller, Lilyan Tashman and Andre Beranger are part of the three hundred beautiful women seen in many thousands of dollars worth of masquerade ball costumes made especially for the New Year's Eve sequence by O'Neil.

Perhaps this sum would not seem very much for the cost of clothing for 300 girls were it not for the fact that the scene being European and legs being the motif of the sequence, even the most elaborate costumes did not have much in the way of skirts. These girls numbering about a hundred were from the productions of "Patsy," "Rose Marie," and "Will Morrisey's Revue." They were accompanied by about fifty men from the same productions and worked in the picture all day quitting in time for the evening performances of their shows. Every one was an expert Charleston dancer.

The rest of the dancers were composed of the winners of a number of Charleston contests and the very cream of Hollywood extradom, all expert Charlestoners. In the most bizarre and striking cabaret set ever seen on the screen, these players with the help of a negro jazz orchestra engage in a New Year's Eve that only a Lubitsch could bring to the screen in all its riotous gayety.

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CRASHING THE GATE

(Continued from page 44)

the various lots have been too busy to notice the phenomena attached to this occurrence; that on the other hand Kennedy had been in an excellent position to see, ponder and understand, and that a novel and amusing impression of the people who visit the studio would be forthcoming from him.

Just one more interesting fact about Kennedy, to give him background for the tale he is to tell of the people he sees visiting the studios, or trying to "break into films." He has been producer and director on the same lot where he is now gateman; in his own words let him epitomize his experience in making "Kennedy Komedies:"

"I financed 'em, wrote 'em, acted in 'em and went broke on 'em."

"You must have seen some funny things, some pathetic things, some dramatic things in acting as the Universal St. Peter, Mr. Kennedy," I began.

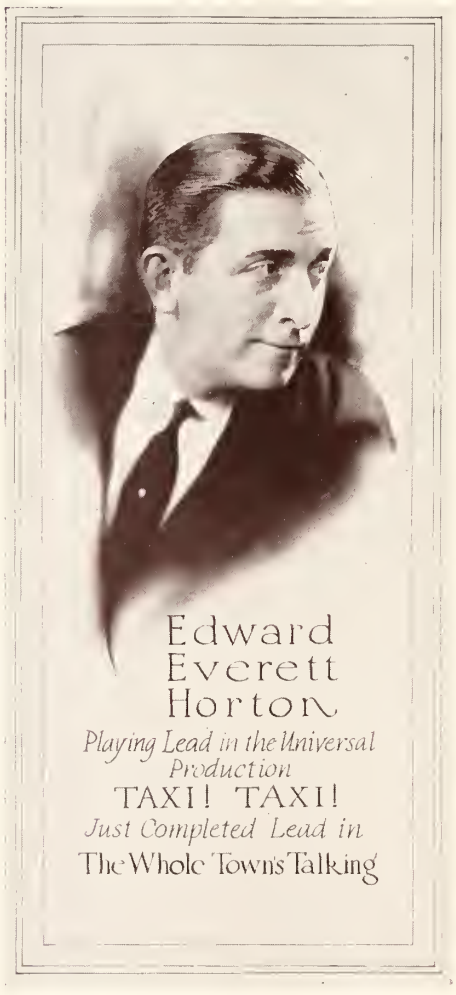
"I have," he admitted. "For instance—"

There is no space in a magazine article for all Kennedy had to tell me that is worth the retelling. I must pick and choose, and throw aside regretfully many an episode in favor of another that in my judgment has more general interest, humorous spice or truth-to-life.

"IT ALWAYS tickles me when they bump into a star," said Kennedy, referring to studio visitors. "Funny how this star-worship thing affects some folk, and funny, too, how many different kinds of human beings are just as daffy over the big folks in pictures."

"There was that little girl who worshipped Reginald Denny. She and her mother had been on the lot and had missed him, although she had especially wanted to see him work. Just as they were leaving, however, hurrying off to catch a train, here comes Reggie. I knew how much she wanted to see him, and was going to ask him to let me introduce him, but did she wait for that? No sir! She leapt up on the running board of his car, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him; then ran away before he could recover from his daze! She jumped into the car beside her mother and the chauffeur whizzed 'em away. A month or so later I asked Reggie if he's had a letter from her. I thought she might write. But she didn't. No, it wasn't just a fool schoolgirl stunt she did, in order to be able to say she'd kissed Reginald Denny. She was between laughin' and cryin' and if I'm any judge, 'twas a case of being overcome by the sight of him in real life, after a severe case of celluloid infatuation."

"It seems to be the way with some folks to act as though it were all an old story to them, whether it is or not, when they see how movies are made and meet or see stars close at hand. On the contrary, some of 'em gush—yes, men do that too. And some of them, particularly the men, really aren't interested at all. A soap factory would be more thrilling to them.



"I remember taking one party out on the lot, and the gentleman of the crowd was kind enough to spare me answering the usual sixty questions from each person per minute. He didn't know anything about pictures but what he'd read in the fan magazines, but he took over all my duties, and I let him talk to his heart's content.

"He grabbed hold of an iron fence around a set, and saw that it wasn't a fake, but made no comment on it. Then we came to a fancy jail set, and he paused beside a window to do his stuff for the ladies.

"You see, they go to infinite pains and great expense to make sets for motion pictures solid and real, he told them. Take the bars of this window, for instance. They look mighty like iron bars, don't they? Well, the interesting fact is that they *are* iron bars. Imitation might do, but they don't build 'em that way, at least at the good studios. For instance—

"Before I could warn him he grabbed one of those supposedly iron bars and gave it a wrench. It was built of light wood, and it splintered and came away, spoiling the whole thing—two bars and two cross supports! After that he hushed up and let me talk until they were ready to go. Then he wanted to know how much he owed us for the broken bars.

"'Might be only a few dollars, or if it causes a lot of delay in shooting the set, a few thousand,' I told him. "You'd better not say anything about it. But hereafter—don't be too sure about things around a studio. You might bet somebody that the next barred window you see is wood—and it'd turn out to be iron!"

"It has often amused me to see how disappointed folk are when, passing through one of the exit doors of a living room set, for instance, they failed to find other rooms beyond, and are confronted, instead, by the bare stage, the braces and the tangle of light cables. Most of them hate the idea of the beautiful setting being torn down after each picture. The usual impression, though, seems to be surprise at the stability of the sets, the realism of everything connected with the film background. Then when a bit of painting on glass, close to the cameras, is used, for instance, to supply the New York skyline above the unfinished tops of a set built on a stage here, they are utterly amazed.

"'How are we ever to tell what's real and what isn't in pictures, when we see them on the screen?' a lady once wailed to me. I say 'wailed,' for she seemed really grieved over it. Said I, 'Don't try to tell, ma'am; just sit tight and if the picture's a good one, enjoy it. That's the whole answer to everything we try to do—insofar as our facilities and knowledge go, we make pictures so that you'll get the greatest enjoyment from them when you see them.'

"MANY'S the time our art and technical directors have been approached by wealthy visitors who wanted homes built for them or plans and advice about furnishings, finish and

the like. They've even approached the heads of the studio to see if they couldn't borrow our experts for such purposes.

"I remember one girl visitor who was an artist, and she got lost from the rest of the party I happened to be taking around. We later found her right in the middle of some grave difficulties. A technical director had discovered her sketching one of the sets he had designed, and he was all for arresting her, or at least taking away her sketches and throwing her out of the studio. I explained to her how careful the larger companies must be that their sets are not copied by various little parasites who make pictures by the 'shoot 'em and run' method.

"We had a similar experience with a man who tried to take sets with a kodak. His intentions were perfectly all right; he simply wanted suggestions for the design of his living room back in Iowa somewhere, where it wouldn't have mattered. But if you think we're over-careful, just consider this case:

"The company had been spending a lot of money on some very large sets for a very large picture. That picture wouldn't be ready for release for a long while. Just after it had gone into production, we let a typical family of tourists in—or so we thought, at least—folk who said they were from Alabama, and arrived with three generations represented. They got photos of several big sets with the children on 'em, supposedly just to put in the family album to prove they'd been in a picture studio. A green kid was guiding 'em, so they got away with it.

"About a month later, long before we were ready to release our picture, there appeared on the state's rights market a cheap film made by a man who'd already departed with his profits, and that film, which was a take-off on our picture, had several of our big sets in it—they'd reproduced 'em through a photo enlarging process. When we traced the leak, we found 'twas the folk from Alabama who had slipped one over on us.

"Another graft developed from a fellow who came in here with a news camera and a scheme to take 'off stage' publicity stuff of several of our stars. A long time later we learned that he had cut these scenes into cheap pictures of his own, and had sold his pictures abroad as photoplays in which our players were starred!"

KENNEDY was interrupted at this point by some message from the studio officials—I judged by his remarks on the phone that they were giving him special orders to keep someone out. He was not at all perturbed.

"I'll keep out anybody they say!" he chuckled as he rejoined me. "Let's see —where were we?"

"Tell me," I suggested, "what is the attitude of the theater-going visitors toward motion picture? Are they friendly or otherwise? Are they critical or just curious?"

"You find 'em every way," Kennedy replied. "However, taking it by and large, the majority seem very friendly, and not so critical as curious. They're interested in how pictures are made, what sort of people picture folk are, and how they live, but they don't show any tendency to butt in. Their attitude is that we're giving them good pictures, and they think we seem to be a pretty good, intelligent, friendly bunch who deserve every benefit of doubt when sensational writers, speakers and reformers attack us.

"Their attitude toward censorship is 'thumbs down,' in overwhelming majority. You see, many of 'em have watched the absurd things we have to do in order to tell a story without stepping on some censor's tabu. They say, 'Why can't you take this scene such-and-such a way—I'd think that would be far more effective.' 'So it would,' say we, 'if the censors in certain states would let us. As it is, we have to do it this way so that the picture is allowed to show in those states at all, or at least without being mutilated.'

"Naturally, seeing things first-hand

Darryl Francis Zanuck

Warner Bros. Author

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Louise Fazenda

Warner Bros. Star

that way, they're sore at censorship. 'I've thought some of the things I saw on the screen were due to the director's lack of intelligence, but I see now that they're to be blamed on censorship,' one gentleman told me. 'I'm glad to learn about it; perhaps I can do some good when I get home.' "

KENNEDY paused, and a grin spread over his face. "I was just thinking," he explained, "of the man from Iowa. We'll never forget him here, although a surprising number of people, particularly the men tourists who go through, are like him to some extent. Just try to feature this:

"He started in on me by saying he was here to see the studio, so I took him around the lot, but instead of looking at anything he'd come to see, he was busy all the time boosting his home town in Iowa. I introduced him to Hoot Gibson.

" 'Glad t' see yuh, Mr. Gibson,' he said. 'I've seen a pitcher or so of yours at our theater in C————. Say, we gotta great little showhouse there. I've seen some good ones in Chicago and Los Angeles, but for its size, the Kinema is hard to beat. Ever been in our town, Mr. Gibson? Well, you've missed something. Best, fastest-growing little burg in this here land of the free. Why—"

"And so on, all around the lot, seeing nothing he claimed he'd come to see, but busy as a gopher on a tin roof selling the town of C————, Iowa. And he said he spent every winter in Long Beach now that his sons could take care of the hardware store!"

"There's another case I'll never forget —that of the little girl who'd evidently been educated from the photoplay fan magazines, and had competed in every 'masked film star' and 'cut out' puzzle or contest ever given. She told me she had done so, and I believed her when she proved to me that she knew the movie folk by sight as well as I do—and that's going some. But she'd never seen one before she came to our lot, except in photographs.

"Could they fool her with funny makeup? I should say not. She'd be able to recognize any star in the business by a glimpse at his or her nose, ear, mouth or back of the head! Jean Hersholt, for instance, is a master of makeup: he's come near fooling me several times. On this occasion he breezed by us in an outlandish rig.

" 'Why, there's Jean Hersholt!' she cried instantly. 'I know him by the way his ears set on his head. He was in a "back of the head" contest in a magazine once, and I didn't guess who it was for a long time, because he was pretty new to the screen then. He'd just come from Denmark, I guess, and—' "

"As she went on telling me about Jean, I learned a lot of stuff about him that I didn't know. Talk about baseball fans knowing the batting averages of every player in all the leagues—they had nothing on this pretty little lady!"

"You've seen how folks try to bluff their way into the studio. That's the way it goes—unimportant folk often come up with a blare of trumpets, and the big ones sit around and wait for all the processes of getting to somebody. I remember a man who wanted to see Mr. Laemmle the day before our big chief was heading for New York.

" 'I'm afraid you can't get to him with dynamite, he's so busy winding up things before he goes,' said I. 'But I'll send your card in, and meanwhile you might also start them telephoning for you at the Information Gate. You say you've got some important business with him—'

" 'Yes,' he said mildly. 'I must catch him before he goes away. But don't let me disturb the routine—just see that my card gets to him.'

"The process of getting to our big chief took quite awhile, and meanwhile the visitor sat around, smoked cigars, and talked to me in a friendly, leisurely fashion. An hour passed. Somebody

had slipped. Then Mr. Laemmle himself came out of the gate in a car, and the stranger hailed him, and they shook hands, and called each other by their first names. 'Twas somebody I should have sent in with a brass band, you see—but how was I to guess it!

" 'Your guardian of the gate is all right, Carl,' says he. 'If you ever fire him I'll have to take him on to keep people from pestering me!' "

"SAY!" Kennedy suddenly interrupted himself to exclaim with considerable enthusiasm, "Did you ever read Harry Leon Wilson's 'Merton of the Movies?' " Great book, wasn't it? Well, it's funny how Wilson caught some things like he did, knowing the studios only a little while. There was Merton's idea of waiting around outside the studio gate, afraid to talk to anyone but hoping something would happen. That's the way with so many men and woman and kids you see outside the studios. Scared to death but waiting for lightnin' to strike!

I could tell of plenty of rather pitiful cases, but one in particular strikes me. A man and a little dog were hanging around by this very gate day after day, and occasionally I'd talk to the man, but I never asked him his business. And he never seemed to want to come in, or to see anybody. He was just waiting. His little dog would do all sorts of tricks, and folks would gather around to watch, but the master never would start a collection, and I never saw him beg.

The dog was fat and hearty, because he got plenty of scraps from lunches and the like. But the man looked sickly, and one day he passed here, flashed a wan smile at me and made some josh or other, and when he'd gone on ten feet or so, fell on the sidewalk with a thump. The studio doctor said 'twas a case of fainting from starvation. After awhile his story came out, and he was given a job—he had trained the dog to act for pictures, and had been waiting for someone to suggest that he come in and put it to work, I guess."

Kennedy had more reminiscences and philosophy on the subject of the vagaries of the public and the would-be professionals, but meanwhile it had occurred to me that he was in an equally advantageous position to study motion picture people. With a little urging and guiding at the outset, he launched into the new subject:

"The thing that impresses me about the stars and such is that one day it's up, and another day it's down with them. You never know when a young 'bit' player is going to become a star, or when a star is going to take a very sudden toboggan. And old-timers have a way of coming and going. They try half-a-dozen 'comebacks' and fail, and the seventh or the tenth is the lucky number.

"I think it's the very uncertainty of the game that makes some of the big folk very democratic and others very 'upstage,' that makes some of the folk who aren't doing so well bold bluffers and others regular mendicants. Very few can save any money. Many an old-timer could have retired four or five years ago with plenty of money, but like that lure of the circus they tell about—the call of the sawdust ring—they can't escape from the kliegls, and they go broke. I've seen so many of them change from Rolls-Royces to Fords and back again, and then back once more—

"Then there's the few conservatives among 'em, quiet people for the most part, to whom one doesn't pay a great deal of attention. You overlook 'em in the blare and bluff of the other sort, and suddenly they pop up with a big position, a fine car, real estate and interest in banks and things.

"After all," Kennedy concluded, "picture people are just folk, like anyone else. They're the most friendly, warm-hearted and open-handed crowd in the world, and that's why I love 'em—that's why I'd rather be gateman at Universal City than hold many another job with a higher-sounding title, elsewhere. They're my people!"

Willard Louis

A Warner Bros. Star

Giving the Individual Producer An Even Break

Producers of lavish spectacle and the maker of less pretentious pictures work side by side on the great stages at Fine Arts. Every modern convenience to lighten their task is placed at their disposal and a staff of tried and true artisans and technical experts are always ready to assist them with their problems.

Fine Arts Studios, Inc., takes great pride in the fact that its owners are all active in conducting its affairs. Nat Deverich, president, and John Rikkelman, secretary-treasurer, have been identified with this plant since the day Griffith took it over and Samuel Freedman, vice president, is a comparative newcomer in the field. However all three of these officials are 'working bosses' and are in daily direct contact with their producer-clients. Each of the managerial trio has his duties to perform and a staff of aides to direct and none occupies the proverbial easy chair that is popularly associated with their high offices.

Keeping a clientele of twelve or more active motion picture producing companies happy and satisfied at all times is

Producers of lavish spectacles and the makers of less pretentious pictures work side by side on the great stages at Fine Arts. Recently some of the most elaborate sets ever designed and constructed locally have been created for clients of the studio.

FROM those days, several years ago, when D. W. Griffith filmed his early masterpieces within its walls until the present time when twelve busy producing companies are active on the same ground, the Fine Arts Studios, a landmark in motion picture history, has flown the banner of independence.

Today a modernized plant with four great stages and all appurtenances that go to make a practical and well equipped studio, this institution—for it is an institution—caters to those independent producers who are not affiliated with the so-called 'trust' concerns. Here the companies great and small that are making screen entertainment 'on their own' find a haven and co-operation that is reflected in their product.

some contract and and judging from the length of tenancy of a majority of the units at Fine Arts, Messrs. Rikkelman, Freedman and Deverich are actually accomplishing this feat. For most of the space leasers at this plant are old timers or else they have worked at the studio previously and have come back again and again to produce pictures. Among the present tenants of the studio are two First National companies, one starring Colleen Moore and the other featuring Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone, jointly.

Then there is Pathe Exchange, Inc., operating two serial units, working almost continuously. Samuel J. Briskin, with his Banner and Royal Productions is another active producer. Others who are numbered among the steady clients at this studio are John Ince Productions, Tiffany Productions, Crist Productions, Harry J. Brown, West Brothers, David Hartford Productions.

Other independent producers come and go and although it always appears as though Fine Arts is working to capacity, space is never wanting for the new arrival thanks to an efficiency system recently installed at this plant by R. M. De Lacy, the technical director and Rikkelman, who serves as production supervisor for the studio.

Recently some of the most elaborate stage sets ever designed and constructed locally have been created for clients at Fine Arts. Exquisite drawing rooms, palatial mansions, imposing offices and scores of other elaborate scenes dressed with the most costly furniture and hand properties are the rule rather than the exception with producers here. Contrary to a peculiar general opinion that prevails for some unknown reason, independent film companies are prodigal in the expenditure of money on their screen product. They seem to realize that they have to go the "old line" producers one better in order to compete with them in this day and age, and they are lavish with appropriations for the production of worthy stories.

The new Fine Arts Studios—for it is indeed a strictly modernized plant that now stands on the ground made historically famous by the great master, Griffith,—fills a niche long vacant in Los Angeles motion picture annals. It gives the unfettered producer a real home and production headquarters and it gives him all of the co-operation he needs to turn out screen product that finds a ready market. Further, it helps the independent to retain his independence by co-operating with him when with his finished pictures he needs immediate assistance to go on with his filming schedule before he disposes of his product to the distributor.

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Angle Shots

Around Hollywood Studios

FACED with the prospect of a three months location sojourn in the hinterlands of Nevada, Director Henry King is marshalling his resources to make "The Winning of Barbara Worth," Harold Bell Wright's greatest novel. Production is expected to start about June 1st.

King is rapidly earning the title of Movieland's most versatile director for he has now handled the megaphone on almost every type of picture from the laughable "Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave" and "Tolable David" to the somber "Stella Dallas," his latest success.

With "The Winning of Barbara Worth" King will again turn to an entirely different type of production as this picture is to be an epic of the reclamation development of the West. The production offers fresh opportunities for the versatility King has already proved he possesses.

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky will head the cast and the picture is sponsored by Samuel Goldwyn.

NOWHERE does credit mean quite so much as it does in the world of motion pictures and apropos of this truism there occurred at the opening of the Carthay Circle theatre, May 18th, one of those little tragedies of life that crop up every once in a while and which mean so much at the moment to the individuals involved.

One of the most striking features of the unusually beautiful decorative features of the Carthay Circle theatre, in which is symbolized the spirit of California, is the statue typifying California Sunshine. In selecting the model for this statue a contest was conducted jointly by the theatre and one of the Los Angeles newspapers and on the night of the opening the winner of the contest was publicly presented on the stage, while in the audience, unrecognized and unmentioned, sat the little Indian girl who had posed for the nine weeks that the statue was in the making. To Winona Saginaw, some credit, some public acknowledgment of those nine weeks of rigid posing that the spirit of California's sunshine might be immortalized in bronze, had meant, for the moment, everything. That a certain amount of laurels would go to the winner of the contest seemed obvious, but hope still persisted that somehow, in the working out of justice, some credit would be given.

When the night of the opening came, Miss Saginaw was seated well down in the auditorium filled with enthusiasm for a beautiful theatre which she felt that she had played a small part in beautifying. At the conclusion of the marvelous presentation of the opening program, keyed to a high emotional pitch by the dramatic intensity of "The Volga Boatman," the unexpected presentation of the contest winner as the girl who had posed for the statue, proved too much for her sensitive nature and she collapsed.

While a brilliant audience applauded the presentation of the stars and others who had contributed to the making of a truly big picture, in the emergency rest room of the theatre Miss Saginaw lay for several hours under the constant care of a physician, hurriedly summoned, before she could be taken to her home at 400 South Kenmore avenue.

To the rest of the world credit for the statue means but little. To the little Indian girl whose youthful figure has been so faithfully immortalized in bronze by the sculptor, Henry Lion, it meant a very great deal. Denial of at least her share of the credit brought about a collapse that kept her confined to her home for several days, crushed in body and spirit.

But so it goes in life. Very often those who do the work are denied the credit that is rightfully theirs and the plaudits go to some one else, and while pictures are no different from other walks of life, somehow credit seems to mean just a little bit more.

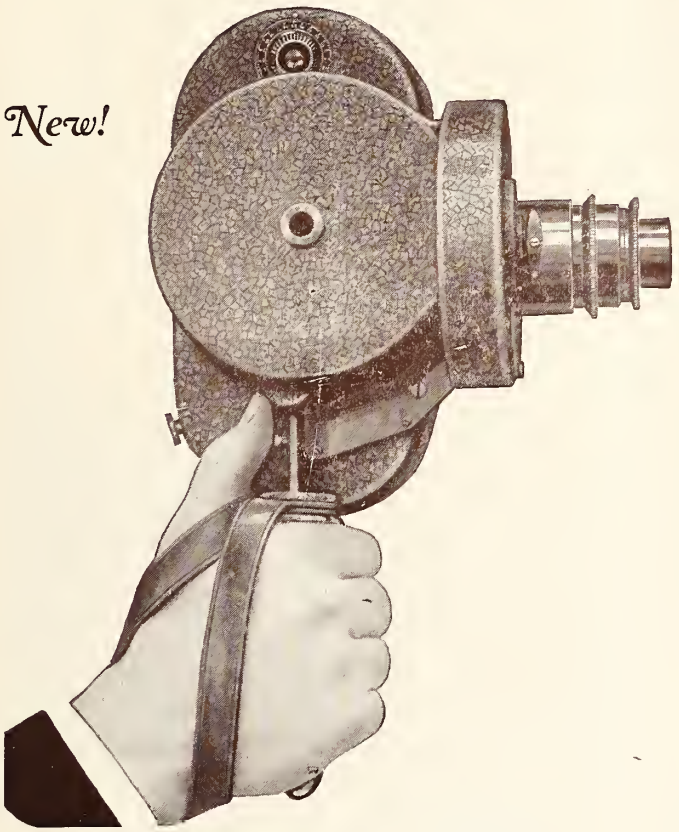
CINEMALAND has discovered a new rendezvous where it may indulge in afternoon teas in unusually charming surroundings. In the heart of the exclusive Beverly Hills district at 453 Rodeo Drive, Paul R. Jepson, noted connoisseur of art works, has just opened the Jepson Tea Room and interior decorating studio.

ACCORDING to the reports of spectators who were on the set at the time one of the most thrilling episodes in the filming of the Warner Bros. Classic, "Don Juan," occurred in the duel scene between Montagu Love as *Donati* and John Barrymore as *Don Juan*. It was Barrymore's desire to

(*Continued to page 88*)

FOR NEWS REEL AND STUNT PICTURES

New!



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ACTION!—EYEMO!—two words that mean the "difficult," "stunt" shots on location are no longer difficult. And with EYEMO on the News assignment, nothing gets away. EYEMO weighs only seven pounds and requires no tripod. Is sighted in the direct natural way—as you would aim a spy glass. EYEMO was used to "scoop" the pictures for both the Byrd & Amundson-Ellsworth North Pole Expeditions. Also is being used by the Third Asiatic Expedition, Bering Sea Expedition, Speejax Expedition, Smithsonian - Chrysler and other famous expeditions. Write for circular "Scooping the Picture" giving the details and describing all of the EYEMO exclusive features which give it the photographic flexibility of a Bell & Howell $5,000 studio model.

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Bell & Howell nicety of workmanship is evident in EYEMO. It is built with the same painstaking degree of precision and accuracy as B & H professional studio cameras. A 47 m-m F 2.5 Taylor-Hobson Cooke lens in micrometer mount is standard equipment. Other lenses up to 20″ telephoto are regularly stocked and interchangeable by reason of micrometer focusing mounts employed. Adjustable speed feature permits varying the speed from 16 to 8 exposures per second.

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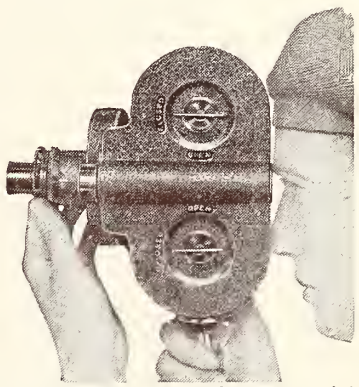

EYEMO is so named because it sights from the eye —like a spy glass. Can be held with the same steadiness as aiming a rifle. The image is seen in the upright position. Easily followed, or the Camera may be quickly shifted to another scene. Level visible in the finder tube assures getting pictures squarely on the film. A quick and accurate Portable Camera.

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Victor McLaglen,

who was selected to portray the bombastic Captain Flagg in Fox Films production of Lawrence Stalling's and Maxwell Anderson's sensational stage play, "What Price Glory," "rates" the campaign ribbons he wears on his breast. McLaglen served as a captain in the British Army on the Mesapotamian front during the entire period of the great war. His "Flagg" is a vivid, realistic screen characterization.

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Hoot Gibson

Just finished
The Man in the Saddle
Directed by
Clifford Smith

Rufe in
Hell Bent Fer Heaven

Gardner James

Just Completed
THE PASSIONATE QUEST
Now playing in
THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN
Inspiration Picture

Marian Constance Blackton

Adapted for the screen

The Bride of the Storm
Hell Bent Fer Heaven
The Passionate Quest

Now in Preparation

THE AMERICAN

Suggested by

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This Is Not A Real Street

One of the massive sets constructed for the J. Stuart Blackton production THE PASSIONATE QUEST

Nick Musuraca and William S. Adams at the cameras

George Fawcett

in

Men of Steel
George Archainbaud

Joanna
Edwin Carewe

The Merry Widow
Eric Von Stroheim

ANGLE SHOTS

(*Continued from page 82*)

make that scene real and Love played up to him in what is reported to have been the most sensational duel ever seen on a motion picture set.

Before playing in motion pictures Montagu Love was an actor on the legitimate stage and played many important roles in London. He also made a world-tour in Shakespearian reportoire. He started life as a painter of water colors and as a newspaper writer. Histrionic art attracted him and following his entry into pictures he has risen rapidly. He is at present playing in Valentino's current production of "The Son of the Sheik" at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio.

On another page appears a portrait of Love drawn by his chauffer who likewise has film ambitions as a draughtsman of animated cartoons.

J. STUART BLACKTON, director of Warner Bros. production of "The Passionate Quest" adapted from E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel of that name adapted by Marian Constance, is famous in moving picture circles for the full and well balanced casts of proven actors always seen in his pictures.

"The Passionate Quest" is no exception. Willard Louis creates the role of Matthew Garner, seeker after wealth and power. May McAvoy portrays the quester after social distinction as Rosina Vonet, and Gardner James, the seeker after artistic expression. Raised together from childhood, these three set forth upon their quests in London, each with fifty pounds.

Among the characters with whom they come in contact are Louise Fazenda as Mathilde, the modiste, Holmes Herbert as Douglas Erwen, the literary dilettant, Dewitt Jennings as Benjamin Stone, their guardian, Vera Lewis as Garner's wife, Frank Butler as Lord Reginald Towers, a gentleman-about-the-theatre, and Charles Stevenson and William Herford as that partnership famous to the glass business, Bone and Fossil.

GEORGE MELFORD turned back the pages of motion picture history to one of its early but most interesting chapters recently when he staged at the Metropolitan Studio, a private projection room showing of the only remaining print of the original "Flame of the Yukon."

The original "Flame of the Yukon'" was filmed nine years ago by Thomas H. Ince, who stoutly maintained that it was one of the greatest pictures he ever sponsored. Dorothy Dalton achieved sudden stardom through her performance in the title role and it gained new prominence for the director, Charles Miller, who has since deserted the screen. Kenneth Harlan, then an unknown on the screen, portrayed the leading male role.

"The old 'Flame of the Yukon' was a remarkable picture for its time," Melford declared after the showing. "Although present day audiences would doubtless laugh at its many technical crudies, such as dull photography and the shadows cast on the faces of the players from the flapping overhead canvas which roofed the studios of that day, it possesses a dramatic strength that many pictures of today lack. Its superiority over the general run of pictures made at that time offers tremendous inspiration in making a new version."

Seena Owen is portraying the title role in the new "Flame of the Yukon," and Arnold Gray, a screen newcomer, will be seen in the role originally played by Kenneth Harlan.

ON EITHER side of the camera you'll find her. When Dorothy Donald isn't writing stories for the camera she's acting for it. She has just finished a western lead.

(*Continued to page 92*)

Ralph Lewis
Vera Lewis

DOUGLAS GERRARD

His Latest Picture—

MR. DUNN

IN

"FOOT-LOOSE WIDOWS"

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

ROY DEL RUTH

Director

WARNER BROS.

Antonio Moreno

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M.G.M.

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Cosmopolitan

Louise Lester

Famous as Calamity Ann in the Allan Dwan Series.

Recent characterization as Alice Calhoun's mother in "The Big Snow."

Walter Miller

LEADS

Present Engagement SUN BOUND

Recent Picture GREEN ARCHER
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ANGLE SHOTS

(Continued from page 82)

FOLLOWING an extensive location tour in which he penetrated remote recesses of Northern Wyoming and Montana, Reginald Barker, president of the Motion Picture Directors' Association, has returned to Culver City prepared to begin work on "The Flaming Forest," based on a James Oliver Curwood story, his first feature production since his return to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

Barker, accompanied by Harry Schenck, his assistant, and Percy Hilburn, his chief cameraman, traveled over the bleak ranges of the Wind River Indian reservation in Northern Wyoming in collecting a huge band of Arapahoe and Shoshone Indians to be featured in his latest production, in addition to studying locales in the famed butte country south of Yellowstone National Park.

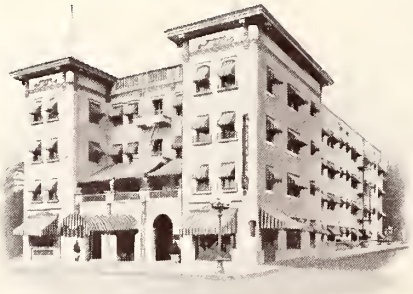
During his stay in the neighborhood of the Indian reservation Barker and his party were guests of and made their headquarters on the ranch of Col. T. J. McCoy, former adjutant general of Wyoming and lifelong friend of the redman.

Before returning to the Southland, the directorial party paid a visit to Glacier National Park in Montana, where the majestic scenic features of the region were surveyed as possible locales for the Curwood story.

The American

BASING his story on his own intimate knowledge of Theodore Roosevelt as a man, as a citizen and as the chief executive of the nation, J. Stuart Blackton is preparing as his next big production for Warner Bros. "The American," in which he plans to incorporate not only Roosevelt's ideas of Americanism but also, insofar as is practical, the late President's ideal of the model motion picture.

The theme of patriotism and American life will be the chief characteristics of the production. Commodore Blackton, who is thoroughly familiar with the trend of Colonel Roosevelt's thoughts in this matter, is preparing the story for production. Marion Constance Blackton will adapt the story for motion pictures. He plans to make the new production greater in story, stronger in appeal and more gigantic in construction than his "Battle Cry of Peace."



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"California Invites the World"

The Duoscope Camera

(*Continued from Page 67*)

with soft focus lenses and the use of gauze to hide the footprints of time.

"Famous authors had an inning at the big money. Plays were touted loud and long as the essential ingredient for successful pictures. Somebody made money with a spectacle and everybody else rushed in to make them 'bigger if not better.' Most of the million-dollar productions have brought back only a small part of their cost, meantime the humble camera man has been pushed further into the back ground and with a few notable exceptions he has seemed to give up the struggle to better either his condition or the business which he had created. As a class he seems to have accepted his fate and sits uncomplainingly at the second table.

"During the wild orgy of outspending one another, lasting over ten years, it was useless to approach a producer with suggestions that would conserve either time or money. He was keeping step to the other calliope. Wall Street has helped to keep things going for some time, but even that source is getting shy of the game as it is being played. The producer is now looking around for some one to save the industry. His only hope seems to be the use of the many clever devices invented by those who had not lost faith but kept on trying through years of unappreciated effort. These useful time and money saving improvements include glass shots, traveling mats, miniatures, photographs and paintings used as backgrounds, which will save the producer untold sums of money on sets and antipodean locations.

"The views shown of my double exposure camera with the captions will make clear the principles involved and the results which can be obtained, to any one familiar with the use of the ordinary motion picture camera. The patents granted on this camera in 1918 cover the use of the traveling mat which I used as far back as 1914. I have been holding this and other patented devices for my own use, as I expected to resume production, but have been prevailed on to open up the use of them to others in the industry. My little contributions to the tools and methods used in the industry during the past twenty years have been of more satisfaction than profit. Some of my patents are being pirated and I am taking steps to correct this condition."

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WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

COMPILED MAY 15, 1926

Alfred Austin	Between pictures at Fox.
Lloyd Bacon	Directing "Broken Hearts of Hollywood" for Warner Bros.
Clarence Badger	Preparing for the next Bebe Daniels production "The College Flirt" for Paramount.
King Baggott	Preparing for Jackie Coogan's next picture, "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut," at M-G-M.
Sylvano Balboni	Preparing for his first June Mathis production, "Paradise," for First National.
Reginald Barker	Preparing for his first production under his new contract with M-G-M based on Curwood's story, "The Flaming Forest."
William Beaudine	Loaned by Warner Brothers to Paramount to direct Douglas McLean in "Ladies First" at Associated Studios.
Harold Beaudine	Directing Bobby Vernon in two-reel comedies for Christie.
Monta Bell	Between pictures at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Harry Beaumont	Directing "Woman Power" for Fox from the story by Kenneth B. Clark.
Spencer Bennett	Directing "The Fighting Marine" at Fine Arts for Pathe release. Story by Frank Leon Smith.
J. Stuart Blackton	Finishing "The Passionate Quest" at Warner Brothers studio. Story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Adaptation by Marion Constance.
J. G. Blystone	Directing "The Family Upstairs" for Fox. From the story by L. G. Wrigby. All star cast.
Frank Borzage	Preparing "The Pelican" for Fox.
Bertram Bracken	Directing Creighton Hale in "Thundering Speed" for Lackey Productions at California studios.
Clarence Brown	Preparing "The Flesh and the Devil" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Harry J. Brown	Preparing for "The High Flyer," starring Reed Howes, at Fine Arts.
Herbert Brenon	Finishing "Beau Geste" for Paramount.
Harry J. Brown	Preparing for "Stick to Your Story," at Fine Arts Studio.
Melville M. Brown	Preparing to direct "Taxi! Taxi!" for Universal.
Tod Browning	Cutting "The Road to Mandalay" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Dimitri Buchowetzki	Between pictures. Is scheduled to direct Emil Jannings for Paramount in the fall.
Tom Buckingham	Between pictures at Fox Studio.
Christy Cabanne	Directing Mae Murray and Conway Tearle in "Altars of Desire" for M-G-M.
Frank Capra	Directing Harry Langdon in "The Yes Man" for First National.
Edmund Carewe	Cutting "Pals First" for First National.
Ralph Ceder	Directing the H. C. Witwer story "Bill Graham's Progress" at F. B. O. All star cast.
Louis Chaudet	Directing "Choose Your Man" for Thomas L. Griffith at Associated Studios. Story by Leslie Curtis. All star cast.
Charles Chaplin	Producing and directing his own picture, "The Circus."
Benjamin Christansen	Preparing at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Eddie Cline	Directing two reel Johnny Burke comedy at Mack Sennett Studio.
Jack Conway	Between pictures at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Ben Cohen	Preparing his own story at California Studios for Rayart.
Francis Corby	Directing "Let George Do It" for Stern Film Corp., featuring Syd Taylor.
William Craft	Directing "Flashing Heels" at Associated Studios for Western Star Productions. Starring William Cody.
Donald Crisp	Directing "Young April" at DeMille Studio from the story by Jeanie MacPherson and Douglas Doty.
Alan Crosland	Directing "The Tavern Knight" for Warner Bros. Starring John Barrymore and Dolores Costello.
James Cruze	On location at Camp Constitution, Catalina Island, directing "Old Ironsides" for Paramount.
Irving Cummings	Between pictures at Fox studios.
Al Davis	Between pictures at Fox studios.
Jim Davis	Directing Izzie and Lizzie for the Billy West Production at Fine Arts Studio.
Robert DeLacey	Directing Tom Tyler in "Jerry Settles Down" for F. B. O.
Cecil DeMille	Preparing plans for the production to be made in lieu of "The Deluge," abandoned to avoid conflict with another producing organization.
William DeMille	Preparing for Leatrice Joy's new picture, "For Alimony Only" at DeMille Studios.
Roy Del Ruth	Directing "Across the Pacific" for Warner Bros. Starring Monte Blue.
Edward Dillon	Directing "Flame of the Argentine" for F. B. O., starring Evelyn Brent.
John Francis Dillon	Directing Anna Q. Nilsson in "Midnight Lovers," for First National release, at Fine Arts Studio. Story by Carey Wilson.
Bunny Dull	Between pictures at Fox studio.
Scott Dunlap	Directing Richard Talmadge in an as yet untitled picture at Universal City.
E. A. Dupont	Directing his first American-made picture for Universal, "Love Me and the World Is Mine," starring Mary Philbin.
Allan Dwan	Preparing to direct Tom Meighan in "Tin Gods" for Paramount. Will produce in New York.
Reeves Eason	Directing Fred Thomson in "The Two-Gun Man" at F. B. O.
Harry Edwards	Preparing "The Collegians" for Universal. Script by Rob Wagner. George Lewis star.
George Fitzmaurice	Directing Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky in "The Son of the Sheik" for United Artists release at Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.
Victor Fleming	Cutting "Mantrap" for Paramount from the story by Adelaide Heilborn. All star cast.
James Flood	Directing "The Door Mat" for Warner Bros.
Emmett Flynn	Directing Lou Tellegen and Margaret Livingstone in "Married Alive" for Fox. Story by Gertrude Orr.
Francis Ford	Directing "Discord" for California, Inc.
John Ford	Preparing to direct "The Devil's Master" for Fox. Starring George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor.
Sidney Franklin	Directing Constance Talmadge in the Hans Kraley story, "The Duchess of Buffalo," at Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.
Svend Gade	Between pictures.
Harry Garson	Directing Lefty Flynn in "Mulhall's Great Catch" for F. B. O.
Louis Gasnier	Preparing for the Tiffany production "Lost at Sea" at Richard Thomas Studio.
Max Gold	Between pictures at Fox Studios.
William Goodrich	Directing Marion Davis in "The Red Mill" at M-G-M for Cosmopolitan.
John Gorman	Preparing for the Vola Vale production of "Home Sweet Home" at Associated Studios.
Edmund Goulding	Between pictures at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Al Greene	Directing Colleen Moore in "Delicatessen" at Fine Arts Studio for First National release.
Fred Guiol	Directing Glenn Tryon in two reel comedy at Hal Roach Studios.
Alan Hale	Directing Vera Reynolds in the Beaulah Marie Dix story, "Risky Business" for DeMille.
David Hartford	Preparing Frances Nordstrom's story "The Man in the Shadow" for production at Fine Arts Studio.
Howard Hawks	Finishing "Fig Leaves" for Fox.
Joseph Henabery	Cutting "Meet the Prince," Metropolitan picture starring Joseph Schildkraut and Marguerite de la Motte.
Hobart Henley	Cutting "A Certain Man" at M-G-M. Ramon Novarro starring.
Al Herman	Directing "Hair-Breadth Harry" at Fine Arts for West Bros. Productions.
George Hill	Preparing the M-G-M special of naval life, "Tell It to the Marines."
Lambert Hillyer	Between pictures.
James Hogan	Directing Harry Carey in "Burned Bridges" at Universal for Great Western Productions.
E. Mason Hopper	Directing Marie Prevost in "Almost a Lady," for Metropolitan.
William K. Howard	Directing Rod LaRocque in "Gigola" for DeMille. Story by Garrett Fort.
Charles Hunt	Directing "The Dixie Flyer" for Trem Carr Productions. Story by H. H. Van Loan.
John Ince	Preparing "Invincible" at Fine Arts Studio.
Ralph Ince	Preparing "The Lone Wolf Returns" for production at Columbia Pictures Studio.
Rex Ingram	In Paris, directing M-G-M foreign productions.
Lloyd Ingraham	Directing Edward Everett Horton in "Come-on Charley" at Associated Studios for S. S. Hutchinson.
Jacques Jaccard	Directing "The Firefighters" for Universal. All star cast.
George Jeske	Preparing for his next Gold Medal production at California Studio.
Rupert Julian	Preparing to direct "The Yankee Clipper" for DeMille.
	Preparing for "The General."
Earle Kenton	Between pictures at Famous Players-Lasky Studios.
Robert Kerr	Directing the Van Bibber comedies for Fox.
Henry King	Preparing "The Winning of Barbara Worth" at the DeMille Studio for Samuel Goldwyn.

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

Stan Laurel	Directing Jimmie Finlayson in two-reel comedy at Hal Roach Studios.
Rowland V. Lee	In Europe.
Robert Z. Leonard	Finishing "The Waning Sex" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A Norma Shearer picture.
Frank Lloyd	Preparing for his first production under the Paramount banner.
Del Lord	Directing Billy Bevan in an as yet untitled comedy for Mack Sennett.
Ernst Lubitsch	Finishing "Reveillon" with Monty Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller for Warner Bros.
Archie Mayo	Directing Pauline Garon in "Christine of the Big Top" at Fine Arts Studio for Banner Productions.
George Melford	Directing Seena Owen in "The Flame of the Yukon" for Metropolitan.
J. Leo Meehan	Directing "Laddie" for F. B. O. All star cast.
Gus Meins	Directing "The Newlyweds and Their Baby" for Stern Film Corporation.
Lewis Milestone	Directing Harold Lloyd at Metropolitan Studio.
Vin Moore	Directing "Man's Size Pep" for Universal.
Walter Morosco	Between pictures at Warner Bros.
Henry McCarthy	Directing Anita Stewart in "Flaming Timbers" for Tiffany Productions at Fine Arts Studio.
J. P. McGowan	Between pictures.
Bob McGowan	Directing "Our Gang" in two reel comedies at Hal Roach Studio.
Leo McCarey	Directing Len Powers in two-reel comedy for Hal Roach.
Lex Neal	Directing "The Steeple Chase" for Fox; featuring Conley and McConnell.
Marshall Neilan	Directing Blanche Sweet in "Diplomacy" at Marshall Neilan Studios.
R. William Neil	Preparing for the next Tom Mix production "Western Society" for Fox.
Jack Nelson	Directing Bob Custer in "The Dead Line" at F. B. O. for Jesse Goldburg.
Fred Niblo	Directing Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno in "The Temptress" at M-G-M.
William Nigh	Directing "The Fire Brigade" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Mason Noel	Directing Al Wilson in "The Sky Peril" at Associated Studios.
Al Parker	In New York.
Harry Pollard	Directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for Universal.
Gil Pratt	Directing Ben Turpin in two reel comedy at Mack Sennett Studios.
Frank O'Connor	Directing the "False Alarm" for Columbia Pictures. Story by Leah Baird.
Sidney Olcott	Directing Richard Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman" at Tec-Art Studios for First National release.
Alfred Ray	Directing "More Pay, Less Work," for Fox.
Herman Raymaker	Between pictures at Warner Bros.
Charles Reisner	Preparing to direct "Private Izzie Murphy" for Warner Bros.
Lynn Reynolds	Directing Hoot Gibson in "The Texas Streak" for Universal.
John S. Robertson	Preparing to direct Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie" for M-G-M.
Al Rogell	Directing "Ride Him Cowboy" at Fine Arts for Harry J. Brown Productions.
Phill Rosen	Preparing for his next picture at Columbia Pictures.
Arthur Rosson	Preparing to direct Raymond Griffith in "You'd Be Surprised."
Al Santell	In New York, directing "Subway Sadie" for First National.
Victor Schertzinger	Directing Belle Bennett in "The Lily" for Fox.
Victor Seastrom	Finishing "The Scarlet Letter" for M-G-M. Lillian Gish starring.
Edward Sedgwick	Preparing at M-G-M for his own story "Tin Hats" featuring Renee Adore.
Lou Seiler	Between pictures at Fox.
William Seiter	Directing Reginald Denny in "Take It from Me," at Universal.
George B. Seitz	Directing "The Last Frontier" for Metropolitan.
Scott Sidney	Preparing "The Nervous Wreck" for Christie. Starring Harrison Ford.
Paul Sloane	Cutting Leatrice Joy's latest vehicle "The Clinging Vine" for DeMille.
Edward Sloman	Directing "Butterflies in the Rain" for Universal.
Clifford Smith	Directing "The Man in the Saddle" for Universal.
Dick Smith	Directing Charles Puffy in a Puffy Comedy for Universal.
Mal St. Clair	In New York, directing "The Show-off" for Paramount.
John M. Stahl	Preparing for his next M-G-M production. No title announced.
Paul Ludwig Stein	Preparing to direct "My Official Wife" for Warner Bros. Irene Rich, starring.
Mauritz Stiller	Resting after a breakdown in the filming of "The Temptress" for M-G-M.
Ben Stoloff	Directing "A-1 Society" for Fox.
Frank Strayer	Preparing for his next production for Columbia Pictures.
Slim Summerville	Directing Arthur Lake in "Sweet Sixteen" comedy for Universal.
Harry Sweet	Directing a Standard comedy for Joe Rock Productions at Universal.
Sam Taylor	Between pictures.
Ray Taylor	Directing "The Great West That Was" for Universal.
Robert Thornby	Preparing for the Priscilla Dean production "West of Broadway" at Metropolitan. Story by Harold Shumate.
Richard Thorpe	Directing Wally Wales in "Twisted Triggers" for Action Pictures at Associated Studios.
Maurice Tourneur	Preparing for "Mysterious Island" for M-G-M. Adapted from the Jules Verne story of the same title.
Frank Urson	Directing Jetta Goudal in "Her Man O' War" for DeMille.
King Vidor	Directing "Bardelys the Magnificent" for M-G-M.
Josef von Sternberg	Directing "The Sea Gull" starring Edna Purviance at the Chaplin Studios for Regent Films.
Eric von Stroheim	Preparing for his own production "The Wedding March" at Associated Studios for Paramount release.
Raoul Walsh	Directing "What Price Glory?" for Fox. Starring Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio.
Millard Webb	Preparing "The Heart of Maryland" starring Dolores Costello for Warner Bros.
Harmon Weight	Directing Corinne Griffith in "Forever After" for First National at Metropolitan Studios.
William Wellman	Finishing "Love's Magic" starring Florence Vidor for Paramount.
Roland West	Between pictures.
Clifford Wheeler	Preparing "Let's Go" at Fine Arts Studio for Imperial Productions. Story by Burrl Tuttle.
Ben Wilson	Directing "The Baited Trap" at California Studios.
John Waters	Preparing to direct "The Forlorne River" for Paramount. Story by Zane Gray.
John Griffith Wray	Between pictures at Fox Studios.
W. Wyler	Directing Fred Humes in "Smilin' Sam" for Universal.
Frank Yaconelli	Preparing for the next Earle Douglas picture at Wolcott Studios.
Bill Watson	Directing Neal Burns in two-reel comedies for Christie.

FINAL arrangements have been completed by which Marie Walcamp is to be featured as Mary Magdalene in the forthcoming story of "The Life of Christ," to be picturized by David Horsely and photographed with the new Duoscope camera. Actual shooting of the picture will begin in about sixty days. Technical supervision will be under the direction of Jacob Meyers who has been brought here as technical man in conjunction with the use of the Duoscope camera.

MUCH interest has been created by the announcements that that old screen favorite, Maurice Costello, is again to appear, this time as character lead in Jackie Coogan's next picture, "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut." King Baggott will direct.

HOLLYWOOD has another budding romance, or perhaps, a romance budding. Anyhow, Jocelyn Lee, under contract to Cecil B. DeMille, and Lou Holtz, star of "Patsy," are giving their friends conversational material these days.

ABOVE the cinema horizon is peeping the first bright rays of a new star in the celluloid sky, according to the verdict of those who have given observation to the work of Dolores Brite who is now under contract at Universal City and is appearing under Slim Summerville's direction. Leads she has had, in "The Whirl-wind Riders" and in the "Sweet Sixteen" series, and is considered one of the "U's" most promising players.

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United Costumers, Inc., the new, recently organized Hollywood costuming and property house, is the recipient of lavish praise on their work for the Inspiration Picture, "The Amateur Gentleman," which stars Richard Barthelmess and is now under production by Sidney Olcott at the Tec-Art studios.

The chief praise comes from Colonel G. L. McDonnell (retired) technichal advisor for Inspiration, who says," "I have never encountered as efficient and enthusiastic an organization as United Costumers."

United Costumers have already furnished costumes for several feature productions including Paramount's Herbert Brenon production of "Beau Geste," and "The Amateur Gentleman," in addition to several prologues for the larger motion picture theatres. W. W. Kerrigan, well-known in the local motion picture production field, is business manager for United, and they are located at Santa Monica and Vine Street.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, Of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for April, 1926.

State of California, } ss.
County of Los Angeles. }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Stuart Blackton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The Director Publishing Corporation, 355 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, California.
Editor, J. Stuart Blackton, 355 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, California.
Managing Editor, B. A. Holway, 5528 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
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Hermann Hagedorn
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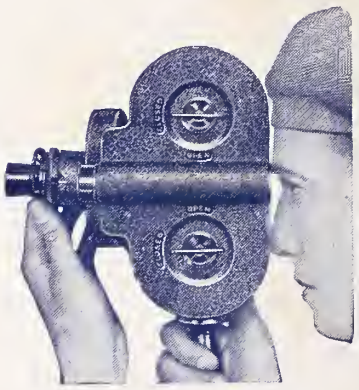

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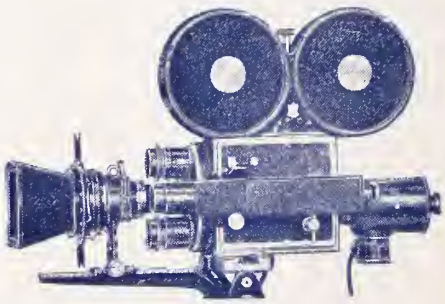

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Number 10

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July
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JUST TALKING IT OVER

WITH this issue we believe that THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR is in truth becoming what we have been trying so hard to make it—"The Voice of the Industry". In succeeding issues we hope to make it still more so—to make it the medium through which the workers of the industry—the directors, the players, the writers and all those who make pictures may express themselves freely and talk about the things that are of immediate concern to themselves and of interest to the film world.

In the August number will be continued the discussion of the question "Who's the Responsible Party?" Who is responsible for "Better Pictures?" From whom must come, if the responsibility belongs to any one group, the constructive ideas or action from which "Better Pictures" are made? The opening gun in this series is fired in this issue by Edward Sedgwick who discusses things from the director's point of view and states frankly what he believes to be the director's share in the responsibility.

THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR
J. Stuart Blackton, Editor and Publisher

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IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

by J. STUART BLACKTON

AN article under the heading "Who is Responsible?" will be found in this issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR. It is the most vitally important question that can be asked concerning the welfare and future of motion pictures. In an editorial in the July issue of *Motion Picture Magazine,* Eugene V. Brewster almost answers the question. He says, "Five years from now I think that the directors of motion pictures will be the most important item—the director can make or ruin a story, a star, a scenario or a company—Just as a gun is powerless without the man behind it, so will a good story and a good cast be as nothing in the hands of a poor director. In other words he (the director) is the Whole Thing."

The simile of the gun is good. But remember this—when a director begins shooting he must have *good ammunition* or he will never hit the market.

This, therefore shifts some of the responsibility to the shoulders of the Producer. Far too frequently plays, books and stories are bought by producing concerns more because of their advertised value as successes on the stage or in the book shop. They possess none of the requirements of screen material. They are as ill suited for motion picture production as would be a frail canoe to cross the ocean or a man in a dress suit to explore the Arctic regions. They were bought just for the name. "I don't know what it's all about but the titles will sell it," says the Producer. Then comes a "story conference." Director and scenarists go into seclusion—discover the so called success is an empty shell, devoid of all screen drama essentials and if the resulting picture is bad as it nearly always is, the Director gets the blame—the Producer loses money, the Reviewers wax sarcastic and the Public groans.

The first Responsible Party is the man who procures the play.

The Second Responsible Party is the man who directs its production. He can't be expected to make a good picture out of a sow's ear but—if he gets a *real one* there are no alibis, *it's up to the Director.*

IN 1896, the year that I abandoned newspaper work and began a motion picture career, Stephen Crane in his "Black Riders" urged the not altogether new idea that "free speech was any man's privilege."

Jeanette Gilder, one of the most famous female critics of that period replied—"Not if it hurts people's feelings?"

What charming absurdity. What delightfully female inconsistency. When we speak freely we are sure to step on someone's toes but if our speech is sane and constructive, the little hurt it occasions is often a helpful counter irritant.

How far removed is the average criticism of 1926 from the benign reasoning of Jeanette Gilder. The high school graduate who gets a job to review the movies and cloaks his inexperience by an attitude of lofty acrimony; the ponderous literary personage who apes Alan Dale or St. John Ervine and hurls sarcastic brickbats at the unanswering screen, how futile and funny and useless they are in the big realm of the Motion Pictures.

And how unnecessarily they hurt people's feelings! Those who are close to the making of motion pictures know how much thought, energy, labor and enthusiasm goes into the melting pot of every production, be it good or bad, great or small. From the director down to the humblest worker their *picture,* for the moment, is the big adventure. Hopes, ambition, plans for the future, all are centered upon the day when their picture shall flicker upon those mysterious far flung, silver screens, to be viewed and judgment passed upon it by countless thousands.

And how often *their picture,* conceived in sincerity, wrought through untold hardship and sometimes under extreme hazard is undeservedly lampooned and held up to ridicule in the public press by a so-called reviewer whose tenuous hold on the weekly pay check is insured by an ability to string together flippant and spiteful phrases in the most approved style of insulting cynicism.

Barking at the moon! True, it doesn't hurt the

(*Continued on Page 45*)

Mae Murray

Miss Murray has just finished her in "Altars of Desire" first starring vehicle under her new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and is awaiting the assignment of her next story—a study in portraiture by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Corinne Griffith

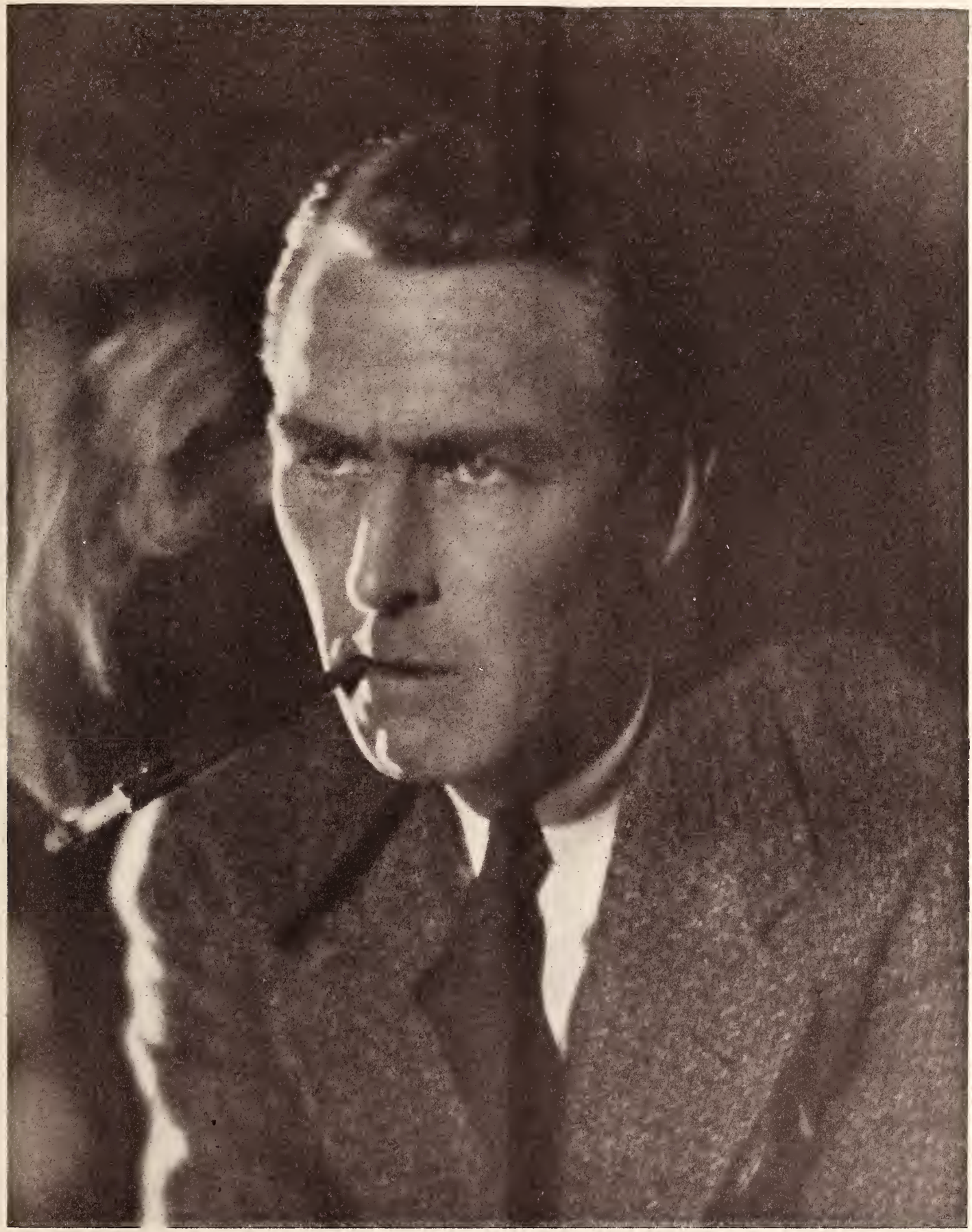
Having completed her pretentious story of Russia in the days of the late Czar, Corinne Griffith is starting work on "Tin Pan Alley" in which she has a comedy vehicle very similar to "Classified." Photo by Mandeville.

Marion Davies

Colorful roles have always suited Marion Davies and in "The Red Mill," a screen version of the popular operetta, she has opportunities of which she is taking full advantage. —Portrait by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Lillian Gish

Having returned from her trip to Europe Lillian Gish has begun work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for her next production "Annie Laurie,"—A portrait study by Ruth Harriet Louise.



Percy Marmont

An hitherto unpublished portrait of the "screen gentleman" in which the idealism and ruggedness of his character are emphasized by unusual lighting effects.—A study by Harold Dean Carsey.

Walter Pidgeon

For a newcomer to the screen Walter Pidgeon has established himself firmly in leading roles and, following "Miss Nobody," returns to Schenck Productions opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Duchess of Buffalo."—Portrait by Harold Dean Carsey.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

By Edward Sedgwick

UPON whom is to develop the responsibility for "better pictures"? Are better pictures a real issue? What is it all about anyway?

Inevitably these and similar questions arise in one's mind in considering the subject, and if better pictures are needed, who is to be the final arbiter? Upon whom must the *responsibility* for these better pictures rest?

They say the public wants them. Some people say the reason pictures aren't better is because the public wants 'em the way they are. Some yearn for a higher art on the screen; others say that this or that cause is responsible for stereotyped screen drama—and a myriad theories, guesses, demands and suggestions cloak this mysterious subject vaguely referred to as better pictures.

As a matter of fact, pictures are better—and always getting better. And the destiny of the motion picture is a glorious one; one that will take it to the highest pinnacle among the arts.

And in connection with this fact, there is another. Every picture director has a direct responsibility for the fate of the motion picture art. The director who says to himself, "Well, I might as well leave the problems of better pictures to someone else and do what I'm given" is contributing his bit to the delay of the ultimate in picture art. He can't stop it; he can only do one of two things—help advance it or help delay it.

The making of a motion picture is a complicated task, involving a hundred different elements, from the time a certain story—usually at this period in a very nebulous shape so far as picture adaptability is concerned—is chosen to the showing of the finished product on the screen. First, a treatment of the story is prepared, by a writer who translates it into a sort of running description of what will be seen on the screen. This in turn is written into a detailed scenario, or description of each scene to be filmed. Titles are inserted to suggest ideas for the writer who, in the final stage, will title the picture.

While technical experts, casting director, and technicians are working out details of cast and locales, the director's responsibility begins. And, after all, it is up to him as to just what the picture will be, he visualizes each scene—and, if he is alive to his responsibility, seeks to better it. He must guard against many things in a story—it is not art to portray objectionable scenes; and it is not even good business.

I believe that the best psychology is for the director to imagine himself sitting in an audience viewing the imaginary picture. Thus he can visualize what he'd like to see, as an audience, on the screen. For, after all, we can't always give an audience what's good for it, to our notion. We have to give the audience what it wants to see—to be successful. But—we can put in much of what is good while doing this—by thinking a little instead of adopting the line of least resistance and "shooting" whatever is set before us.

The great picture successes of today are significant, in that they show a trend upward in the taste of audiences. They want human stories—the relation of a boy and a girl, for instance, if the boy is just a natural, human boy instead of a typical sheik—and the girl a wholesome, human girl—can be of more interest than a battle of great armies. Why? because it is showing the audience something in which every person visualizes himself or herself.

It is the innate tendency of every one of us to dramatize ourselves—put ourselves in the shoes of the characters on the screen—that gives the director and the producer their immense power for good or evil over the masses.

A boy in an orchestra seat is going to dramatize himself—as one of the characters he sees on the screen before

(*Continued on Page 48*)

BETTER PICTURES

FOR the past decade and more "Better Pictures" has been the cry that has come from many communities and from all sorts of civic, social and religious organizations. If better pictures constitute an issue, in what way should they be made better? What are existing faults and how may they be remedied?

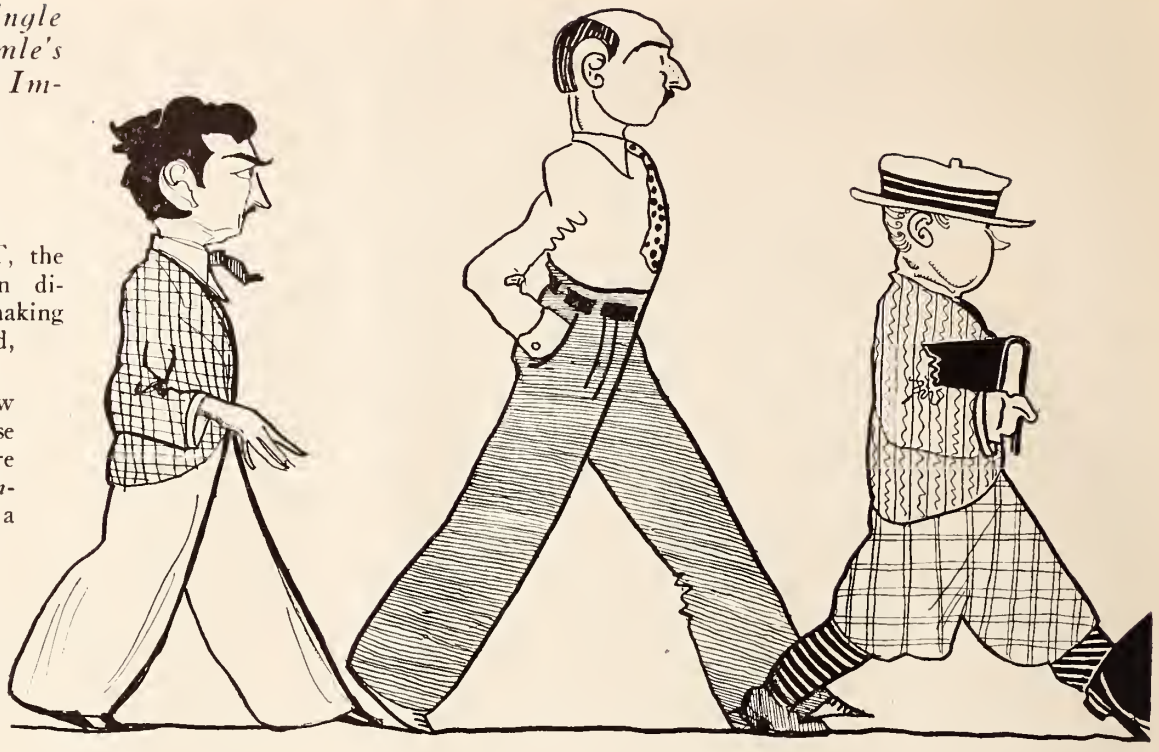
Edward Sedgwick, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer director brings up this issue and discusses it from the director's viewpoint. But is it wholly the director's problem. Does the entire responsibility for better pictures fall upon him. Or is it the producer who is the responsible party and the man to whom the motion picture world must look for the initiative in bringing about the desired result. Or, again, is it the public who, in the final analysis, registers the deciding vote and upon whom the responsibility really falls?

What is the real feeling of the theatre patrons on this subject? Aren't they after all the ones from whom a definite expression of opinion should be received? And who should constitute themselves a judge of what "Better Pictures" really are?

These are questions in which every one connected in any way with the motion picture industry, whether directly or indirectly, as producer, director, player, writer, exhibitor or theatre patron is concerned. THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR as the voice of the industry and the representative magazine of the motion picture world is directly interested in this subject and in any solution to the question that may be achieved. What are *your* views?

An interesting Angle on Carl Laemmle's latest Directorial Importation.

Illustrations by Carroll Graham



KINEMA

by WILLIAM H. BRANCH

A. E. DUPONT, the noted German director now making pictures in Hollywood, speaks no English.

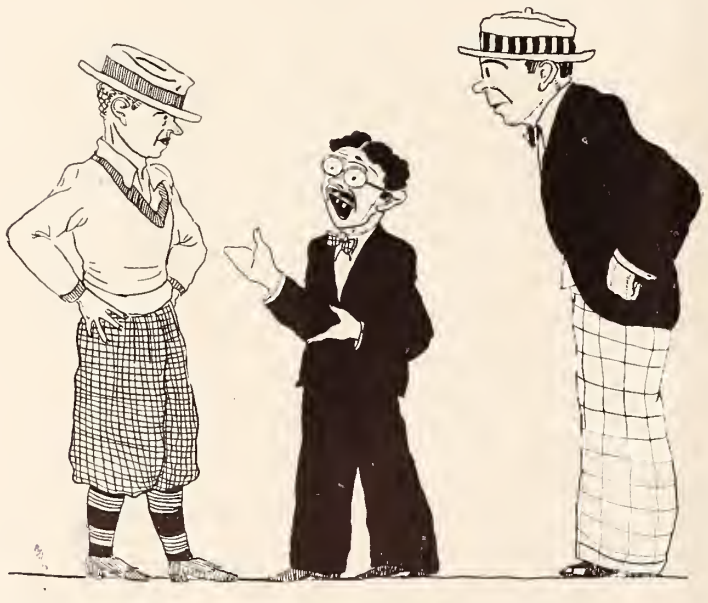
Thus, an interview written by one whose only Teutonic words are *dombkopf* and *schweinhund* is likely to be a rather garbled affair. With the consistency common to motion pictures, however, I was regarded as the ideal selection to interview the newest Teutonic influence in cinema *kultur*.

I stood a bit shyly at the rear of a tiny set which was jammed, not only with ever conceivable prop, spot-light and bit of furniture, but with assorted humans of varying sizes, peculiarities and tongues.

In the midst of this gathering, seated by the camera, was Dupont. I knew him instantly, by an infallible rule I have worked out in spotting directors. He talked the loudest.

His conversation was a bounding, leaping torrent of guttural German, and from the crags and reaches of the set came back answers in several different keys. Even to my ignorant ear, however, all his answerers didn't seem to be talking the same kind of German.

While the conversation continued,



The interpreter led me to Dupont and murmured a translation of my name. A torrent of German, which I took to be my question in that language, followed. Dupont regarded me curiously, then grunted several monosyllables.

Mary Philbin, the poor but virtuous little girl she always is on the screen, sat on the floor and waited passively for the closeup.

But Dupont was intent upon his argument. Thought I: this continental genius is deciding on one of his famous touches, and after listening to the somewhat confusing babel for several minutes, I turned to my guide, he was one of Dupont's twelve interpreters and assistants.

"If it is not an impertinence," I began. "What weighty problem is Dupont unravelling now? I can't seem to make much out of this." "He's saying he hasn't had any real beer since he's been in America," my interpreter replied. At this juncture, the question seemed to have lost interest by common consent, Dupont shouted "Kammerah" and Miss Mary Philbin began to cry, as part of her work in "Love Me and the World Is Mine," the Universal picture in which she stars with Norman Kerry and Betty Compson.

I had seen actresses cry before, and I turned to my interpreter. "How does Mr. Dupont like Hollywood?"

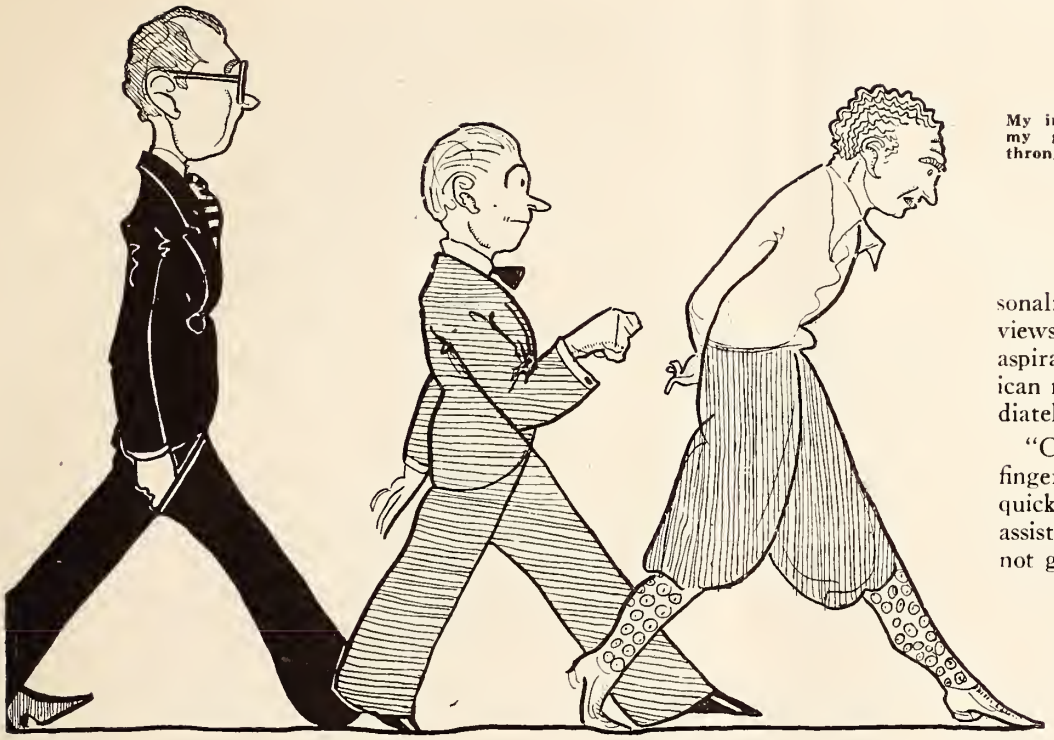
The scene over, the interpreter led me to Dupont by the hand, and murmured a translation of my name. A torrent of German, which I took to be my question in that language, followed. Dupont regarded me curiously, sweeping his gaze from head to foot, then grunted several guttural monosyllables.

My interpreter turned.

"Mr. Dupont was the editor of the leading daily newspaper in Berlin before becoming a director," he said.

"What conclusion am I to draw from this in connection with my original question," I asked.

But the interpreter was paying no heed. Another volley of German had



My interpreter wriggled free from my grasp and joined the mad throng which followed Dupont up the studio street.

KULTUR

and CARROLL GRAHAM

started among the interpreters, with Dupont as its focal point. My interpreter turned, in a few moments, and said:

"If you're going to write a story about Dupont, you'll want to know something about him, won't you?" I nodded. He went on: "It is I who brought Dupont to America. Without me he never would have come."

I wrung his hand at this confidence. Somehow I felt that it was expected. Without telling me more about the UFA genius, however, he hurried across the set and began an excited whispering conference with another assistant. I turned to find Interpreter No. 2 at my elbow.

"You would like to know perhaps something about Mr. Dupont?" he inquired.

I nodded vigorously, and having shaken his hand, held on to it, to prevent him from running away.

"I have known Dupont intimately for years," he said. "Without me he is lost. Always I have advised him. In reality, it was I who persuaded him to come to America!"

"Really! Well maybe you can tell me something about Dupont's personality. Something he has done, his views on pictures; his ambitions and aspirations; what he thinks of American movies and so on," I said immediately.

"One moment!" He held up a finger, slipped through my grasp and quickly lost himself in the maze of assistants. I felt somehow that I was not getting on very well with my interviewing.

Dupont at this stage, was peering through the finder on the camera, his hat tilted back so far on his head that I thought of the old vaudeville wheeze about the man who had a peg in his skull to keep his hat on at this precarious angle.

As he looked through the finder at Miss Philbin and Norman Kerry he continued to discourse in rumbling German, motioning with his hand for the players to move to the right and left.

Another interpreter whizzed by, and I tackled him.

"Stop," I cried. "I am an interviewer and I want someone to give me some

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While the conversation continued, Mary Philbin sat on the floor and waited passively for the closeup to begin.

Impressions of his fellow players *in* SON OF THE SHEIK *as seen by* Montagu Love

For five years Rudolph Valentino has been studying the Arab and desert life against the time when he should make another desert picture. In "Son of the Sheik" he has found the opportunity he sought.—Photo by Harold Dean Carsey.

SHEIK *and* SON OF SHEIK

By BERTRAM HOLIDAY

ANYONE who would have the temerity to question for a moment the ultimate success of Rudolph Valentino's return to the role of desert aristocrat as the "Son of the Sheik," would probably be deemed mentally unbalanced, particularly on the United Artists lot. The sweeping success of his earlier production "The Sheik," in which he rode his romantic colorful way into the hearts of his audiences, would seem to presage an inevitable success in a similar role.

And it is more likely than not that "Son of the Sheik" will be received with even greater acclaim. "Still there remains a wonder in my mind—an intangible, indefinite query.

Oh, I have no doubt but that "Son of the Sheik" will prove a box office lure.

It will inevitably.

"The Sheik" made too profound an impression for anything savoring of a sequel to fail to go over. And in the current production things are being done with a lavishness and a degree of artistry that will quite obliterate the production angles of that first desert picture. Sartorially, pictorially and technically "Son of the Sheik" seems destined to be a masterpiece of cinematic art.

"The Sheik," was in the nature of a happenstance. The story looked like a good bet and Valentino's work in "The Four Horsemen" had already attracted some attention. As a type he seemed to lend himself admirably to the role and the production was undertaken by the producers, subconsciously perhaps, as an experiment. Its spontaneous success merely proved the experiment.

"Son of the Sheik" has been undertaken deliberately, after a great deal of study, of dreaming on the part of Valentino of the possibilities of making another desert picture that would outshine that earlier one.

But—

Will Old Man Psychology step in and upset the apple cart?

I wonder?

It has been five years since Valentino made "The Sheik." The memory of that picture is still strongly alive. In the passage of time, however, it is inevitable that both character and picture have been glorified and idealized. Little by little, as vivid memory of the picture itself has dimmed, in its place has very presumably grown an individualistic conception and a mental picture that is accepted as real but actually is probably an idealized blending of fact and fancy.

Real or idealized the memory of The Sheik" is strongly implanted in the mind of the theatre-going public.

Will "Son of the Sheik" fit into the preconceived picture, supplant it with a new and more glorious conception, or, despite its beauty, its artistry, its romance and technical perfection, will it by virtue of anticipation prove disappointing?

All of this is, of course, pure speculation, but there is an interesting angle that will be worked out only when the picture gets on the screen.

If enthusiasm, interest and ambition, plus painstaking care in technical details, splendid direction and authentic costuming, count for anything "Son of the Sheik" should be the greatest thing that Valentino has ever done.

To make another Arabian picture has been a dream of Valentino's since his first sheik production. "Five years ago, when I made the old 'Sheik,' I had only a vague idea of Arabian life," he says. "For five years I have been utilizing every opportunity to study desert people in the belief that some day I would make an Arabian picture."

That "Son of the Sheik" from the novel by E. M. Hull, authoress of "The Sheik" should be the vehicle selected is a happy coincidence. But it does tie the new picture right up with the old.

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DO PROLOGUES MAKE OR MAR A PICTURE?

Two Widely Divergent Views on a Subject that is Attracting Considerable Attention as Expressed by

SIDNEY OLCOTT
and
SID GRAUMAN

Sidney Olcott, directing Richard Barthelmess for Inspiration Pictures.

"REVEALING the identity of the 'Bat' to audiences about to witness a performance of the mystery play of that name would have just about the same effect upon patrons of the legitimate theatre as staging an atmospheric prologue, has upon the audience of a motion picture theatre," says Sidney Olcott, who adds, "Such a prologue is, in its effect, at least, very much like distributing to the audience brochures which contain the complete story of the picture and reveal the denouement. Anything that does that, takes the 'big kick' out of the picture.

Sidney Olcott, who, as one of the old-timers of the industry, in point of service at least, having been Kalem's first salaried director and one of the earliest sponsors of the multiple-reel films, has achieved an enviable record as a director of worth while productions; feels very strongly on the subject of prologues, and has no hesitation in expressing himself. His viewpoint is quite frankly that of the man who makes pictures as screen entertainment.

"The average motion picture feature is built for an evening's entertainment," he says. "Its length and structure is such that it constitutes a complete show in itself. It is balanced with comedy, pathos, humor, tragedy, adventure, pictorial beauty and a hundred other properties not available on the stage. Therefore it follows quite naturally that anything which precedes such entertainment is either superfluous, repetitious or irrevelent.

"Surely the motion picture exhibitor cannot, for example, hope to stage on the boards of his theatre scenes that will in any way approach the sheer beauty of, say, a 'Thief of Bagdad;' so why will he attempt to add an impossible lustre to the jewel already brilliant? It is simply gilding the lily.

"Nor am I wholly sure that the theatre-going public as a class is as completely in sympathy with the prologue idea as the prologue-inclined exhibitor is prone to believe. It is a matter of more or less common knowledge that many people endeavor to time their arrival at the theatre to get there after the prologue is over and just as the picture starts, in many instances phoning the box office to know when the picture is scheduled to go on.

"With all due respect to many extremely beautiful things done in the way of prologues and motion picture presentations, nevertheless the stage and the screen are two distinct and individual types of entertainment, and it is hardly fair to the screen play, upon which considerable labor and thought have been expended, to have its 'bone' removed by some theatric concoction cooked up in a few days and limited by the obvious limitations of the screen."

"PRODUCTIONS that hold the attention of the masses appeal to *all* the senses," says Sid Grauman, who further contends, "The motion picture alone, which reaches the sensibilities of the audience solely through the eyes, will not suffice as complete entertainment. Screen drama is *silent* drama and needs as its complement some auditory appeal that will round out its attention compelling values that it may appeal to *all* the senses. An atmospheric prologue that is thoroughly in keeping with and sensitive to the spirit of the pictured story overcomes the limitations of silence which characterizes the screen."

Sid Grauman is probably as well qualified to discuss the merits of the prologue as an adjunct to modern motion picture presentation as any exhibitor in the country and certainly may well be looked upon as the screen impresario of the Pacific Coast. He has built for himself and for the Egyptian theatre through his presentation of big-time pictures in a big-time way, a reputation that is International.

Sid Grauman, whose prologues at the Egyptian Theatre are "the talk of the country."

"The prologue affords opportunity to vary the sensory appeal and prepare the audience for the picture production," Mr. Grauman states, "It should be artistic, to appeal to the sense of refinement. With the stage spectacle you may reach the sense of rhythm through the dance; beauty, grace and poise through the tableaux, and unlimited opportunity is given to appeal to the humorous and dramatic senses of the audience.

"The picture play prologue that holds the attention of the audience is an introductory entity in itself. Simple vaudeville acts, no matter how striking or novel, unrelated one to the other or to the picture production, distract the attention and destroy the element of suspense for what is to follow, which is the very object of the prologue.

"An atmospheric prologue or prelude may be expected to create in the spectator a responsiveness to the dramatic qualities of the photoplay itself that increases both the dramatic intensity and the interest of the picture, and without destroying suspense builds a keener interest in the denouement."

"Or again it may be so designed as to add materially to the effectiveness of the opening of the picture play by sweeping the spectator from the prologue to the opening of the screen drama with barely a perceptible pause, as for instance in the prologue to "The Covered Wagon," in which, from the finale of the stage ensemble singing "Susannah" we made what was practically a lap-dissolve to the opening scene showing Johnny Fox plunking away on his banjo."

Behind the Camera with Jimmie Cruze

by BERNARD A. HOLWAY

On location at the Catalina Island Isthmus where the battle scenes in "Old Ironsides" were shot.—James Cruze discusses camera angles with Walter Woods, scenarist. The entire action of the big battle sequences was directed by radio from a bluff two hundred feet above the waters of the bay.

SOME three years ago Paramount sent James Cruze to Utah to make what was at that time projected as a five-reel Western based on a Saturday Evening Post story by Emerson Hough. The background of the story was the overland migration on the Oregon trail. With laudable ambition to make a picture that would be different from the usual Western it was planned to inject an element of vivid realism in the form of a seemingly endless string of ox-drawn prairie schooners. But the oxen ran away with the picture and the result was "The Covered Wagon," which took the whole nation by storm and thrust the director who had been making a long list of good pictures for many years into the brightest glare of the limelight.

In the process of evolution the picture emerged from the cutting room with the love interest element of the original story subordinated to the more dominant theme of the Oregon Trail. The star of the picture was literally the Covered Wagon.

SEVERAL months ago, Harry Carr visited Washington and during that visit had a very interesting chat with Secretary of the Navy Wilbur. In the course of their conversation Secretary Wilbur voiced an ambition to see a national movement inaugurated looking

Charles Farrell, George Bancroft, George Godfrey and Wally Beery escape from the pirate fort.

toward the restoration of the frigate Constitution, the first born of the American navy. He appealed to Harry Carr as a journalist for suggestions regarding the best way in which to popularize a national sentiment for the old ship. It is typical of Harry Carr that, veteran newspaperman that he is, he should instantly reject a journalistic campaign in favor of motion pictures and there and then was born the idea which has resulted in the Paramount production of "Old Ironsides" now nearing completion at the Catalina Isthmus.

The Tripolitan pirate, the Castle, sailed into the scene belching forth her broadsides at short range, while from the Constitution came an answering broadside until both ships were hidden from view.

The first gun from the fort boomed forth its menace and then in rapid succession followed the other nine.

The story of "Old Ironsides" was written by Walter Woods in collaboration with Harry Carr and James Cruze was selected as the director. Then, to give it added punch, an eminent dramatist who has leaped into national fame as the author of war dramas, was engaged to develop a romantic story that would go down into film history as an enduring monument to the power of the screen.

Somehow the eminent author, schooled in the technique and limitations of printed page or speaking stage consistently fails to grasp the peculiar possibilities of the screen. And so it would seem to have proved in this instance. In manuscript form the story looked good. It had all the old melodramatic qualities which are popularly considered as the ingredients for a good dramatic production. It had the obscure hero before the mast in love with the captain's daughter. It had conflict and suspense. It had drama and comedy relief. But, somewhere in the development, the epic theme of "Old Ironsides" the heroism of Decatur and Summers, the romance of America's newly born navy and the ultimate purpose of the picture to create a national interest and enthusiasm for the restoration of Old Ironsides seemed completely lost.

In the meantime, while the story was being written, James Cruze went abroad and visited the locale of the first American naval battle in which the newly created government of the United States asserted its independence and its strength. He dug deep into the archives of the navy department in Washington. He studied the lives and characters of Capt. Prebles, of Lieutenant Decatur and of the martyr, Lieutenant Summers. There grew upon him a new conception of the immensity of the theme.

However production was actually begun, just as was done with "The Covered Wagon," with a strong love interest dominating the story and the romantic history of "Old Ironsides" in the background. And as did the covered wagons, so has Old Ironsides run away with the picture. The original story woven around the men and ship who made naval history for the infant republic was resurrected from its temporary discard and much of the eminent-author story went overboard.

As a result Old Ironsides sails again.

IN THE Craig shipyards at San Pedro the clipper ship Llewellyn J. Morse has been completely remodelled into a faithful replica of the U. S. S.

Constitution. There, too, have been redeveloped the British ship the Castle, the American merchantman the Esther, and her sister ship the Philadelphia.

Over at the Catalina Isthmus flanked on either side by the hills of Santa Catalina and looking straight out to sea has been constructed the rambling, vividly realistic Tripolitan fort. Under its guns nestle the feluccas and corsairs of the Tripolitan pirates. The early sequences of the love story were shot. The Esther was captured by the pirates who were already in possession of the Castle. Esther Ralston, the captain's daughter, was retained on board while held as prisoners in the fort were Charles Farrell, her lover, George Bancroft and Wallace Beery, seamen, and George Godfrey the colored cook.

Into this scene sailed Old Ironsides as a result of Pinkney's famous declaration in response to the demands of the Tripolitan pirates—"Millions for defense but not one penny for tribute."

And then things began to happen.

Again Old Ironsides, as she had done one hundred and twenty-two years before, proved victorious.

From that moment there began to emerge more and more vividly the heroic qualities of Lieutenant Decatur and the drama of Lieutenant Summers, whose sacrifice of himself and ship to prevent capture by the pirates. Little by little the conventionalities of the love story dropped into second place and the mighty theme of epochal significance represented by Old Ironsides assumed the dominance which had originally been intended.

The result seems inevitable.

Where the love interest story would probably have made a picture that would arouse a great deal of interest and would possibly have been acclaimed as another big drama, the story of Old Ironsides as it is being immortalized by Jimmie Cruze gives every indication of being a truly great production, one that may well be destined to make film history.

In addition to the battle sequences there are many colorful scenes in old Salem and Philadelphia and on the Tripolitan coast.

It is an interesting coincidence that on board the Constitution during this engagement was one G. Bancroft, gunner, who lived in real life the role that is played on the screen by George Bancroft. Incidentally Bancroft's hair has known neither shears nor clippers since October 10, and his beard has been carefully reared "by hand."—Photo by Eugene Robert Richee.

Whether one stands on the spar deck of Old Ironsides or has scaled the precipitous side of the bluff opposite the fort, the feeling of actuality is the same. It requires no flight of fancy or imagination to bridge the gap of one hundred and twenty-two years and to conceive oneself living in the heroic days of 1804. It is only when one's eye falls on the cameras or the harbor craft put-putting fussily from ship to ship; or when one is brought face to face with the evidence of modern ingenuity and invention as represented by the portable radio broadcasting unit with which Jimmie Cruze

In the remodelling of the clipper Llewellyn J. Morse into a faithful replica of the Constitution, realism has been extended even below decks.

A VISIT to Camp Constitution, as the location site is designated, and to the scene of the battle between Old Ironsides and the Tripolitan pirates creates an indelible impression of actual, vivid realism.

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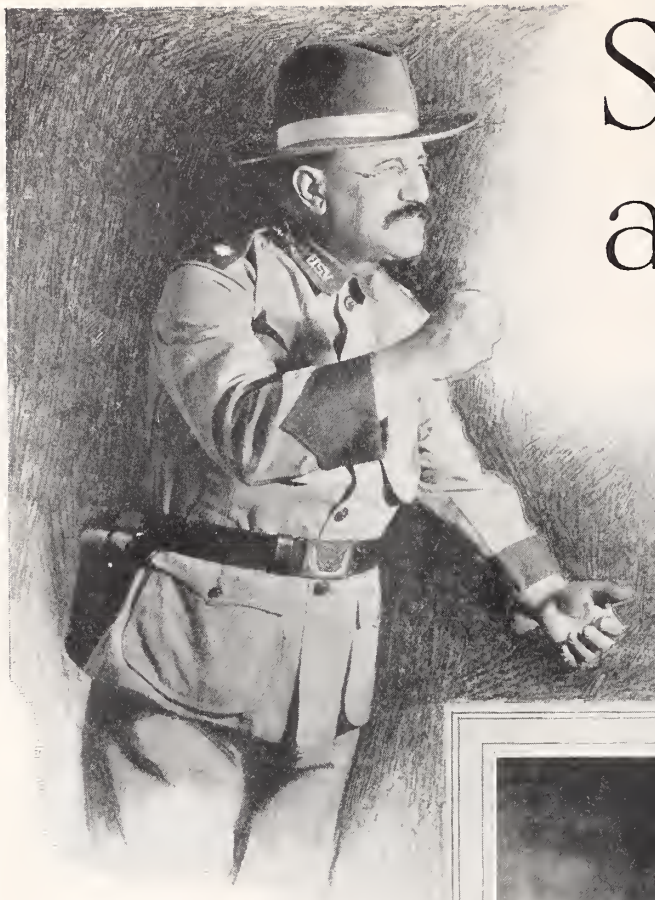
Searching for a Roosevelt

an Interview with
HERMANN HAGEDORN



In the screen tests there was one man who stood out predominantly. He was Frank Hopper.

I nearly jumped out of my skin when I saw Frank Hopper in Rough Rider costume.

"WHEN Jesse L. Lasky called upon me to collaborate in the preparation for a picture which should give to the world the intimate glimpses of Theodore Roosevelt that only the screen can afford, my enthusiasm was very easily aroused but I saw one seemingly insurmountable obstruction: How would it be possible to get the right man to take the role of Roosevelt?

"That, after months of searching, we have found a man who so closely resembles the late president seems little short of miraculous. I nearly jumped out of my skin when I first saw Frank Hopper in Rough Rider costume. Captain Archibald, who was with me, gasped a moment and then said, 'There's your Roosevelt.'"

Thus Hermann Hagedorn, biographer of Col. Roosevelt, secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association and a close friend of the late president and his family, summarizes the beginning and ending of what has proved to be one of the most fascinating character searches in motion picture history,—the search for a living double of Theodore Roosevelt.

How well that search has succeeded the accompanying illustrations indicate.

Some months ago Jesse L. Lasky conceived the idea of weaving a great American story around the life of Theodore Roosevelt. Of course, it was impossible to attempt a photographic record of Theodore Roosevelt's long and active career. But there was one page in the life of this great American stood like a gleaming monument of inspiration—the leadership by Roosevelt of his regiment, the Rough Riders, in the Spanish-American War.

Mr. Lasky called to him Hermann Hagedorn. He discussed the idea with him. Mr. Hagedorn was enthusiastic. He believed that the story would be an epic of patriotism, an inspiration to youth in every land, and a new reminder of the humanness and greatness of the man who gave to America its heritage of "the strenuous life."

"From the very beginning," Mr. Hagedorn says, "I had the feeling that it would not do to have any well known actor, by liberal use of make-up, try to impersonate the late president. The character must ring true, must be living and vibrant. Mere long shots of "T. R." at carefully selected moments would not sate the appetites of his millions of admirers, but would instead send them away with a feeling of disappointment.

"'The Rough Riders' should not be just another movie, Colonel Roosevelt's family wouldn't stand for it. Most of the Rough Riders still living would rise up in arms. And his millions of friends and admirers would turn away

and register an indictment against the motion picture industry."

Again Mr. Lasky agreed. "But," he replied, "there is a double for nearly everyone somewhere. There is a double for Abraham Lincoln, who brought the message of his character and his career to the screen. I believe we can find a double for Mr. Roosevelt. At least we can try."

So the search was started. Hagedorn was in charge, and a committee selected by himself was named as the final arbiter as to who should play Roosevelt.

From the files of the Roosevelt Memorial Association in New York Hagedorn gleaned every extant photograph of Roosevelt as he was in 1897, when he was 39 years old. Then he came to Hollywood, gathering material on the way from living Rough Riders, to weave into his screen story.

The appeal for a "living double" of Roosevelt was broadcast throughout the country and a special award was even offered for the person who suggested the man found most fitted for the role.

"I HAD no idea," says Hagedorn, "that there were so many men in the country who prided themselves on having even the slightest resemblance to Theodore Roosevelt. Replies with photographs, usually snapshots, came to us from every state in the Union, from Mexico, from Canada, from Porto Rico, from the Canal Zone, and men were even suggested in foreign countries. It is interesting to note that most of the names of those who replied, or were suggested, were of Dutch extraction, although practically every nationality was in the list including one prominent Mexican in El Paso, Texas.

"Of course, in most cases it was plain to be seen that the likeness was at best superficial. But in cases where the photographs seemed to indicate possibilities, we sent for more photographs, and for physical measurements.

"Many amusing things happened in the hunt. For one thing, practically every picture that came into us was a typical 'Roosevelt-cartoon' pose, that is, showing the teeth, shaking the forefinger and almost saying 'Dee-lighted.' Now Roosevelt did not have big teeth. His teeth were small, but they showed prominently when he smiled. And as a matter of fact, it was much more important to us to get photographs of a man without his teeth showing, so that we could see the set of his jaw, the look of his eyes, the shape of his mouth. And I call your attention to the photographs of the man chosen to play the part, printed herewith, in this connection. Not one of them resorts to a big-teeth pose to obtain the Roosevelt likeness.

"Just as a matter of precaution, we also took photographs and screen tests, in makeup, of a number of Hollywood character actors who could, if absolutely necessary, play the part.

"An interesting sidelight of the hunt was the number of times that Theodore Roosevelt Jr., was suggested by his admirers as his late father's "living double." Of course, he would not do—nor would he have played the role, in impersonation of one so sacred to him. The name of Kermit Roosevelt was also suggested a number of times.

Hermann Hagedorn, biographer of Roosevelt and secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

"The state of California led the list in the number of men suggested, and Massachusetts was second. Men of every profession in the world were suggested—ministers, college professors, sea captains, sailors, doctors, business men one United States senator, public officials, municipal, state, federal, carpenters, electricians, lawyers, butchers, and book agents. To me this reflected the universal hold Roosevelt had on the hearts of Americans of all classes.

"IN the screen tests, one man stood out predominantly. He was Frank Hopper.

"Victor Fleming, who will direct the picture, Captain James F. J. Archibald, intimate friend of Roosevelt's and a war correspondent in nineteen wars (wars in which he covered one side and Richard Harding Davis the other for the same papers) and myself, were all unanimous in the opinion that Hopper not only was the best of the seven finally selected, but that he bore an almost uncanny likeness to Roosevelt. It seemed almost too good to be true that we had found a man who was ideal for the role.

"Mr. Fleming, myself, and Lewis Maverick of San Antonio, Texas, who is vice-president of the Rough Riders Association, were the official committee of selection. Without having previously indicated our choice, Mr. Fleming and myself made up a reel of the screen tests, and sent it to San Antonio. Mr. Maverick instantly wired back his reply in favor of Hopper.

"Mr. Hopper at the time he took the test, was a book agent in Los Angeles. For eighteen years he was an actor, and appeared in many Gilbert and Sullivan operas as second baritone. Later he left the stage and went into business in Montana and the northwest, representing a large firm of wholesale clothiers.

"He is a man of moderate means, yet a man who has raised a family to be good Americans—as Roosevelt advocated, and as he did himself.

"Curiously enough, Hopper had never thought of himself as a 'double' of Roosevelt until he came to Hollywood, although a number of times during his life one person or another had commented, in passing, on the likeness. In Hollywood the casting directors instantly recognized it. He appeared on one charity theatrical bill, impersonating Roosevelt, and in 'The Greater Glory' did a short scene depicting Roosevelt.

"However at the time we were searching for a man to play the role, Mr. Hopper had decided to give up the movie profession, and go back into business. He formed a connection with a publishing concern in Los Angeles, and was a book agent when he was seen one night several months ago by Mrs. Dorothy Dodd, who had just come out of the Million Dollar theater in Los Angeles. While in the theater she had seen a story in the program telling of the search for a man to play the role of Roosevelt, and offering the award.

"To me, the nation-wide search has been both a pleasure and an inspiration, and above all, it has given me tremendous faith in "The Rough Riders," because Roosevelt will now live, on the silver screen. Of that I feel sure."

Ernst Lubitsch, director, and Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller, featured players in his production for Warner Bros. of "So This Is Paris" were hosts during its filming to a party of famous Japanese moving picture people.

Among these visitors to Warner Bros. West Coast Studios were Miss Yaeko Mitzutani, stars of the Shochiku Cinema Co. which produces about fifty features and one hundred short subjects a year and controls two hundred theaters, her brother, a correspondent of Japan's largest daily newspaper, "The Osaka Asahi," Mrs. Sojin Mitah, wife of the famous Japanese picture star, and director-general Ushihara of the Shockiku Cinema Co.

Motion Pictures of Tomorrow

By CECIL B. DeMILLE

WHAT does the future hold for motion pictures as an art and an entertainment?

Speculation on that subject is neither idle nor futile. The producer who makes big pictures, pictures intended to play for years and that are released long after production plans have been completed, must study past and present trends and from them deduce what tomorrow will bring.

The next decade has in store changes of great significance in several distinct channels. I believe that the first of these will be the appearance of a new group of stars; so many new stars, in fact, that we shall look in vain for those who, today, have held their rank for so long.

A peculiar deadlock between newcomers and the old line of stars has existed for the past five years. Due to the amount of money invested in motion pictures, producers have not been inclined to take gambling chances such as those required to drop old stars and elevate unknowns to their positions. It is due to our tendency to cling to proved factors of box office value that during this passing era, so many stars have lived past their normal period of usefulness and popularity.

However, that ruthless dictator, Time, is due to put away so many stars in the near future, that a big movement in favor of the new generation of players will sweep the industry. The average life of a star as such is seven years, and we have many still hanging on today, who have been stars for ten, twelve and even fourteen years! When they drop out, not only those players who have been with us for some time, held down by the presence of the older stars, but those of whom we have not yet heard at this date, will rise to take their places.

An even greater change will be brought about automatically when the new players ascend to stellar heights. The old line stars, with their assured box office value, have allowed producers a certain latitude in story quality. In other words, the star's box office reputation can, and often does, carry a weak story to fair financial success. But when new stars of uncertain following are used, strong stories must be given them to afford at least a partial guarantee of the success of their vehicles. Stories of real entertainment value must, therefore, take the place of star reputation during the era that introduces the new screen luminaries.

After this general improvement in the standard of screen drama comes about, it will remain, even after the new stars build personal followings of their own. The public taste will have been educated to a better, stronger story fare, and will continue to demand it.

Another important development of the future will arise from the fact that the stage and the screen are growing apart. Of the older generation of players and directors in motion pictures, about eighty per cent are graduates of the stage. The newer generation, now in pictures but not yet entirely supplanting the older, has recruited less than fifty per cent of its number from the stage, and in the next decade we shall see conditions throughout the industry reversed, with eighty per cent of the players and directors entirely screen-trained.

The ranks of featured players are now being filled by young actors such as William Boyd and Elinor Fair, of my own company, who have nothing to unlearn, in the way of stage practice that cannot be applied to the silversheet. Working with such people is comparable to training youth rather than age; it proves that it is easier to teach young talent new tricks, and that a better quality of screen acting will result. Once, when the screen was the legitimate stage's downtrodden little brother, experience behind the footlights was a tremendous asset to the new film player. Now, since the two entertainment mediums have grown apart and resemble each other only in the fundamentals, knowledge of stagecraft is a handicap and a factor of confusion rather than an aid to the player—or director—who is just entering films.

The mightiest, most significant development I foresee for the motion picture industry within the next two decades is a growing internationalism, a universality of appeal that will breed better understanding throughout the world.

At this time, the motion picture is our best medium of international expression. The written word and spoken drama is barred from wide, general circulation throughout the world by the confusion of languages; the pantomime of the screen speaks a

Looking Into the Future

"WITHIN the next twenty years some householder will film an outstanding screen success with no other lighting equipment than the illumination of his home, and no other sets than his own rooms," says Cecil B. De Mille who visualizes in the future many important changes in the making and distribution of motion pictures, and who believes that "The next decade has in store changes of great significance in several distinct channels. . . . The first of these will be the appearance of a new group of stars, so many new stars that we shall look in vain for those who, today, have held their rank for so long.

"The future holds no place for the cheap, hastily conceived and hastily executed production that claims for itself the dignity of an impressive theme . . . Their period of sufferance is near its end."

universal tongue. The film production made to appeal to all races, nations and creeds will amalgamate interests, promote understanding between all the people of all the countries, break down barriers of prejudice—and ultimately realize that vast, Utopian dream of every idealist and altruist in the world, a true brotherhood of mankind.

That the film will bring about this kinship and universal understanding is no idle gesture on my part. It is coming as surely as time itself will roll around. The first steps have been made, and within the next ten years will begin to bear fruit.

When so much money is involved, such things do not come about through purely unselfish striving to better the conditions of man. It so happens that selfish and altruistic interests will combine in this case, to produce the same result. During the growth of the in dustry from its pioneer days until a few years ago, no particular attention was paid to the foreign market. It was enough to make American films for Americans, and pictures suitable for export were more or less accidents. Today, the cost of picture making has increased so heavily that the foreign market must be considered, and every producer is paying particular attention to it.

Literally hundreds of experts in foreign locales, customs, religions, politics, conditions and prejudices are employed by the large film companies, not only to inject the accurate local color into films dealing with foreign settings, but to add to those of strictly American atmosphere the quality of universality that will make them of interest anywhere in the world. To the same end we are constantly importing foreign players, directors and writers.

These things have resulted in a supremacy of the American film abroad; about eighty-five per cent of the films now shown in Europe are American-made. Our deliberate attempts to produce films of international interest, and our success in doing so, is the cause of the recent uproar in Europe against American film imports, and the charges by foreign countries that our picture industry is trying to Americanize the world.

We are not. We are merely trying to augment our profits by making the world our audience. European film makers have been unable to compete with us so far, not because they are so inferior, but because they are doing just what we were doing a few years ago—making pictures for their local market only.

Cecil B. DeMille, who has rounded the first milestone in his career as an independent producer-director and is planning for the coming twelve months some big things in picture production.—Photo by Harold Dean Carsey.

They will soon learn to make their product as universal in appeal as our own, through the same methods. Then we shall have their films in America; British, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish and Scandinavian films, in healthy but earnest competition with our own. This competion is inevitable, and it will begin soon. Until it does, we are not definitely on our way toward doing that greatest service that the motion picture industry may do for mankind, the establishment of international sympathy, understanding and love.

Here and in other countries where pictures are made we shall always have a certain part of our film product made purely for local consumption, but increasing numbers of films of the sort we have tried to create in "The Ten Commandments," "Ben Hur" and other offerings aimed at the interests of every nation, race and creed, will be brought forth.

The picture of mediocre theme, message and significance will drop out, and we shall have only the two extremes remaining: on the one hand, productions light, frothy and intended only for sheer entertainment; on the other, big screen epics that have power, breadth and world-wide significance of theme and treatment.

The future holds no place for the cheap, hastily conceived and hastily executed production that claims for itself the dignity of an impressive theme or an elaborate scope. Those have been with us in the past, they are with us still, but their period of sufferance is near its end.

We are not to see any radical mechanical or technical changes in the motion picture. Its startling developments of the past were achieved when it was in a fluid state; it has crystallized now, and future developments will be a matter of slower evolution.

However, constant improvements will be made. We have at this time, awaiting the developments of the future to perfect and make practical, camera lenses twenty times as fast as those now used, and film twelve times as fast. Through their use when perfected, the elaborate lighting equipment of today may be dispensed with to a large extent, although it will always be used in a limited way for the achievement of special effects.

Such improvements will bring about the realization of a prophesy of mine that within the next twenty years some householder will film an outstanding screen success with no other lighting equipment than the illumination of his home, and no other sets than his own rooms. They will mean, also, decreased expense in some directions, and mechanical and technical facilities so perfect that creative talent will find an unhampered outlet, a perfectly flexible medium for expression.

Then the motion picture will be ready at everyone's hand, an instrument capable of expressing on the shadow stage all that human genius can conceive within the scope of silent drama.

Compounding the Ingredients

By FRED W.

Willard Louis contributes much to the humor of the picture by the touches with which he shapes the personality of Matthew Garner—Touches that are unmistakably of Louis vintage but are yet strictly in character.

WHEN the villain turns with a snarling sneer upon the defenceless and virtuous maiden whom he has ensnared in his Parisian apartments the audience is usually gripping its chairarms with excitement. Not so in "The Passionate Quest." The audience is enthralled, but with polite amusement.

What has Commodore Blackton done to this time honored situation? Certainly something rather unusual. Without burlesquing the English people or their customs in the manner which has caused so much ill-feeling in British domains against American films depicting British life he has made a very interesting comedy-drama.

Beginning with the mystery and sensationalism of E. Phillips Oppenheim Blackton and his daughter-scenarist, Marian Constance have deserted the old, well trodden path of melodrama for that of—well, a name has not been coined for the hybrid result of their experiment. Brightness, sparkle, and wit in the picture have replaced or alleviated the heaviness and intensity of the novel.

This is by no means the first time that J. Stuart Blackton has treated an English subject but it is probably the first time that he has treated it in quite this manner. Indeed he has always been particularly interested in making films mirroring English life, which undoubtedly accounts for the interest of "The Passionate Quest." It is typically English but quietly so.

The performances of Holmes Herbert as Douglas Erwen and Frank Butler as Lord Reginald Towers are agreeable surprises because of their departure in the direction of truth from the conventional Englishman of the American screen. Instead of being the usual vulture or "bally ass" types they are honestly human.

Once again Willard Louis, who found much favor with the British public through his interpretation of Friar Tuck in "Robin Hood" and the Prince of Wales in "Beau Brummel" is seen as an Englishman. This time he is Matthew Garner, a provincial who very amusingly imagines himself to have a flare for power, and large, unscrupulous business operations. Louis contributes much to the humor of the picture by the touches with which he shapes the personality of Garner. They are unmistakably of the Louis vintage but they are strictly in character.

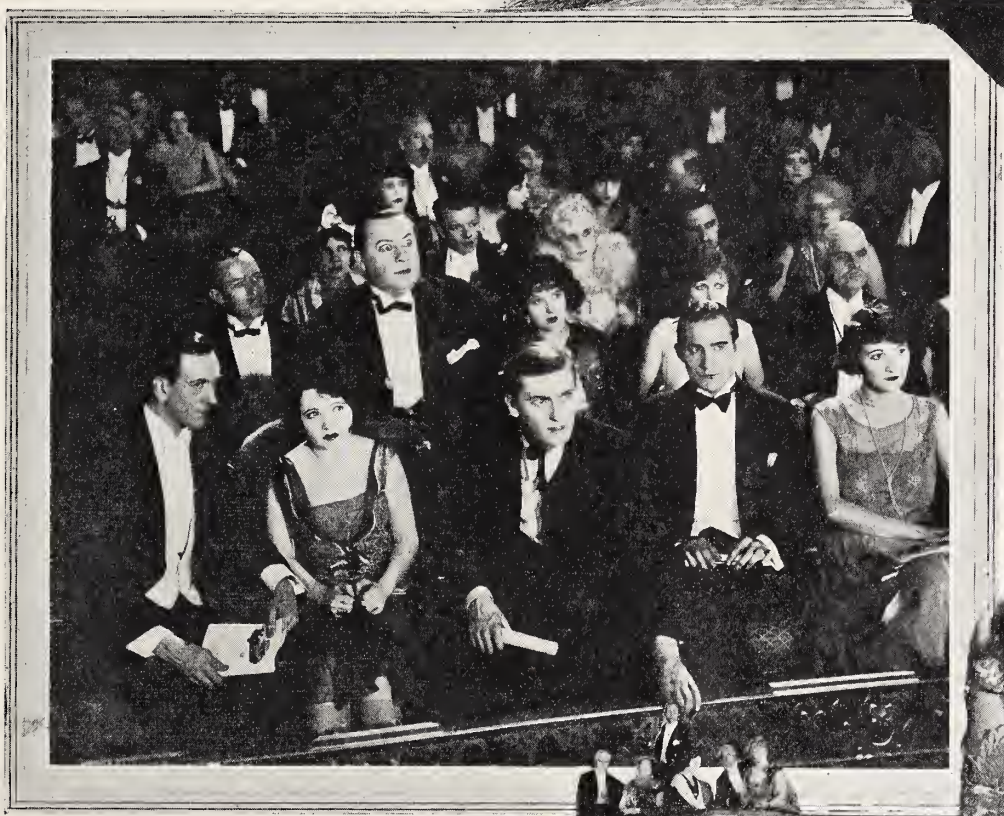
NOW AND THEN:—Louise Fazenda presents a new and decidedly fascinating Louise with the same basic brand of infectious humor all wrapped up in a French cover. In her ultra "dress-up" role she is very different from the Louise of pigtails and galoshes, but she is Louise Fazenda just the same.

Comedy with of Melodrama

APPLEGATE

May McAvoy has a leading feminine role as Rosina Vonet, the little factory-town girl ambitious to make fame and fortune and move in exalted social circles. With Gardner James as Phillip Garth, the artistic dreamer, who longs to become the center of a poetic world, the trio of passionate questers is complete.

May McAvoy has a leading feminine role as Rosina Vonet, with Gardner James as Phillip Garth, an artistic dreamer. These two with Willard Louis make up the trio of "Passionate Questers" who invade London seeking their fortune.



Rosina finds her way to the stage and on the opening night is thrust unexpectedly into the limelight as understudy for a temperamental leading woman. The resulting stage fright develops a dramatic situation of gripping intensity blended with cleverly handled humor.

The wards of Benjamin Stone, a supposedly old fashioned glass manufacturer, played by DeWitt Jennings, they become restless and determine to go to London. The atmosphere of this sequence is an outstanding example of the authenticity of the continental atmosphere throughout the production. The glass factory, and its office and the characters that inhabit it, is as characteristically British as a chapter from Dickens.

Upon learning their decision to go to the big city, Stone sends them from his house forever with his blessing and fifty pounds apiece. Their varying aims soon separate Matthew from Rosina and Phillip, who do not prosper. Matthew

(*Continued on Page 47*)

JESSE L. LASKY

The Screen Needs a Shakespeare

By Jesse L. Lasky

THE screen needs a Shakespeare. And history has proved that every time there is a real need someone rises to the occasion.

The screen will eventually have its Shakespeare—that I believe. A man will come who will tower head and shoulders above past writers and contemporaries in the construction of original screen stories. He will bring to the screen something new, some great thought, some finely wrought form of construction and story telling. He will open our eyes to new possibilities, to new dreams of the screen as a medium of art, and when he passes will leave a creative monument behind him that will be something for many generations to gaze upon with awe.

I do not predict the arrival of a screen Shakespeare this year, or next, or possibly during the lifetime of any of us. But there is a crying need and I, for one, am sure that the super-author of pictures will in the not too distant future rise like a colossus in our midst.

Literature waited centuries for Shakespeare. There was a gap from Homer to Shakespeare in the production of literary supermen. The development of literature and its various forms has been exceedingly slow. Three hundred years ago there was no such thing as the novel as we know it, or the short story. But the screen started from nothing thirty years ago, and today has developed a marvelous medium of pictorial story telling. It is an artistic medium that has grown faster in its technical possibilities than it has in its literary and dramatic power. We have some trained writers who think in terms of the screen, who dream their dreams in terms of picture art. We have many trained technical workers, but most of them have come to us from the world of letters or from the drama, or from the short-story or newspaper field. We need these workers, but we also need men and women who are thinking in terms of Olympus.

We need someone who will bring to the screen what Shakespeare brought to the drama of his time. He galvanized dramatic construction and gave it form. He pulled the drama out of the rut of its tradition and its heritage of being a religious spectacle. He made his characters live and breathe. He pried into their souls and their thoughts and wove his tales together with an unequalled sense of dramatic unity—something which had not been done since the Greeks constructed their tragedies many centuries before. Shakespeare was tremendously important in relation to the other writers of his own time. His plays put dramatic construction hundreds of years ahead of where it would have been had he not lived.

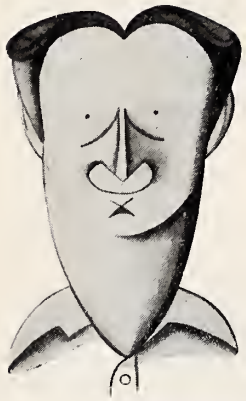
It is such a man that the screen is seeking, and who, I am confident, will be found,—I hope in the very near future. We need someone who can see and handle the tremendous forces that today are dormant in screen story construction—someone who can put screen art far, far ahead of where it is today, far ahead even of where we dream it will be.

We do not necessarily expect someone to come along with startling new plots, novel situations, or brilliant photographic effects. Shakespeare, as a matter of fact, worked with age-old material. Many of his plots were time-worn, and had been used by many other writers in many countries. But it was what Shakespeare saw in them, and what he saw in the stage as a medium of expression, that made *him* great—while the others have long since been forgotten. We need a "Bard of Hollywood," who can do for pictures what the Bard of Avon did for the drama.

A TENNIS RACKET

Some Impressions of the First Annual Motion Picture Tournament for the J. Stuart Blackton Trophies

As Seen by Robert Quigley



THEODORE VON ELTZ

Von Eltz, the winner of the men's singles, stands out as one of the most brilliant and consistent players of merit in the film colony and is considered one of the best players on the Coast.

RICHARD R. NEILL

The most exciting game of the tournament was in the men's doubles between the Charles Ray and Theodore Von Eltz team and the Richard R. Neill—George Irving duo with Neill and Irving the winners.

GEORGE R. IRVING

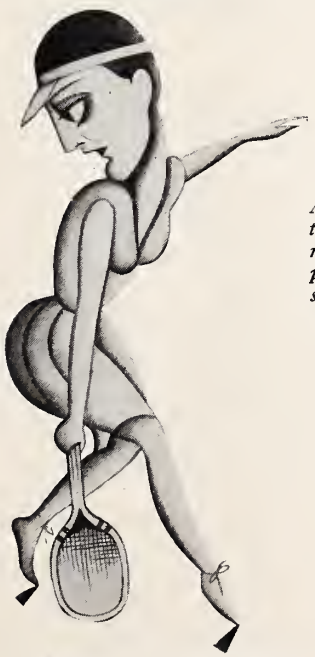
EUGENE V. BREWSTER

One of the most interested spectators of the tournament events at Patsy Ruth Miller's home was Mr. Brewster who, now that he is permanently in Hollywood, is taking a keen interest in all the activities of the film colony.

Commodore Blackton has not only sponsored the tournament and put up the trophies but has taken an enthusiastic part in the games and announces that the complete success of this first meet has definitely decided him in making the tournament an annual event.

"COMMODORE" J. STUART BLACKTON

MONTAGU LOVE



PATSY RUTH MILLER

As hostess for the first two meets of the tournament Patsy Ruth proved charming and swung a wicked racquet.

PERCY MARMONT

Other active participants in the tournament have been Marian Constance Blackton, Gardner James, Oscar Miller, Winton Miller, J. S. Wilkinson, Roy Clements, Jason Robards, Ralps Ince, Walter Tennyson and David Butler.

Charlie Ray as team mate with Theodore Von Eltz put up a stiff battle for the men's doubles trophy through three closely contested sets.

CHARLES RAY

A FAD WHICH CALIFORNIA

STARTING as a fad just a few years ago, the beach club idea has grown and expanded until today Santa Monica beach with its palisades rising from the expanse of sand that stretches down to the water's edge is dotted with rambling structures and imposing edifices dedicated to the beach club idea. Of the more recently completed, Club Casa Del Mar stands out dominantly.

FROM the early development of the idea as essentially a swimming club, has grown the club-hotel feature which is so characteristic of Club Casa Del Mar. The Main entrances to the club, facing on Ocean Avenue opposite Pico street, typifies the solidity of club as a permanent institution, for as such the beach club has become definitely a part of the social life of Hollywood and Southern California.

BEACH and surf have always exerted a strong fascination as a playground and a place for complete relaxation of mind and body. Keenest enjoyment of such relaxation comes invariably in the company of one's family, one's friends or congenial companions. At the beach clubs one finds the interesting people one knows, a fact which has probably contributed as strongly as anything else to the increasing popularity of the idea.

HAS BECOME A INSTITUTION

PHOTOS BY
ALBERT J. KOPEC

THERE is a distinctively "Ritz" atmosphere to the main lobby or lounge of Club Casa Del Mar that is both pleasing to the eye and restful, an effect that is heightened by the spaciousness of the first floor treatment. After passing through the reception end of the lobby one commands a comprehensive view of lobby, sun parlor and dining rooms.

ANOTHER factor in the development of the beach club idea to the point where it becomes an all-round institution is its provisions for complete mental and physical relaxation; for the modern, up-to-date club combines with the bracing tang of salt air and beach sports, all the clubby features of downtown institutions. In addition to the spacious dining room, shown above, with its seating capacity for 700 guests and the unique Chinese grill. Club Casa Del Mar offers distinctive club features in the form of card rooms, billaird rooms and similar adjuncts, as well as the more athletic features as represented by the gymnasium, the indoor plunge, the hand ball courts, etc.

THE sun parlor with its cozy furnishings and its view of the Pacific and of the beach immediately below is one of those little touches that rounds out the clubby idea of such institutions as Casa Del Mar and makes it one of those places that you like to drop into either for a few moments chat with friends or for an afternoon's relaxation.

The Playwright and The Screen

A chat with MAUD FULTON

"I DON'T SEE how any one can hope to write for the screen without studying the *technique* of the screen," says Maude Fulton, who, after achieving success as a writer of stage plays, has found the silent drama equally as attractive and is now under contract at the Metropolitan studios.

"Any one who comes to the screen after experience as a stage author or as a novelist is terribly handicapped," Miss Fulton added as we sat chatting over the luncheon cloth at The Writers. "The two mediums are so very different and the methods of turning out the work just as different. Then, too, there are the inhibitions of censorship to be guarded against. I believe that every writer for the screen should be furnished with a complete list of tabooed subjects. When I first started studio work I found myself getting into all kinds of trouble because dramatic instincts would suggest one thing only to learn that censorship forbade it. That is a limitation of the screen from which the stage is free in a general way. Of course there are things that won't go on the stage or anywhere for that matter.

"But the thing that really appalled me was the fact that writing for the silent drama—particularly as a contract writer—one receives an assignment to create a story in a given length of time—usually very short—and is expected to turn out a script that will compare favorably with work for other mediums.

"I believe that therein lies one of the reasons why the author who comes from other fields has been so frequently criticized.

"Rarely, if ever, does one hear of a stage dramatist being told, 'here's $1,000. I want a play for So-and-So, or about Such-and-Such, in two weeks.' Yet that is substantially what happens in the motion picture world.

"And the author accustomed to the three-fold appeal to the speaking stage—the appeal to the eye, the appeal to the ear and the subtle appeal of the personality of the players—their magnetism if you like—must readjust his entire concept of things and supplant the snap and brilliancy of dialog with *action*.

"At first that action thing is appalling. As one gets into the spirit of the 'game' it begins to fascinate; for, while there is a genuine thrill to creating witty dialog and bright sayings for your characters, there is an equal satisfaction in causing them actually to do something, and in the things they do convey perhaps a subtlety of thought that could be expressed in no other way quite as effectively.

"One often hears from producers and directors the criticism that the playwright and the novelist seem to have no respect for the screen. I don't believe that it is a lack of respect, I believe that it is a lack of understanding of the technique of the silent drama and its peculiar properties and requirements.

MAUDE FULTON
Author of "The Brat," "The Big Top" and Other Dramatic Successes.

"The very thing that I have just mentioned—the shortness of time permitted the screen author in which to create a story—I have heard voiced as a criticism of the outside writer but from an entirely different angle.

"But how can the writer schooled in another technique be expected to adapt himself overnight to an entirely different art? I believe that in a way the criticism is justly voiced, however, in that the outside writer too often has not bothered to try to learn the technique but has committed that fatal error in any kind of writing of just dashing off a story.

"You see I am trying to look on both sides of the fence a bit."

Miss Fulton is rather well qualified to "look on both sides of the fence," for she has had experience on both sides. She began her writing by turning out short stories while working as a telegraph operator at Aberdeen, South Dakota, and suggests "And you might add, as cowpuncher."

Speaking of that period she said with the whimsicality that is so characteristic of her writing, "I saved one hundred dollars from my salary and went to New York for the fun of living on fifteen cents a day.

"And then I went into the chorus. You see I liked to eat and fifteen cents a day wasn't quite enough even in those times."

From writing stories Miss Fulton turned to dancing as a vocation. For several seasons she was in musical comedy and vaudeville where she gained an understanding of stagecraft that has since stood her in good stead.

Her return to the field of writing she blames on Jack Lait, for it was as a result of a discussion with him concerning the merits of introducing a prologue to one of his plays that she once more turned to authorship. Miss Fulton was strong for the prologue and argued so convincingly that Mr. Lait finally told her to go ahead and write one. If he liked it and she got over her idea, he would buy it from her. And she did. Incidentally while she was waiting for Jack Lait to return to Chicago, she wrote "The Brat," and became definitely launched upon a career of writing for the stage until the screen exerted its lure and drew her into motion pictures where she is now firmly entrenched and where, like so many others who have come from the stage, she is entirely happy.

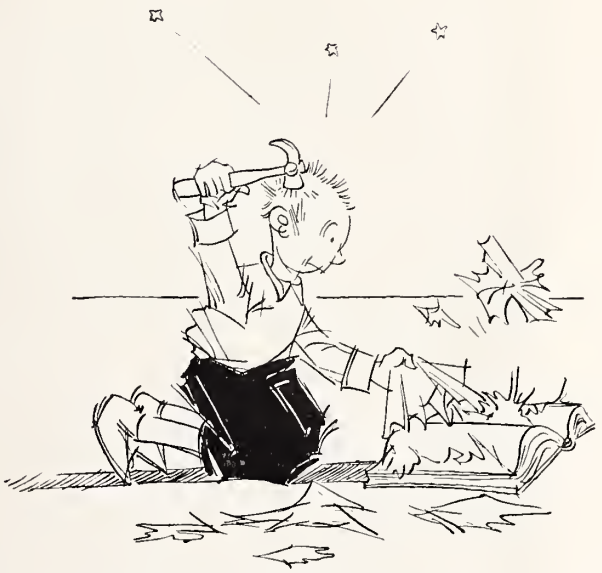
In the meantime, however, she had written and sold, in addition to "The Brat," "The Humming Bird," "Sonny," "Pinky," "Tomorrow," "Miss Mary" and her most recent success, "The Big Top."

Whether by design or by accident, Miss Fulton's first screen work has been in the field of titling, having titled "Lady Windermere's Fan" and having collaborated with Walter Anthony in titling "Don Juan." She is now adapting her first story at Metropolitan and, as she puts it, is "getting a great thrill out of it."

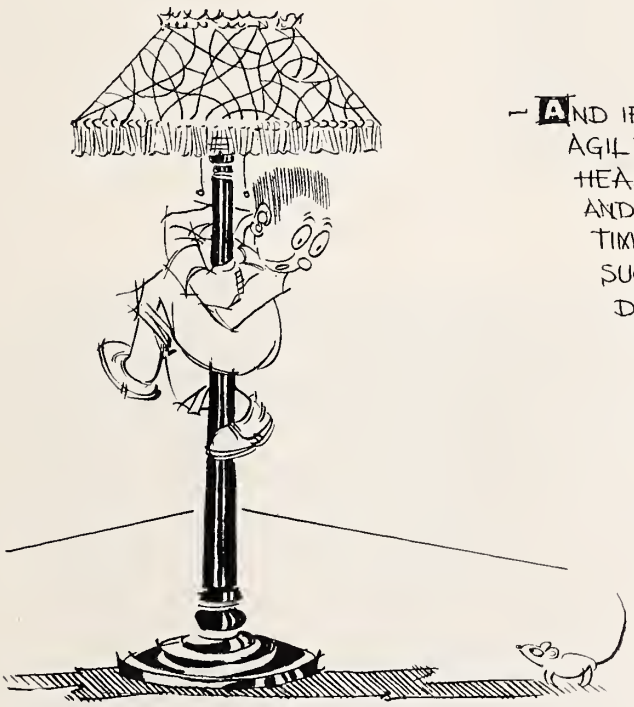
YOUR CHILD'S FUTURE IN PICTURES

By JACK COLLINS

—ANY YOUNG GIRL WHO SHOWS AN ADVERSION TO WATER WILL SURELY BECOME A PERFECT BATHING BEAUTY.



—A BOY OF NO BRAINS WHO DETESTS GRAMMER AND MUTILATES THE DICTIONARY WILL NO DOUBT BECOME A SCENARIST. OR A TITLE WRITER.



—OR SHOULD HE BE TIMID AND AFRAID OF ANIMALS, HE SHOULD MAKE A SPLENDID WESTERN ACTOR FROM "THE WIDE OPEN SPACES."

—AND IF HE HAS THE AGILITY TO NOD HIS HEAD BACK AND FORTH AND SAY "YES" AT THE SAME TIME—HE WILL BE A GREAT SUCCESS AS AN ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.

AN ACTOR'S HOME THAT

The dignity of the Italian architecture of the home of Earle Williams is enhanced by the very decorative arrangement of shrubs and other planting. Seclusion is thus achieved without loss of a cordial air which is given by the nearness of the house to the street.

This corner of the library is schemed for absolute comfort and enjoyment of the books which are its raison d'etre. Interesting notes are a very old navigation map and old banner of hand-tooled leather. Rich brocaded hangings in tones that harmonize with the Oriental rug, give warmth and life to this handsome room.

The walls of the living room (right) are in a very soft putty shade which is a perfect background for the rich wood tones of the furniture and the impressive handloom tapestry which hangs almost entirely across this end of the room. A lordly Italian chair covered with needlework tapestry and a big wing chair in Italian red damask, carry out the scheme of luxurious dignity.

TYPIFIES MODERN COMFORT

The dining room of this house is a gem. The classic lines and exquisite decorations of the furniture suggest Venetian splendor. The self-toned Chenille rug in moss green and the rose brocade hangings afford an appropriately symphonic color scheme. The finely designed buffet and cabinet are aristocratic, imposing pieces.

THIS HOME IS A RECENT COMMISSION OF THE INTERIOR DECORATING STUDIOS OF BARKER BROS.

The hall is handsome as it is hospitable. A fine, hand-carved walnut, high back chair and a glorious old Chinese brocade wall hanging give an air of sumptuous distinction only partially conveyed by a photograph, since the glowing colors and rich textures cannot be reproduced in mere light and dark.

A particularly lovely bedroom is the one shown here. An oyster white carpet and orchid and green hangings furnish an exotic setting for the elaborate period bed. The brocade hangings and canopy of the latter are in orchid and green, as are the chiffons of the bed coverlet. The top is hand-made filet. A charming little dressing table with gilded mirror and two little commodes in brocade and painted sides, complete the furnishings.

NEW FACES FOR OLD

By MARSHALL NEILAN

"If the exhibitors refuse to accept new names a standstill is inevitable," says Marshall Neilan, who believes the industry is facing a serious crises that may only be averted by new faces.

THE motion picture industry is reaching a great crisis, which is likely to prove more serious to the business than the flu epidemic of 1918 and may bring more misfortune and hindrance to production of pictures than anything since the beginning of their great popularity, fifteen years ago.

The danger of production being kept at a standstill is of vital importance, to the entire motion picture world and can only be averted by the exhibitor being convinced that new faces on the screen are not a total box-office loss.

A movement to recognize and encourage new talent would not jeopardize the standing of the present day favorites, in the slightest. The popularity of the Talmadges, the Gishes, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, John Gilbert and all those others, whose names register as head-liners, is built upon a strong foundation, that will not be shaken as long as they continue to give worthwhile productions and good performances to the screen. But, by bringing new artists to the films, the producer would be given sufficient starring material to eliminate all worry of not being able to get a cast to pass the approval of the man who shows his pictures.

There is always that hectic period of whipping a cast into shape, before the beginning of each picture. Though you are convinced that some unknown player is a better type for the role you are casting and though you are equally sure he will register more perfectly than some star with a big name, you are compelled to take the latter because the theater man demands it.

Nor do your troubles cease here. After selecting a certain star, you may find some other producer wants this at the very time you do. Then there is a same star for a picture merry chase between the two, the loser again being thrown into the turmoil of finding another person with a name, permitting, mind you, the importance of a name to over-ride everything else.

The logic of the exhibitors angle is all wrong. I not only believe that the public are always willing and glad to accept new faces, if given the right stimulus of entertaining photoplays, but I maintain they are eagerly awaiting such a move.

Take Vilma Banky as an example. Up to the time Samuel Goldwyn brought her to this country and cast her in "The Dark Angel," no one had ever heard of her. Then, almost over night we were regaled with tales of the extraordinary charm of the Hungarian actress. Now she can write her own ticket.

Lois Moran, unknown on the screen a few months ago, played the daughter in "Stella Dallas" and today is admitted to be a name to conjure with, so far as the theater owner is concerned.

Greta Garbo, the Swedish star, was not known to the American theatergoers. That did not hinder her in the slightest from winning instantaneous success in her first American role in "The Torrent." She has been hailed as a great discovery and in the future, when she is cast, no exhibitor can dis-

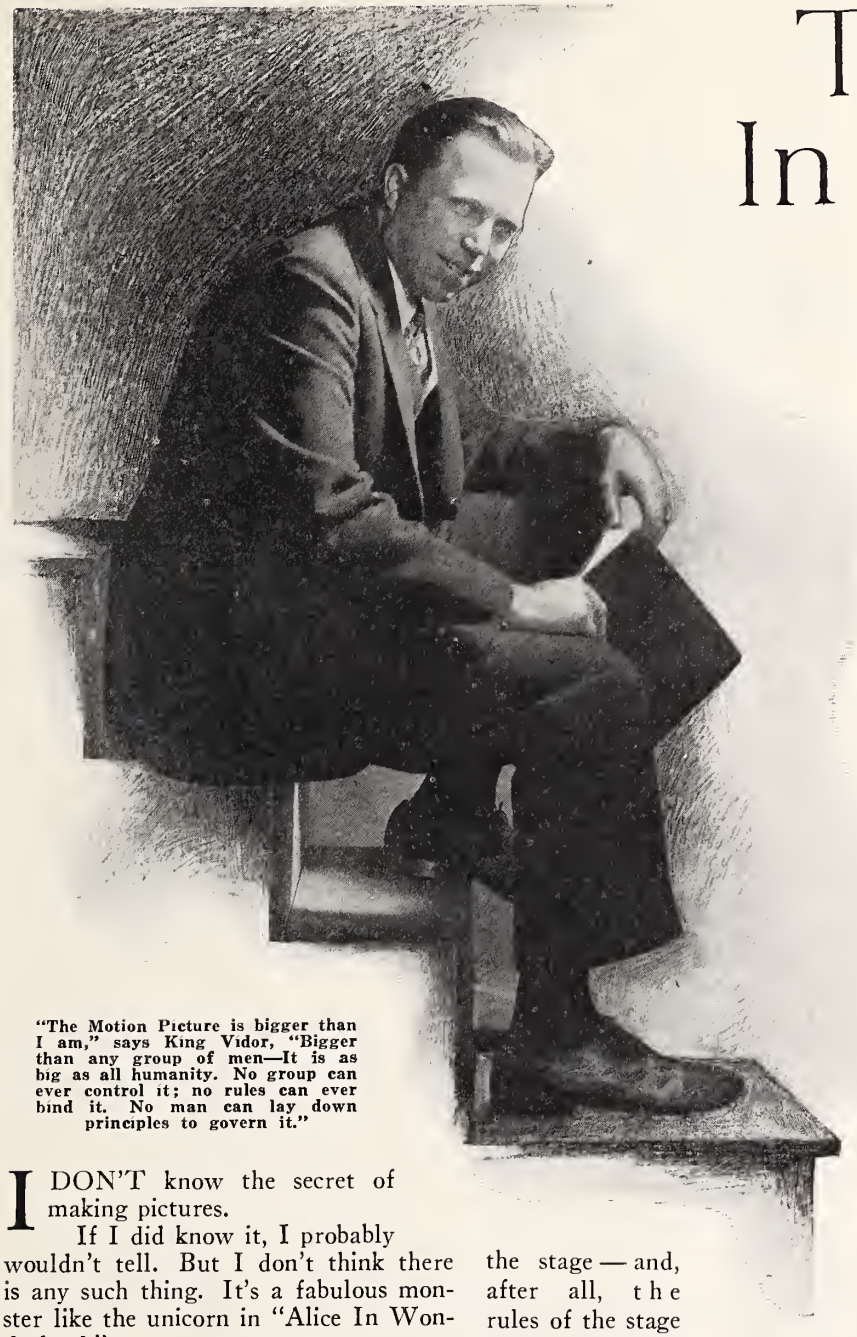
(*Continued on Page 49*)

Colleen Moore was ready to quit when Marshall Neilan cast her in "Dinky" and placed her under contract. Under his direction she advanced rapidly toward the success that is now hers.

Marjorie Daw, like numerous other leading players, founding work with "Micky" Neilan the beginning of bigger things.

The Giant In Rompers

By KING VIDOR



"The Motion Picture is bigger than I am," says King Vidor, "Bigger than any group of men—It is as big as all humanity. No group can ever control it; no rules can ever bind it. No man can lay down principles to govern it."

I DON'T know the secret of making pictures.

If I did know it, I probably wouldn't tell. But I don't think there is any such thing. It's a fabulous monster like the unicorn in "Alice In Wonderland."

Whenever I'm asked—and I guess every director is asked the same question a dozen times an hour—"What's your idea of the perfect picture?" or, if so-and-so isn't the right way to make them, I think of Kipling's lines—

"There are fifty-seven ways
of constructing tribal lays,
And—every—single—one—of—
them—is—right!"

That's the way it is with the motion picture.

It is a baby, growing up to be a giant so huge that it is irresistible to any set formula, any group, or any set standard. It is an art in itself!

It is a separate mode of expression; —it does not depend on literature or the drama—on painting or poetry—on any art from which it borrows a little to make a great and distinctive whole.

You cannot apply to it the rules of the stage — and, after all, the rules of the stage often are broken to produce an explosive success.

Painters have rules—but they mean nothing. When Whistler laid down the law that a painter could not deal solely with cold colors, Gainsborough took the coldest color of all—blue—and painted the famous "Blue Boy," one of art's greatest classics—just to prove that there are no rules to art.

So it is with the motion picture. We don't know any rules to govern us—we just go ahead and make them.

We can't say that this or that way is the only way to make a great screen play. There are great pictures of every kind;—great western pictures and great comedy pictures, great war pictures and great romances; great dog pictures and great travelogues. The public knows neither rules nor regulations.

Personally among my favorites are the newsreels and "Felix the Cat." Why? because I can always look at them and be entertained — also instructed.

You can't lay down rules for anything bigger than you are.

And the motion picture is bigger than I; bigger than any group of men;—it is as big as all humanity.

No group can ever control it; no rules can ever bind it.

No man can lay down principles to govern it.

Consider the watermelon—for sale on the street. Consider how it grows from a tiny seed in the ground, putting a thin green shoot through the earth, sucking vitality from obscure chemicals in the soil—branching out —growing a tiny green bulb that becomes gradually a great melon, fraught with millions of seeds like the one that gave it birth. Why? How?

When you can explain the watermelon—you can explain creation.

And even then you won't be able to lay down the formula for the perfect picture.

All we can do is put our shoulders to the wheel and make them the best we know how.

Henry King, director of Samuel Goldwyn's "Winning of Barbara Worth" has returned to Los Angeles from the Nevada desert, where, with Harry Phillips, assistant chief engineer of the Western Pacific railroad, he mapped out the town of "Barbara Worth, Nevada."

King and the engineer staked out the locations of buildings which will comprise the three movie cities, Rubio, San Felipe and Kingston. They also picked the site for the depot of the three towns, to be known collectiveley as "Barbara Worth."

A railroad section gang at once began to construct a spur track to the desert location and a force of 100 carpenters started erection of the buildings.

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky have the leads in the production.

BREAKERS CLUB

Now Under Construction
AND CLUB ESPLANADE ON BEACH
Now Completed
at Marine Terrace and Ocean Front
SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

This advertisement is sponsored by the Board of Directors of the Breakers Club and is intended to set forth the many advantages offered by the Club

The Finest Beach-Social *and* Athletic Club in the World

Now Under Construction at Santa Monica

To those who know the present and future plans of the Breakers Club, there can be no doubt but that it is to be the finest Beach, Social and Athletic Club in all the world.

Record of Achievement

The Breakers Club was organized on September 16, 1925. Membership enrollment started on October first; Esplanade finished January 15th, 1926; Main Club Building to be finished and ready soon—a record of which to be proud.

MORE THAN 1500 MEMBERS ENROLLED

More than 1500 of the most socially prominent men and women in California have become members of this beautiful shore club. This is a remarkable record to achieve in such a short time when the very high standard of membership qualification is taken into consideration.

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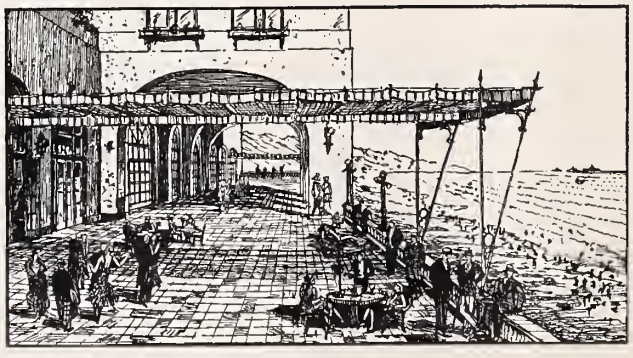
LIFE MEMBERSHIP

A Life Membership in the Breakers Club means that you and your family are entitled to all privileges of the club for ninety-nine years. As a Life Member you are issued a membership card which entitles you to all privileges for yourself and family and you pay no dues of any kind, nor may you be assessed for any reason. You reserve the right to transfer, by sale or inheritance, this membership at any time.



The Galleria Promenade
An Exclusive Feature of the Breakers Club

BREAKERS CLUB

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS ONLY $750

Life Memberships are now available at only $750, payable $300 down, and six equal monthly payments of $75 each.

There Are No Dues To Pay

As a Life Member of the Breakers Club you pay no dues. There is a Locker Fee charged of $36 yearly.

A Life Membership may be transferred after September 15th either by sale or inheritance. There is no liability and they cannot be assessed.

The Galleria Promenade

An exclusive feature of the Breakers Club where members may walk, lounge or play in the clear sunshine. A wide promenade and lounge across the front and one side of the beautiful club building overlooking the blue Pacific, three stories below.

Large Private Beach

The Breakers Club has the largest private Beach of any club now contemplated—225 feet of clean, white sand. Its membership is limited and therefore the beach will be less crowded than that of the ordinary Beach Club.

Esplanade Completed—Main Club Ready Soon

The most beautiful esplanade and grill of any Beach Club in America is finished and open to members and guests. The entire first floor of the main building will be ready very soon. In the first floor will be the Locker and Dressing Rooms, Main Lobby, Bathers' Grill, Salt Water Plunge and Main Grill. A tunnel connects this floor with the Esplanade and Private Beach.

Guest Rooms for Members

The upper floors of the Breakers Club will have Guest Rooms for Members, offering you and your family, as a member, the opportunity of an ideal summer vacation at the beach, in delightful surroundings.

Drive to the Clubhouse and see the many activities now taking place.

A Book in Colors

The Breakers has just prepared a book printed in many colors which shows in pictures and tells of some of the more important features of the Club. The coupon printed below will bring this book to you without obligation.

The Breakers Club has leased corner of Seaside Terrace and Ocean Avenue, one minute's walk from the main clubhouse, for exclusive parking of members' cars. Capacity, 1,000 cars.

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I believe I am eligible for membership in the exclusive Breakers Club. Please send me your color book describing the club and its privileges, and one day visitor's card.

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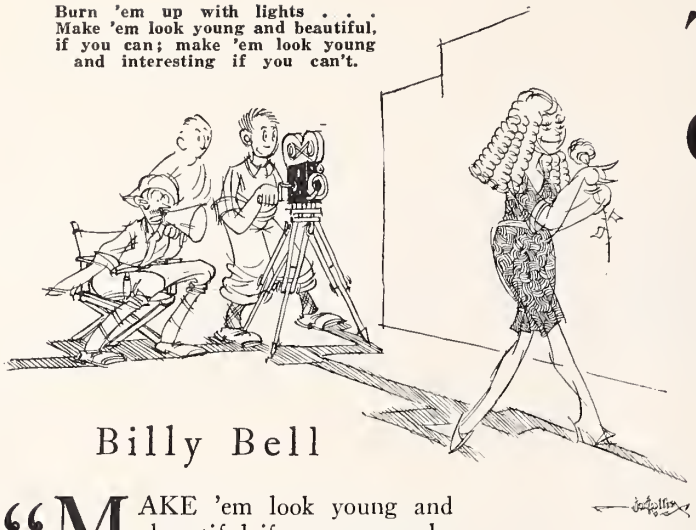
The Lower Middle Class in Hollywood

By James Lewis

(*Illustrated by Jack Collins*)



Burn 'em up with lights . . . Make 'em look young and beautiful, if you can; make 'em look young and interesting if you can't.

Billy Bell

"MAKE 'em look young and beautiful if you can; make 'em look young and interesting if you can't. Make 'em look anything the story calls for but keep 'em young."

Such was the sage advice spoken by Billy Bell in an informal talk at last week's meeting of the Hollywood Branch of the National Association of Cinematographic Operators.

"But," objected a youthful assistant, "how can you make some of these antiques look young? What you going to do about the wrinkles?"

Billy gazed at the speaker pityingly. "Burn the old hens up with lights," he announced sharply.

Twenty-seven heads nodded grave assent.

In the matter of making old ladies in their early thirties look like Pasadena high school flappers it is everywhere admitted that Billy Bell knows his pineapples. During the past two years he has been the camera man for Gypsy Zigzig and Priscilla Bone.

It would, of course, be hard to find two actresses varying more widely in temperament and reputation. In a manner of speaking Priscilla is everything that Gypsy is not. Yet, as every cameraman knows, they have in common the wrinklingest wrinkles in Hollywood's wrinkledom. Billy Bell has been heard to say that if the drug-store cowboys in Peoria, Ill., could get a peep at Pris before he sets her off with his out-of-focus, baby-spot, gauze-over-lens photography there wouldn't be a pint of vanilla left in Western Illinois.

That is one reason when Billy signed his new contract with Bigger and Better he demanded $400 a week each week and got it.

Gypsy thinks Billy is just a dove. Why with Billy on the camera not even Will Hays, himself, could tell that just before her big scene in the fifth reel she had had a couple of shots of gin.

In their own manner Priscilla and Gypsy are grateful, to Billy Bell. Last Christmas Gypsy gave Billy a pair of diamond-studded cuff links and a gold cigarette case with an emerald on it. Priscilla presented him with a neck-tie, which he gave to an obscure cousin who traded it to his brother, and a book called "Pilgrim's Progress." Billy says it was a swell book with that what-you-may-call-it leather binding on it.

AMONG her friends Winifred Sands is known as the *Hollywood Herald* or the *Latest Bedside Bulletin.* She has a morning circulation of one apartment building, eighteen telephone calls and a set of executive offices and night editions that cover her favorite tea-room and any place she happens to be spending the evening.

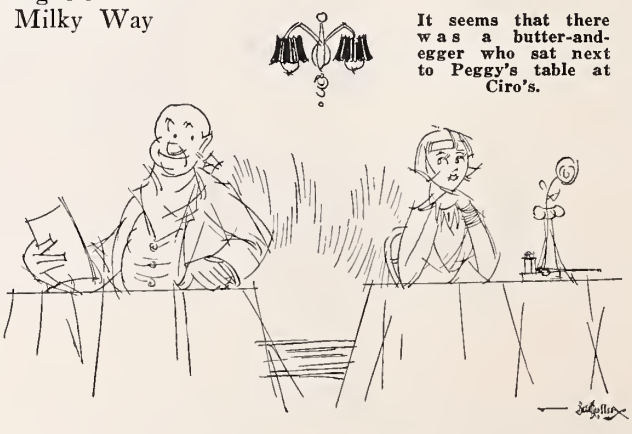
From the latest scandal at the Sea Breeze Club to the terms of Buster Beeswax's new contract with Incomparable Pictures Winnie knows the up and up on all that is going on in Hollywood.

"My dear," chirps Winifred, "have you heard the dirt about Peggy's fur coat?"

Well, it seems there was a butter-and-egger from Oklahoma,—oil, of course,—who sat next to Peggy's table at Ciro's last summer when she was getting a divorce in Paris and, my dear—. The *Hollywood Herald* is now on its way to an extra edition.

Winifred is the head filing clerk in the Hollywood offices of Milky Way Pictures. Very often her lower middle class friends want to know why she doesn't go on the screen instead of sticking in the filing department. On such occasions Winnie rolls her eyes to show what a pipe a screen career would be, but tells her friends there are many reasons why she prefers the business end of the industry. One of the reasons she doesn't mention is that she once got a look at herself on the screen. That was when Gil Dooley an assistant camera man at Milky Was was her boy friend. Of course the shots were taken just in fun and all that. Still fun or no fun you would hardly believe what a camera will do to one's nose—if there is even the slightest bump on it. Gil, the old pill, had called her Mrs. Andy Gump.

Winifred heard the other day that Harold Hemstitch—you know, who played the bandit in "The Arabian Knight" which did fourteen weeks at the Criterion and grossed one hundred sixty thousand—threw a shoe at his wife who used to be Patsy Keefe in the old Triangle days. Harold is getting thirty-seven hundred a week and is under a five-year contract to Ultimate. Well, Winifred heard that Harold's shoe missed his wife and, my dear, it broke a French mirror, which means seven years bad luck the same as Bobby Roberts had when he ran over a white cat when Bigger and Better Pictures were making "Lest We Forget" which was a terrific flop in New York but did awfully good in the Middle West and broke the house record in Seattle which only goes to show you can't tell a thing about New York criticism. Everybody knows the New York critics are too high-brow or else they are in the pay of the producers and all that. Well anyhow Patsy picked up the shoe and hit Harold on the beak and, my dear, it was a golf shoe with spikes or what-you-may-call-ums on it and they had to call a doctor and take five stitches. On the shoe? You *would* say that!



It seems that there was a butter-and-egger who sat next to Peggy's table at Ciro's.

The Screen's Response to The Pageant of Liberty

By FRANK LLOYD

THE most democratic, progressive and fascinating industry in the world has just scored another hit. Too frequently motion picture interests have been called to serve a selfish purpose. Too frequently motion picture personalities have been made the "goats" for some one else's self-exploitation and too frequently have motion picture producers, directors, players and technicians been too polite to refuse a request which has meant neither prestige, experience or commercial gain.

The industry's newest achievement is a campaign in behalf of patriotism and it appears that the "Pageant of Liberty" which is to be presented at the Coliseum, Monday, July 5, in commemoration of the birth of American liberty 150 years ago will be a monument to the motion picture spirit.

Without possible gain aside from the knowledge that they had served a good cause well, Hollywood producers have, without any official action, rallied to the assistance of the sponsors of the greatest Americanization event in the history of the West, on extremely short notice and have delivered to the citizens of the Southwest the working tools of a gigantic undertaking.

"The Pageant of Liberty" represents 150 years of America's independence in tableaux and review and is presented for the direct benefit of 1,500 aliens who are to receive their final American citizenship papers prior to the staging of a pageant bringing before them in two hours' time the vital facts of our country's history. In all probability 99,000 other people, already American citizens, will view this stirring and colorful historical show, taxing the capacity of one of the world's largest ampitheatres.

Ninety-seven leading organizations of Los Angeles and the city government are united in the sponsorship of the pageant but realizing that only a spectacular show might attract 100,000 people and impress them as they should be, this united group has accepted an offer from the motion picture industry to stage the show. Not even in Philadelphia where a Sesquicentennial Exposition is being held has any one unit or group of units volunteered to stage such a spectacle for the city without cost or effort, but through the membership of the 233 Club, an organization composed of motion picture and theatrical men, the city of Los Angeles may boast a priceless patriotic show, a program more national than local, and enjoy it without a worry or a thought regarding many difficulties to be surmounted.

Indeed such an astounding enterprise is a credit to motion picture spirit.

As a patriotic show the "Pageant of Liberty" will employ 7,000 actors, ten large tableaux and a technical staff of over 400 experts. The services of all the actors and of 3,000 war veterans will be donated. Motion picture studios have been enthusiastic to donate expensive and artistic floats. Leading screen artists have volunteered to portray famous characters of American history with eagerness. The 400 experts who have attended each painstaking detail of preparing such a pretentious display have been content to remain non-entities so far as the public is concerned. Leading figures of the industry have joined in the support of vital details of the pageant with the demand that they be given no special recognition and that they be a part of the unit in the presentation rather than committee chairmen or leaders.

In thirteen years of activity in motion pictures never have I seen a greater zeal displayed by individuals and units; never more enthusiasm and unselfishness among men, already busy and laden with heavy burdens—all for a two hour entertainment for 100,000 other citizens. All effort and precious time and thousands of dollars in money that new American citizens may know their adopted country intimately and appreciate It. Months of tedious work for a good impression.

Indeed the "Pageant of Liberty" will be a monument to motion picture spirit and efficiency. Other organizations, it is true, have dreamed and hoped for such a celebration but none have undertaken so huge a task before. From the ranks of the 233 Club of Hollywood the idea has sprung and from all branches of the industry have come the men who have made a great dream a memorable reality.

Those who might, by prejudice, or picayunish practice censor us may look upon the "Pageant of Liberty" with sincere respect. It would not be accomplished by any other group than those who entertain the world and inspire it.

FRANK LLOYD
Famous Players-Lasky Director

Paul Leni, noted European director, stage designer and prologue producer, has arrived at Universal City.

His arrival marks the launching by Carl Laemmle of a new idea in the presentation of motion pictures.

Leni directed "Three Wax Works," a picture which was recently given a very enthusiastic reception in New York and has staged prologues abroad also designing the stage settings for them.

New Pictures In the Making

OUT AT the Pickford-Fairbanks studios, where Joseph M. Schenck has launched a $1,000,000 building program to care for increased production of his own units and those of United Artists, of which he is chairman of the board of directors, intensive schedules are being prepared for Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, John Barrymore and others.

Buster Keaton, who is making "The General," a comedy with a Civil War background, as his first picture for United Artists, will return to his own studio on Lillian Way after completing location work near Cottage Grove, Oregon.

Norma Talmadge's first picture since "Kiki," and her last for First National release before joining United Artists, will be "Sun of Montmartre," an original story being prepared by Hans Kraly. It will be produced by Mr. Schenck. Sidney A. Franklin, who directed some of Norma's greatest successes, including "Smilin' Through," is to handle the megaphone. Production is to start during August. Franklin recently directed Constance Talmadge's latest starring vehicle, "The Duchess of Buffalo."

Constance, who has gone to Europe with her husband, Captain Alastair Mackintosh, is expected to have a story selected for her by the time she returns. Miss Talmadge has two more pictures to make under the Schenck banner for First National, and then it is her intention to retire and probably live abroad, at least for a time.

John Barrymore is about to realize a life-long ambition and bring Francois Villon to the screen. The famous actor's first picture for United Artists will be woven around the character of this vagabond poet, known in song and story.

According to Joe Steele this scene between Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Dunbar in the Inspiration production, "The Amateur Gentleman" rates as "the best still of the month."

Barrymore is an authority on Villon. For years he has been reading everything that has been written, fact or fiction, about the romantic vagabond.

The picture will be made on the Pickford-Fairbanks lot, as will all United Artists pictures, with the exception of Samuel Goldwyn's and Gloria Swanson's, according to announcement by Mr. Schenck. Camera work is slated to begin in August. Alan Crosland is to direct.

Valentino, having made "Son of the Shiek," a sequel to the original shiek picture that gave a new meaning to an old word all the over the world, is going to star in a United Artists feature based on the life of Cellini, one of the most romantic figures in history. The story is being prepared by Edward Justine Mayer, with camera work scheduled to start during the late summer or early autumn.

Tec Art Studios

INSPIRATION Pictures, Inc. are now engaged on the final sequences of their second Hollywood made picture starring Richard Barthelmess. It is Jeffery Farnol's most popular novel, "The Amateur Gentleman," and is being directed by Sidney Olcott and photographed by David W. Gobbett. Tec-Art studios are designing sets and Col. G. L. McDonell is technical advisor.

The story is laid in the period of the Regency—about 1817—in England. Opposite Richard Barthelmess plays Dorothy Dunbar, a comparative newcomer to the screen. The balance of the cast includes: Gardner James, J. Edwards Davis, Sidney de Gray, Nigel Barrie,

Helen Costello, Irene Rich, Willard Louis and Virginia Lee Corbin in a scene from the Warner Bros. production "The Doormat."

Monte Blue, Louise Dresser, Patsy Ruth Miller, Emil Chautard and Stuart Holmes in "Broken Hearts of Hollywood," (Warner Bros.)

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Left: Bessie Love, Alan Brooks and Joseph Schildkraut in the De Mille production "Young April."

Right: Rod La Rocque and Ina Anson in the De Mille product on "Gigolo."

John Miljan, Brandon Hurst, John S. Peters, Billie Bennett, Herbert Grimwood, Jacques D'Auray, Gino Corrado, Samuel S. Hinds, and many others of screen prominency.

What's Doing at Warner Bros. Studio

PRODUCTION on "Broken Hearts of Hollywood," is well under way on this film of Hollywood drama. Lloyd Bacon is directing his first dramatic production after many years in comedy lines. Patsy Ruth Miller, Louise Dresser, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Jerry Miley, and Stuart Homes have the featured honors in this story written for the screen by Raymond L. Schrock and Edward Clark. Graham Baker wrote the scenario, Ted Stevens is Bacon's assistant, and Virgil Miller cranking camera.

* * *

James Flood is directing "The Door Mat" which is an adaptation by Mary O'Hara from the stage play by Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler. Willard Louis and Irene Rich are co-starred in this domestic comedy drama, with Helene Costello, John Patrick, Jane Winton, Virginia Lee Corbin, Harold Goodwin, Robert Brower, Holmes Herbert, and Jason Robards in the supporting all-star cast. Bill Cannon is assisting Flood with David Abel at the camera.

Phillip Lonergan is writing the scenario for "Private Izzy Murphy" which will soon go into production as the first starring vehicle for George Jessel, celebrated Broadway stage star, who arrived in Hollywood recently to make his motion picture debut. The production staff has not yet been assigned. Vera Gordon has already been signed for an important role. "Private Izzy Murphy" is an original story by Raymond L. Schrock and Edward Clark.

Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford in the Metropolitan Production, "Almost a Lady."

"Across the Pacific" will be Monte Blue's next starring vehicle and will be an epical production of the Spanish-American War, with all its highlights and thrills forming one of the most dramatic films ever produced. Darryl Francis Zanuck wrote the continuity for the story, which is an adaptation of Charles S. Blaney's famous old stage melodrama. Toy Del Ruth has been assigned to direct with Ross Ledderman assisting, and Byron Haskins cranking first camera. Casting of date includes Myrna Loy in the important role of the half-caste girl, and Charles Stevens and Tom Wilson in other important roles.

* * *

Irene Rich will soon begin working in "My Official Wife" in which she will be starred under the direction of Paul Ludwig Stein, Warner Brothers latest importation from the European field. The scenario is by Graham Baker. "My Official Wife" is another role similiar to "Lady Windermer's Fan" for Miss Rich. John Mescall will be chief cameraman.

* * *

The first co-starring film for Willard Louis and Louise Fazenda, "The Gay Old Bird" is being scenarized by Charles E. Whitaker from the original

A scene from "The Last Frontier"—J. Farrell McDonald as Wild Bill and William Boyd as Tom Kirby.

Priscilla Dean as Freddie Hayden and William Austin as Mortimer Allison in "West of Broadway."

Virginia Dale story, and will soon begin shooting. No assignment of director or assistants has been made yet. The story offers both Louis and Miss Fazenda unexcelled opportunities for roles in which they are especially adapted for clever characterizations.

De Mille Studios

THE slump which is supposed to hit the movie industry every summer isn't in evidence at the De Mille lot.

Three pictures are in the midst of production, three others are in the cutting room, and plans are going forward for the immediate start of four more, including Cecil B. De Mille's personally directed special, "The King of Kings," which is to deal with the life of Christ.

William C. De Mille is making his directorial debut under the Producers Distributing Corporation emblem, handling the production of Leatrice Joy's current starring vehicle, "For Alimony Only." This picture, a sophisticated modern comedy-drama of marriage and divorce, was written by Lenore J. Coffee, author of "The Volga Boatman."

"Corporal Kate," a story of the American girls "over there," has been started, with Vera Reynolds filling the star role. Paul Sloane is directing. "White Gold," in which Jetta Goudal is being starred, is also in the midst of shooting under the direction of William K. Howard, who has manipulated the megaphone on Rod La Rocque's last three starring pictures.

Donald Crisp is putting the finishing touches on "Young April" in the cutting room. Crisp featured Joseph and Rudolph Schildkraut, Bessie Love and Bryant Washburn in "Young April," which he handled as a breezy burlesque on the mythical kingdom theme. "Risky Business," starring Vera Reynolds, has been previewed, and is being polished up by Alan Hale, for an early release, while "Gigolo," the special feature to be released as a Rod La Rocque starring vehicle, is receiving the careful attention of William K. Howard and C. Gardner Sullivan, production supervisor. The general opinion seems to be that "Gigolo" will be Rod La Rocque's greatest picture, when completely cut.

Research for "The King of Kings" has been completed and Jeanie Macpherson has a story in shape for shooting. At the time of publication De Mille had announced no cast for the various biblical characters of his story. It is no secret, however, that De Mille will make every effort to out-do his famous picturization of "The Ten Commandments" with "The King of Kings," and he is sparing no expense in reaching this end.

"The Cruise of the Jaspar B.," a

(*Continued on Page 53*)

The Smartest and most sumptuously appointed interior decorating studio and tea room of Southern California has just been opened in the heart of exclusive Beverly Hills by

Jepson's, *Inc.*,

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Distinctive drapery fabrics, paintings, period furniture, objects of art, rugs and interior furnishings of almost every description, are available from the extensive Jepson resources.

Jepson's, Inc., is prepared to decorate any home in its entirety.

The unique tea room is comparable in every respect with the high Jepson standard. The cuisine is unexcelled. Tea that is "different", dainties reminiscent of England and other delectable dishes are served for lunch and dinner amid surroundings fascinating in the originality of their appointments.

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ART OBJECTS DRAPERIES ORIENTAL and DOMESTIC RUGS

KINEMA KULTUR

(*Continued from Page 13*)

of Dupont's history. Now please don't tell me that you persuaded him to come to America."

"Well," he began. "I don't want to seem conceited, but I really did have a great deal to do with persuading him to leave Berlin. He really didn't want to, you know. But when you have been associated with anyone as long as I have been with Dupont, naturally you reach a great intimacy. So when I pointed out the possibilities were far greater in Hollywood, he readily agreed to come."

I nodded a silent affirmative, and reserved comment, reflecting the while that Dupont must have needed a considerable amount of persuasion.

The third interpreter was an eager, smiling little German, with an excitedly incoherent manner of speaking; beamed on me, and went on:

"I really wrote this script on the picture, although Dupont, of course, always has his name on all his pictures as the author."

I sunk my fingers into his arm and clung on for dear life to keep him from running out on me.

"Curse you," I hissed in his ear. "Don't try to get away from me, or it'll go hard with you. Now tell me about this guy Dupont."

He smiled as a thought struck him.

"Just the thing," he said, and motioned with his free hand. "I'll introduce you to Dupont."

We walked over to the director, who, by this time, was slouched in his chair, regarding his assistant director with unbounded contempt.

"Dieser Mann ist von einer Zeitung und ich wollte wissen ob sie ihn nicht kennen lernen wollen."

Dupont turned and regarded me. His expression indicated that he had a vague recollection of having seen something of the sort before, and he extended a hearty handshake. Through his interpreter he said:

"I'm glad to know you. I used to be a newspaperman also."

At last I was getting on, and I hurriedly framed the first question of the interview in my hand. But just as it started from my lips, a courier burst in on the set, crying something in a wild Germanic chant.

Dupont sprang to his feet and shouted something at my interpreter (who was still powerless in my vise-like grip,) and dashed from the set.

"Mr. Dupont must go and see yesterday's rushes. He says he is sorry and can you come some other time and have lunch with him?"

As I walked away, I thought: "I wonder who really persuaded Dupont to come to America."

In the Director's Chair

(*Continued from Page 4*)

moon but when it's our neighbor's dog, it keeps us awake and it must be muzzled. Muzzle your barking dogs, Mr. Editors and Mr. Newspaper Proprietors.

The readers of your papers are nearly all enthusiastic picture fans. The picture is their chief enjoyment, recreation and entertainment; and I can assure you they are very much annoyed when they read in your columns that a certain picture is "the worst lot of clap trap ever strung together" and they stay away from it and; two days later a neighbor tells them it's one of the best pictures they've ever missed. Your little reviewer with the nasty pen isn't making friends for your paper, Mr. Owner.

You want Better Pictures? We all want Better Pictures!

Encourage the people who make pictures by writing better and more constructive reviews. Eliminate the spiteful personal opinion and make your reviewers look at pictures through community glasses. We don't care a bang for their little, petty personal opinions, we want to know what our Public and your Public thinks.

We are receiving an increasing number of letters from both layman and professional. Particularly we welcome correspondence from the picture patron.

The articles in this issue are provocative of suggestion and argument. Do Prologues make or mar a picture? Sid Olcott and Sid Grauman give their views—What are yours?

In Motion Pictures of tomorrow Cecil B. De Mille gives us of his profuse study and experience. Write and tell us what you think about it.

Do you agree with Marshall Neilan that we should have New Faces or Old on the screen?

Are you, the Picture Patron, still interested in shady sex stuff, lurid absurdities, sordid rot and Charleston Contests or do you want us to make fine, decent uplifting films produced under efficient direction and told with unstressed narrative grace?

The Door is open. Write to the Directors.

Behind the Camera with Jimmie Cruze

(*Continued from Page 19*)

directed the entire battle sequences that the illusion of reality is marred.

Old Ironsides is real, so real that the tendency of the uniniate is to brand it fake. And one of the curses of the education of theatre goers into the mysteries of film making has been the development of an attitude of sophistication that causes them to cry "fake" when there is no fake. To any one who has been on location with the Old Ironsides company, however, the genuineness of ship and men is immediately evident. From keel to truck Old Ironsides is—Old Ironsides. Not the U. S. S. Constitution now lying in the Charleston Navy Yard at Boston, but the Old Ironsides of 1804. And on her decks reappear those heroic characters many of whose names have gone down into history—all of whom, from the diminutive powder monkeys to the bearded old salts who manned the guns, were fired with the courage, daring and independence that characterized the men who wrested an empire from a wilderness and established in the new world the foundations for a mighty republic.

For three months the principals and the extras who constitute the crews of the ships, who man the pirate boats and serve as soldiers at the fort—1500 of them—have literally lived in their costumes and in the spirit of 1804. As a result they have absorbed the atmosphere and play-acting has given way to a semblance of realism that is strongly reflected on the screen as the rushes have indicated.

LOS ANGELES BILTMORE

Host of the Coast

JOHN MCENTEE BOWMAN, *President*
JAMES WOODS, *Vice-President*
CHARLES BAAD, *Manager*

The Writers

By Larry Weingarten

UNIQUE in the history of the writers was the guest performance of Jose Echegary's, "The Great Galeoto" staged by the Pasadena Community Players in the playroom last week. Roland Bottomley is to be congratulated for his direction of this tragedy of old Madrid. Doris Lloyd, Mervin Williams and Edgar Lear, the principals merited their positions, and gave splendid performances as did the balance of the excellent cast including Tempe Pigott, Herbert Rooksby and Raphael Bennett.

The summer exhibitions in the playroom will consist chiefly of vaudeville programs according to Maude Fulton, chairman of the dramatic committee. The initial variety bill will be staged by De Witt Jennings and Lionel Belmore.

Hitting On All Three

AS THIS magazine goes to press three members of The Writers, are sitting high and pretty. One of the trio has a best selling novel, a play hanging out the S. R. O. sign nightly, and a comic strip that bids fair to become a national habit. The second of the three has written one of the funniest books in the vernacular that ever came down the pike, and is busy dramatizing it, while the third member of this triumvirate of illustrious scriveners is opening a play in New York this month and is cooking a second opus to be served the palpitating public later in the summer. These writers are in the order named, Anita Loos, Milt Gross and Montague Glass.

Boylan with Fox

MALCOLM Stewart (Mike) Boylan erstwhile press agent, and more recently instructor in the art of playing aces, back to back, has signed a contract with Fox to title ten big productions. Boylan has in an amazingly short time established himself as one of the industry's "box office" title writers.

Weaver Trying the Movies

JOHN V. A. Weaver, poet and playwright, now screen writer is doing an original story for M. G. M. Weaver is the author of the current New York success, "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em." He also plays an excellent game of golf.

Little Movie Theatre

THE "Little Motion Picture Theatre Movement" which had its inception in New York last year, and which has attained considerable success in the east is to launch the project in Hollywood. Donald Crisp, an officer in The Writers is active in the movement with Gareth Hughes, Hugo Ballin, John St. Polis and other picture folk. The purpose of the Little Theatre movement is to revive motion picture classics of yesteryear.

Hovey Returns

CARL Hovey, editor, short story writer and aspirant to the tennis crown of Bill Tilden has returned to Hollywood from New York where he spent the winter with Montague Glass. Hovey is doing some special scenario work the nature of which he refuses to divulge. His charming and illustrious wife, Sonya Levien, formerly on the writing staff at Warners, is free lancing.

Gentleman and a Scholar

"THE Passionate Quest," a J. Stuart Blackton production for Warner Brothers was enthusiastically received at a preview in the playroom last week. The urge to call Blackton, "the grand old man of the movies" is overpowering but we have been warned by the Commodore himself to desist. The amiable film veteran declares that just because he was unable to resist the dictates of destiny is no good reason to pin that octogenarian appellation on him.

Young or old, J. Stuart Blackton is a pioneer in the motion picture business and has contributed much to its progress and art. As editor and publisher of The Motion Picture Director, Blackton finds another printed outlet for that vast store of movie knowledge acquired through thirty years of experience. He was founder of those movie magazines which now comprise the Brewster group.

All the Stars Will Be There

CONSPICUOUS among the film celebrities who attend regularly the plays and previews at The Writers are, Charles Ray, Ramon Novarro, Virginia Valli, Katheleen Key, Montague Love, Eleanor Boardman, King Vidor, Monte Bell, Benjamin Christiansen, Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg, Patsy Ruth Miller, Bernard Fineman, Evelyn Brent, Raymond Hatton and George K. Arthur.

The Great American Play

JOSEPH Jackson is collaborating with Doris Anderson in the dramatization of "His Poor Wife," a one-act playlet originally staged at The Writers and written by Miss Anderson. The new version will be in three acts and titled, "The Better Graft." Speaking of Jackson, there seems to have been some misunderstanding regarding the rights to Beatrice Fairfax's "Advice to the Lovelorn" which Joe was to have adapted for Universal. If Joe is disappointed he might write a script on "What to Do Until the Doctor Comes" by Lydia Pinkham.

A Gentleman from Kentucky

IRVIN Cobb is to be the guest of The Writers at a dinner to be given in his honor in the playroom. The rotund humorist accepted the invitation it is reported only on condition that there would be no listing of a portable bath tub in the props for the party.

Once a Bridegroom, Never a Bride

LEON Abrams, who dropped from sight a few months ago in the same mysterious manner that characterized the disappearance of a noted local evangelist turned up last week with a smile upon his face and a wife upon his arm. Leon's bride hails from Paris.

and is a noted French beauty. The marriage took place in Havana and was followed by an extended honeymoon in New York. Abrams is busily engaged writing and directing a series of pictures for Jack Cohn.

What They're Doing

AL COHN is completing the script for "The Country Beyond" for Fox and plans to start soon on the adaptation of Belasco's "The Auctioneer." Paul Sloane is preparing to shoot, "The Cruise of the Jasper B" for De Mille. Donald Crisp also at De Mille's is finishing his picture, "Young April" with Joseph and Rudolph Schildkraut in the leading roles. Waldemar Young is completing the script for "The Flaming Forest." Ed Kaufman, of the Jack White forces at the Educational studios is a newly elected member.

HARRY Singer of the Orpheum circuit says that the best one-act plays presented anywhere on the American stage are those produced each month at The Writers. Singer's congratulatory remarks are aimed also at the artists appearing in the plays. The vaudeville executive has booked over his circuit many one-act plays originally staged at The Writers.

COMPOUNDING COMEDY WITH THE INGREDIENTS OF MELODRAMA

(*Continued from Page 25*)

does; he becomes the bombastic Napoleon of finance of his early dreams and acquires a wealthy Josephine in the person of Mrs. Garner played by Vera Lewis.

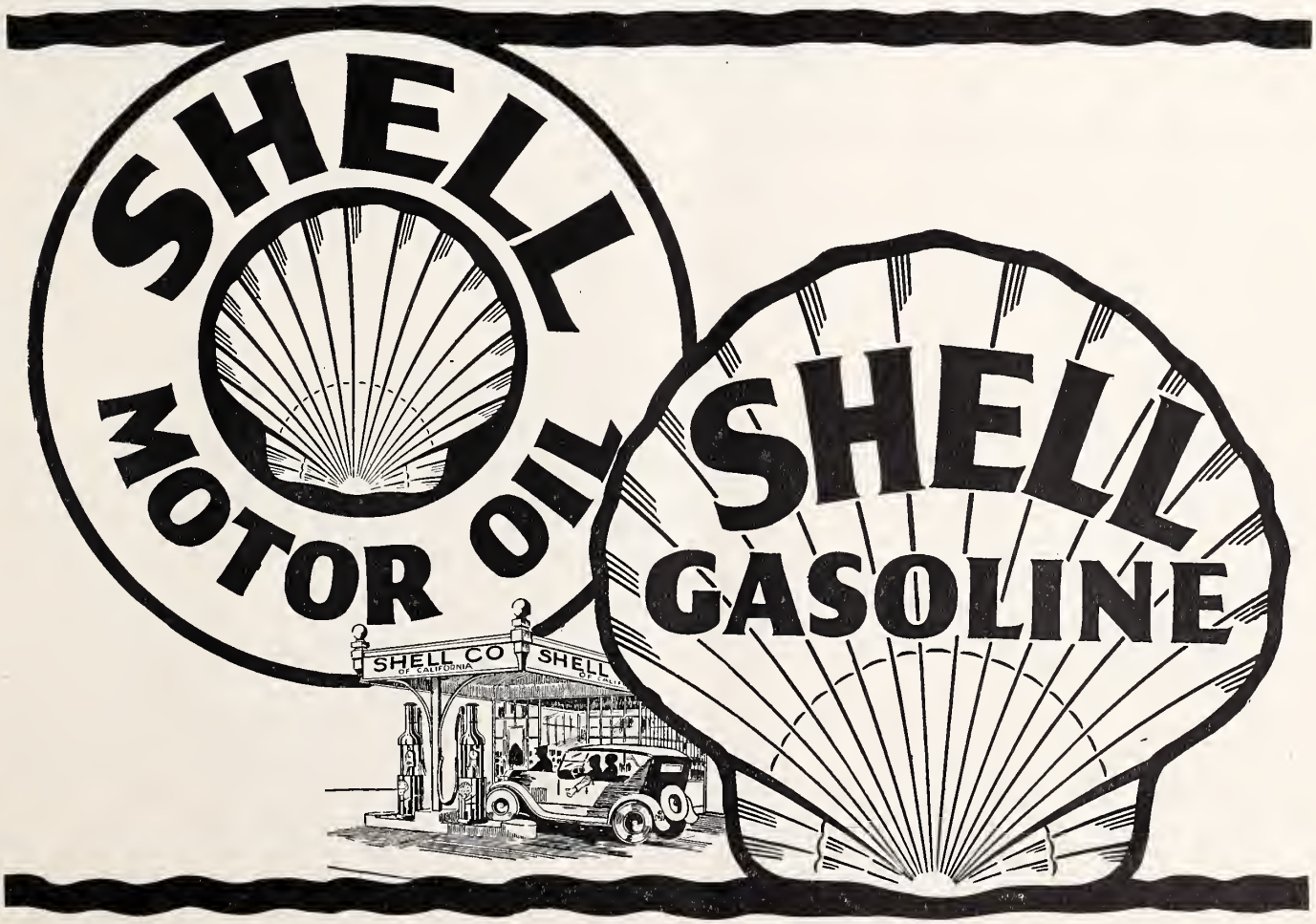
Quite by accident Rosina stumbles into Douglas Erwen, a budding playwright portrayed by Holmes Herbert and a job in the chorus of his first show which is being financed by Lord Reggie Towers played by Frank Butler. On the opening night Jane Winton as the leading lady throws a double-yolked tantrum and refuses to go on. Although short, hers is one of the outstanding performances. She seems admirably cast in the part. When one considers, however, all the performances one is impressed by the peculiar felicity with which the casts of Blackton productions are picked. They seem always to be the exposition of a well balanced cast around which the story flows smoothly and equally as cement around pieces of a mosaic.

Rosina, who has been understudying the leading lady is suddenly pressed into service and suffers a hysterical breakdown on the first number. At this point great pains were taken to find means of interpreting on the screen Rosina's mental condition. It is a sincere attempt at careful analysis of the psychological factors contributing to her confusion and their presentation on the screen in a forceful and intelligible manner. The unusual camera effects are a credit to Nick Musuraca and William S. Adams, cinematographers.

Coming upon Rosina and Phillip quite by accident one day, Matthew, actuated by an ulterior motive offers to secure a position for her in the fashionable clothing establishment of Mathilde. Thus Louise Fazenda enters into the story in an ultra-"dress-up" role, the other in Warner Bros. production of "Footloose Widows" having also been that of a modiste. She presents a new and decidedly fascinating Louise but with the same basic brand of infectious humor all wrapped up in a French cover.

From the time that Matthew plans to get Rosina alone in Paris the picture is increasingly enriched with the high-comedy arising from a number of amusing situations. Beneath this runs a heavy

(*Continued on Page 55*)



DIRECTORIAL VERSATILITY

As Viewed by WILLIAM BEAUDINE

NOT all tears and not all smiles, but a sequence of joys and sorrows,—that is life. Life is not a specialist in any one emotion, and those whose duty it is to register, depict and interpret these emotions for humanity have no reason to specialize in any one of them. Specialization in this field, according to William Beaudine, youngest of the successful directors of today, has a tendency to narrow one's faculties.

And because of this danger, Beaudine welcomed the contract to make two comedy features for Douglas MacLean. The first one, "That's My Baby," a comedy of the most delightfully subtle humor has caused a sensation among the fans, and the second, which is now in production is destined to even greater plaudits at the hands of the film public.

Shakespeare was a great dramatist because he could play on every one of the emotional strings with equal ability. Other dramatists who may be compared to Shakespeare in certain qualities are now lost to the world because of their lack of universal appeal. And it is this universal appeal that the director must have to be successful.

How well Beaudine has been able to interpret the universal appeal of comedy and tragedy can be seen in the two pictures he directed for Mary Pickford, "Little Annie Rooney" and "Sparrows." In these two pictures, Beaudine displayed his ability to interpret the tragic and comic events of every day life with fidelity. Of course the comic and lighter sides were dominated by the tragic and dramatic, but each of them were directed with consummate skill, so that the comedy scenes did not appear to be injected just "for the laughs."

Beaudine's skill in the comedy sequences will now be given full play in the feature comedies for MacLean, and that Beaudine knows comedy in all its phases is indicated by the fact that in his first years of directorship, Beaudine directed several of the slap-stick variety for Christie.

Beaudine ascribes some of his ability to depict the various emotions of life and instill them into the casts under his control to the fact that he is the father of four husky and active children to whom he is a real and affectionate daddy, studying their likes and dislikes, their loves and hates, their fears and their desires with great intensity, and as the emotions of children are much nearer the surface than that of adults, Beaudine considers that he has a perfect working laboratory of the soul in his own home.

William Beaudine considers that he has a perfect working laboratory of the soul in his own home and is here seen with three of his four children, Margaret, Helen and William, Jr., while back of them stand Mrs. Phillip Fletcher, Mrs. Beaudine's mother, and Mrs. Beaudine.

Who Is Responsible?

(*Continued from Page 11*)

him. He won't mentally emulate a bad man—if that bad man's character is so portrayed that the boy can see what is bad in him. None of us like to think of ourselves as deliberately evil. If we admit we have evil in us—we have extenuating circumstances, tucked away in our minds, to justify it.

To show the joys of villainy and cloak it with these extenuating circumstances on the screen, therefore, can be cited as an instance of dangerous preaching—dangerous because it is insidious.

A director can do untold harm to the girls of today by directing a character that gilds vice—no matter how politely.

These are matters of ethics—I believe the time will come when the screen directors will see that their duty in this regard is one higher than the duty even of the teacher or the ministers. The director can do so much more good—or so much more evil.

But aside from his duty to the race, the director should consider his duty to the screen. Sometimes a bad picture makes a temporary sensational success. But—unless it is fundamentally wholesome, it does not live. Unless it is good at its foundations it does not bring its creator a lasting fame.

But this ultimate goal is a responsibility to every one of us who are in

(*Continued on Page 52*)

NEW FACES FOR OLD

(*Continued from Page 34*)

pute her right to getting a chance in the theater.

Betty Bronson is another actress, who had never been seen until the day she flashed across the horizon as "Peter Pan" and made her hold on the public's affections, solid and indisputable. There is not the slightest question of a doubt that Miss Bronson was fitted to the role of the eerie Pan, far better than any of the celebrated stars. Mr. and Mrs. Public were not acquainted with her and she carried the illusion of the quaint little Barrie character as no one, who had previously been identified with screen roles, could have done.

IN the past I have had to fight and fight hard to give any unknown a chance. A general howl of protest went up, eight years ago, when I took a girl from a little town in northern California, who had been buffetted around playing extra for more than a year, to enact a character role in support of Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess." Since that time ZaSu Pitts has not only been accepted as a player of ability, but is recognized as one of the finest pantomime artists the screen offers today.

Colleen Moore was ready to quit when I cast her in "Dinty." She had been trying for five years to make some headway in pictures and because her name meant nothing at the box office, she was unable to get a footing. I put her under contract and lost money on her the first year, because the exhibitors refused to see her as a leading woman. But the fans accepted her and put her on a high pedestal of success, where she has remained ever since.

Raymond Griffith was eased in gradually. His first departure from comedy being in my production "Fools First" after which he slowly became a star.

More recently Sally O'Neil played her first screen role in "Mike," but she was not given the part until after considerable controversy.

A *name* was wanted for "Mike," dozens of well known leading women and stars were tested for it, but certainly were not my conception of the little Irish girl who lived in a box car. Weeks passed by, the casting office was turned topsy turvy looking for a possible "Mike." Miss Sweet and I had seen Sally O'Neil dancing at the Ambassador on several occasions and agreed that there was a girl who looked as Mike should. After more controversy Sally was given the part and since then has been proclaimed one of the finds of the year.

A director or producer finds the struggle too great when he attempts to exploit any new talent, to try it very often.

However in baseball and football, or any other game sponsored by the fan, there is no hue and cry if a substitute is called upon to fill some well known players shoes. The grandstands and bleachers are filled just the same. It is only in motion pictures that the few

(*Continued on Page 55*)

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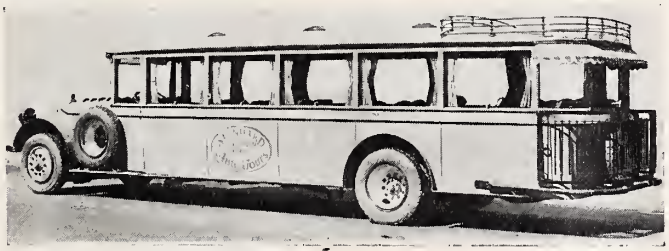

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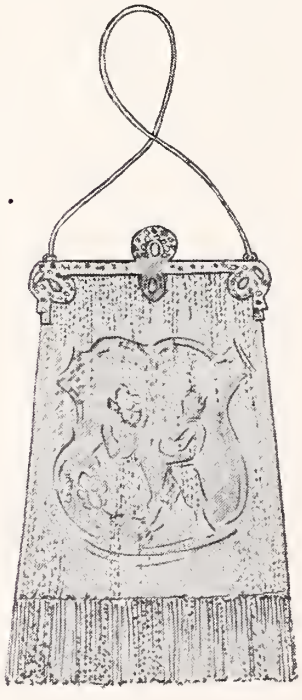
The things you're always needing and where to get 'em on Hollywood Boulevard

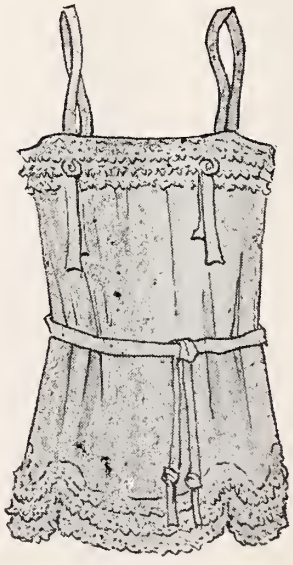
Two smart bags from the Louis Wolf bag shop. The lower sketch is an Italian beaded bag on an elaborate jeweled frame. Upper bag is a Russian paisley, embroidered in steel, fitted with a hand carved galleliate knob.

Here pictured is the new style of hair dressing for evening occasions. The hair will be worn longer and a wig will be worn to give the utmost effect. Dressed by Henry. This is but one of the new styles that will be in vogue the coming season with the smart set.

Wild Geese! My, doesn't that make one think of wonderful, restful country where one will naturally relax. That's the thought that's suggested by a beautiful new table lamp just received at Oscar Balzer's Hollywood Gift Shop, 6326 Hollywood Boulevard, near Vine Street. It's a day or night lamp.



A symbol of smartness in Batik and Hand Painted gowns, etc., which are made to your order by the Lijedahl Bengtsson, 6615 Hollywood Boulevard.



Here it is, the Pony teddie, from the Peggy Rose shop, developed in georgette, trimmed with scalloped Val and belted with ribbon.

IN HOLLYWOOD'S Smartest Shops

THE Peggy Rose, at 6674 Hollywood Boulevard, is a most interesting shop these days to one in quest of dainty "undies" and negligees. It is here you'll see the new Pony teddie, created from a pale green georgette trimmed with scalloped Val laces and daintily belted with narrow ribbon. The new nightgowns in floral crepes are another example of intimate affairs you'll be delighted with. No two are alike in the selection.

The Peggy Rose Shop specializes in fine lingerie and negligees. There is always something new to be seen here.

* * *

TWO striking gowns in the show window at 6515 Hollywood Boulevard cause one to enter one of the most interesting shops in Hollywood. Here the fulfillment of the ideal of individual and distinctive design and pattern is more than assured in the Batik and hand painted gowns, negligees, scarfs and handkerchiefs, created by Liljedahl Bengtsson. It is one of the most fascinating shops on the Boulevard. Each garment is made to your order and exclusiveness and individuality is the outstanding feature of this shop. The selection offered of hand painted designs in gowns is quite extensive, both in highly colored creations and in the soft pastel shades.

* * *

EVERY day is a Gift Day and "What shall I give this time?" and "Where shall I find it?" are ever pressing questions to every one throughout the year. At the house of "A Thousand Gifts of Distinction" you will find useful and attractive things to please men, women and children as well as things useful and attractive for the home. You will not be disappointed at Oscar Balzer's Hollywood Gift Shop, for you will find Pleasing Values as well as Variety.

* * *

THE skill and artistry of the staff of Henry's hair dressers is well known among discriminating women. On another page is pictured an example of his artistry.

If you want the utmost of satisfaction in any class of beauty treatment, you will do well to make an appointment with Henry, 6615 Hollywood Boulevard.

Henry's have developed the latest facilities for comfort and convenience in permanent waving—the new European methods that preserve the natural color and softness of the hair, make the work of setting the wave a simple, delightful matter.

* * *

LOUIS WOLF, at 6535 Hollywood Boulevard, shows the most fascinating selection of hand bags of the exclusive, high class order. Here are special importations direct from French, Italian and German makers in Aubusson, pettit point and pettet de beauvais. Sliding back the doors of the walnut cases one is confronted with an almost limitless selection, bags for all occasions, for the street, or the evening ensemble.

If you have a bag of any kind that you want made over or repaired Mr. Wolf will do it for you. Drop in some time. You'll be well repaid in getting acquainted with this wonderful bag shop.

* * *

IT'S travel time, and one of the most needed articles of wearing apparel in one's luggage is a smart travel coat.

Ernest Swift, Inc., Hollywood Boulevard, has anticipated the needs of the discriminating woman to a nicety in providing a very inviting selection. The most attractive styles are in imported tweeds in plaid effects which strike a new idea in plaid patterns. Then there are smart effects in damasks. Trimmings in badger fur seem to predominate. Look them over.

This shop shows so many smart things. One conspicuous wrap for evening wear is a butterfly scarf fashioned from black chantilly lace and embellished with gold ribbon. A head piece to match completes the outfit.

* * *

IF your "hubby" takes you into his confidence in choosing his summer season "lid," tell him to get the Optimo shape in a Panama, showing the new Puggree band. That's the smartest and latest style of the moment. The New York Hat Shop, 6409 Hollywood Boulevard, is showing this hat. It is, however, only one of a practically endless selection.

The new Diamond shape is another popular model. Highly colored bands on the Panamas as well as the sailor straws seem all the go.

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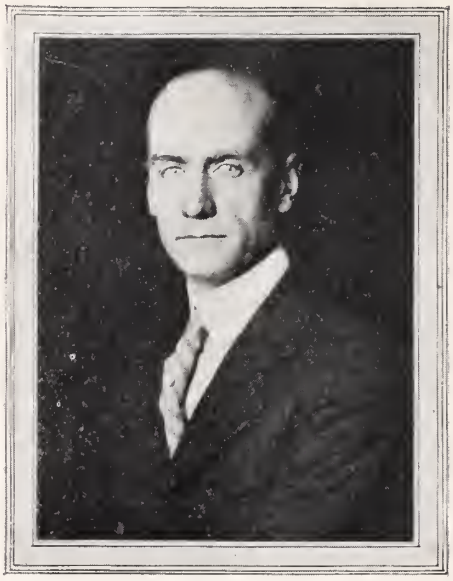
SELECTING FOR BETTER PICTURES

By J. Boyce Smith

THE problem which is fraught with the greatest difficulty and responsibility for the motion picture producer is that of selecting the material to be screened. Those who have to wrestle with it very feelingly describe it as "the agony of the business." Executives charged with the duty of choosing the vehicles which shall be put into production, and dictating the manner of treatment and presentation upon the screen, must consciously or unconsciously have some method, rule or standard of arriving at their judgments—in other words, a "philosophy of selection." Probably, in most cases, the method is unconscious and the executive relies upon experience which he feels has given him the intuition to know what constitutes good box office material. His method probably has its basis in the quotation "Old experience doth attain to something of prophetic strain." His experience enables him to sense what will interest the motion picture public.

But what is the question which the harassed executive, probably unconsciously, puts to himself in judging the material submitted? Is it "What themes are the motion picture public clamoring for?" or is it "What themes would make a splendid picture which should interest and entertain the motion picture public?" In other words, is the sole thought of the producer to give the public what he thinks they want or does he permit himself to speculate as to what they *ought* to like? Has the producer not a big responsibility to endeavor to elevate the public taste rather than confine himself solely to catering to its obvious and very human tendencies?

The wise producer "keeps his ear to the ground" endeavoring to determine from the record of box office receipts of various pictures just which kind and style of picture the public wants? But would not he be wiser to permit his mind to soar into the vast, inexhaustible realm of the human imagination and



J. BOYCE SMITH
General Manager, Inspiration Pictures

draw from there the elements which, when cast in the new and delectable form of a screen drama, are capable of amusing, refreshing and elevating the spirit of man.

What the public wants, or thinks it wants is not always what it really wants or what is best for it. The public in a sense is like a big child. Parents who educate their children by studying and catering to their likes and dislikes have in the end an unenviable product on their hands. Motion picture audiences are, at least in part, made up of mature people but the tendency of any crowd is something different from the sum total of the tendencies of the individuals composing it. A crowd will often enjoy and applaud something which its individual members would blush to witness alone and would hastily condemn as individuals The crowd morality is lower, let us say, than the individual morality. The fact that a certain type of picture, therefore, seems to be popular and "sure-fire" does not prove that the audience is incapable of being equally aroused by the appeal of a picture of a higher type. Unless the higher and better instincts of the mass of people are capable of responding, and do respond, to the efforts of those who furnish entertainment of the higher and better sort for the masses the course of human nature would seem to be steadily downward, and no one with true vision believes that human nature is headed on a downward course.

What motion picture producers need above all else, therefore, is a faith in the capacity of the motion picture public to appreciate and applaud the best that can be offered on the screen in the way of theme, story and presentation. The producer who aims to cater to the baser, ignoble or depraved taste of a portion of the community may consider himself wise in box-office cunning but his ultimate goal must prove the folly of such a screen philosophy—else mankind is plunging to perdition. For the present day appeal and patronage of "the movies" is so widespread in every nation under the sun that it is reasonable to predict the perdition of the race if the taste for motion pictures evinces marked and definite signs of depravity. It is not the purpose of this article to particularize but it could easily be proven by citing numerous examples that the most successful commercial pictures are those with a wholesome human appeal and which play upon the higher rather than the less noble emotions of the audience. Let producers, therefore, not fear to aim high in selecting material for the screen!

Von Stroheim Cast

Erich Von Stroheim himself, who made his last appearance as an actor in the spectacular "Foolish Wives," is to play the starring role of Prince Nicki, a Viennese playboy of the days before the war, in his first Paramount production, "The Wedding March."

From practically every ingenue possibility in Hollywood, Fay Wray, a demure miss of eighteen, was selected to portray the leading feminine role of Mitzi, a little harpist in a wine garden in the suburbs of Vienna. Miss Wray has heretofore only appeared in comedies and westerns but great promise for her future is given by the director.

Mathew Betz, who won the cordial hatred of everyone who saw "Anna Christie" and "Those Who Dance," is to play the part of a particularly despicable villain.

ZaSu Pitts, whose performance of Trina in "Greed" still remains one of the screen's outstanding achievements, is to appear in a dramatic role. Though most directors cast Miss Pitts in comedy parts, Von Stroheim still insists that she is the screen's greatest tragedienne and is playing her as such.

Who Is Responsible?

(*Continued from Page 48*)

the business of creating pictures. Every director must accept his share of it—if he would do his duty by the art that gives him a livelihood. Every producer must accept his share of this great and glorious responsibility—as must every actor, from the greatest star to the lowliest extra.

The public is our master—but we are responsible for serving that master the best we know how—for our own sakes and the sake of the art that is ever climbing to glittering heights.

Billy Dooley, the misfit sailor, and Jack Duffy, in their first Christie comedy on the 1926-27 program.

NEW PICTURES IN THE MAKING

(*Continued from Page 43*)

light comedy-melodrama, gives Rod La Rocque an opportunity for drama of a less serious nature than that for which he was called upon in "Gigolo." Preparatory work is rapidly being completed on this picture, which is scheduled to go into production within a short time.

Rupert Julian starts shortly on a picture of epic dimensions entitled "The Yankee Clipper," which will be filmed almost entirely at sea on De Mille's two clipper ships. The story, which will feature William Boyd and Elinor Fair, will deal with the struggle between America and England for the tea-trade, and was written by Dennison Clift expressly for this purpose. Garrett Fort and Douglas Doty have handled the adaptation.

Metropolitan Studios

WITH the Metropolitan Pictures Corporation entering their second year—the youngest and by far the most lusty youngster in motion picture production activity, the month of July finds them unduly active.

"The Last Frontier" which George B. Seitz directed with William Boyd, Marguerite De La Motte, Jack Hoxie, J. Farrell MacDonald, Mitchell Lewis, Gladys Brockwell, Sally Rand, Louis Natheau, Junior Coghlan and more than 1500 Indians is now in process of editing. This is by far the greatest of all Western epics from point of authenticity alone. Two years were spent on research work alone.

Will Ritchey adapted the production for the screen and from its present appearance is destined to startle the exhibition side of the industry immediately upon its release.

"Pals in Paradise," the first of a series of Peter B. Kyne stories which Metropolitan will produce brings together for the first time under the Metropolitan banner John Bowers and Marguerite De La Motte. Coincidental to the making of this picture, Miss De La Motte was informed of her role in this production on her birthday.

This is also an adaptation by Ritchey, one of Metropolitan's supervisors.

"For Wives Only" with Marie Prevost starring will go into production immediately under the direction of Victor Heerman, one of Metropolitan's newest directors. F. McGrew Willis adapted the story from "The Critical Year" which Rudolph Lothar and Hans Bachwitz wrote as a famous German stage play. Anthony Coldewey scenarized the production.

"West of Broadway" Priscilla Dean's latest production is now in process of editing. This is a screen adaptation of Wallace Smith's clever *Red Book* magazine story with Arnold Gray, Walter Long, Majel Coleman, William Austin Jack MacDonald and George Hall in the supporting cast.

AL CHRISTIE'S version of the famous stage success, "The Nervous Wreck" is now in production. Harrison Ford, Phyllis Haver, Mack Swain, Vera Steadman, Chester Conklin, Hobart Bosworth, Paul Nicholson, Charles Gerrard and Clarence Burton comprise the cast, and Scott Sidney is at the directorial helm. Just previous to his promotion to the position of production supervisor at Metropolitan, McGrew Willis wrote the scenario for "The Nervous Wreck." Alexander Phillips and Alfred Jacquemin are presiding over the cameras. As gag man, Mr. Christie has secured Norman Mc Leod. "The Nervous Wreck" is being filmed lavishly, and will be released upon completion by Producers Distributing Corporation, as a Special production.

The first of the series of thirty two-reel comedies to be made by Christie for Educational release on their 1926-27

(*Continued on Page 56*)

IT ISN'T POSSIBLE

* * *

WITH OUR PRESENT EQUIPMENT

* * *

TO DO ALL THE LAUNDRY

* * *

IN HOLLYWOOD

* * *

SO WE'RE SATISFIED

* * *

FOR THE PRESENT

* * *

TO SPECIALIZE

* * *

ON THE SHARE WE GET

* * *

BUT WE WISH TO REMIND YOU

* * *

THAT IT'S ALWAYS POSSIBLE

* * *

TO DO A LITTLE BIT MORE

* * *

AND IN THE COURSE

* * *

OF A NATURAL GROWTH

* * *

WE'LL SPECIALIZE

* * *

ON THE "LITTLE BIT MORE"

* * *

FOR AFTER ALL

* * *

WE'RE SPECIALISTS ANYWAY—

* * *

THAT'S PROGRESS!

COMMUNITY LAUNDRY

Many of the most beautiful moments of "Son of the Sheik" occur at the old ruined monastery and the adjoining oasis. Here is a particularly beautiful shot of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky that is in itself symbolic of the artistry of the production as a whole.

SHEIK AND SON OF SHEIK

(*Continued from Page 15*)

Not long ago Valentino met in Paris Prince Loufallagh—an Arab. An intimate friendship sprang up that had its continuation in Cairo, and with that friendship came opportunities for an intimate study of desert life and customs. Through Prince Loufallagh Valentino procured a quantity of genuine Arabian costumes against the time when he should do another desert picture. That time has come and with authentic costuming, with first hand knowledge of the manners and customs of the Arab he is producing a picture that he means to make an outstanding achievement.

With infinite care the technical phases of the production have been worked out. Abetting his own personal knowledge of things Arabian he has surrounded himself with workers who have, each in his own field, some specialized training or experience. For instance, in the art department, as assistant to William Cameron Menzies, is Harold Miles who has but recently returned from a year spent in Northern Africa sketching the Arab and Moor in his native habitat, and whose cover design for this issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR has the stamp of authority that comes from first hand knowledge.

As a matter of courtesy Valentino has been loaned, from the W. K. Kellogg ranch, one of the few pure-bred Arabian stallions in this country. Jadan of the Kellogg herd, has a pedigree that goes back for several hundred years and is accredited with being a close second to Skowronek the most perfect pure-bred Arabian horse in the world. Jadan is a magnificent gray stallion with the arching neck and flowing tail, the dainty patrician hooves and other characteristics peculiar to the Arabian horse.

To get suitable desert locale, the company went to Yuma, Arizona, but found the sand too soft and shifting; so bad that several of the horses were seriously injured. None of the scenes taken there were used, and a new location sought. Finally the right conditions were found at Guadalupe—sand, lots of it, hard and firm for the horses. There were duplicated the ruined monastery and oasis scenes that had been begun in the studio.

As a bit of cinematic realism "Son of the Sheik" affords a world of promise. How it will be received and how it will stand against the memory of the first desert opus which thrust Valentino into the limelight of popular favor and brought into the idiomatic features of our language several new phrases, only time and its actual presentation on the screen can tell.

Supporting Valentino in "Son of the Sheik" is an unusually well balanced cast of notable players. Vilma Banky's splendid work with Valentino in "The Eagle" made her inevitably the choice for the role of Yasmin, the desert dancer. George Gawcett, veteran of stage and screen and one of the "grand old men of the silversheet" plays the father; Montagu Love, whose stage career included long engagements on the legitimate stage and in vaudeville, has made great strides on the screen and in "Son of the Sheik" makes much of a splendid opportunity in the role of Ghabah; Karl Dane, the tobacco-chewing "Slim" of "The Big Parade" is another notable member of the cast and has a characteristic role as Ramadan. Others in the cast whose names are universally known on the screen are Bull Montana, William Donovan, diminitive Bynunsky Hyman, master of comic pantomime, Erwin Connelly, and Charles Requa.

George Fitzmaurice's long list of brilliant screen successes would naturally recommend him as director for such a production as "Son of the Sheik."

New Faces for Old

(*Continued from Page 49*)

are demanded and no substitutes accepted.

Certainly it will not be possible, for the small handful of stars now in the films to go on indefinitely. The public will tire of them if they are seen too often. It has been proven in the past that there is nothing more fatal to a player than being seen by the public too frequently.

However, what is to happen if the exhibitors refuse to accept new names? A standstill is inevitable. After which, in the eagerness to hurriedly make new stars, an attempt will be made to mold any kind of material into feature players. That in turn will rock the producers' and exhibitors' greatest stronghold—the interest and faith of the public.

It is a very simple matter to take the situation in hand now, by gradually bringing new faces to the attention of the public, being careful to only choose those novices who apparently have merit and ability and not promiscuously selecting at random one who shows no suggestion of talent.

But here we are faced by a crisis, more serious than ever previously encountered and unless much pressure is brought to bear on the situation, motion picture production most certainly will be at a standstill.

Compounding Comedy with the Ingredients of Melodrama

(*Continued from Page 47*)

thread of drama involving the reappearance upon the scene with considerable effect of Benjamin Stone.

An interesting sequence is that which deals with the journey of the various parties to Paris by rail, liner, and airplane. Much attention has been given to the faithful re-creation of the English and Parisian atmosphere. The theater scenes gain an added interest from the fact that they were filmed in the El Capitan, Hollywood's first legitimate theater. Warner Bros. were the first producers to use it as a setting for a picture. Gardner James played the young poet in a manner which clearly showed it to be the most closely related to his real nature of any character he has portrayed.

The "Passionate Quest" is an altogether different and refreshing comedy drama.

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Marguerita Fischer as "Liza" in Harry Pollard's production, "Uncle Tom" which he is directing for Universal.

New Pictures in the Making

(*Continued from Page 53*)

program are completed or under way. Bobby Vernon, Jimmie Adams and Neal Burns have each completed one picture, and Billy Dooley is now working on his first, under the direction of William Watson. To date Watson and Harold Beaudine have divided the directorial offices between them, each having directed two pictures. Dooley's picture is the first of a series of six starring comedies, using the famous "Misfit Sailor" character which made him famous on the Keith-Orpheum time, and which was put on the screen by Mr. Christie last year with such success that Dooley is now the star of his own series of comedies. A story is now being prepared for Jack Duffy, the Grandpa comedian, who will be featured.

Current Universal Productions

UNIVERSAL'S appropriation of $13,000,000 for the production of pictures for 1926-1927 release is rapidly being used up with production at a peak with twelve units in production.

The two super-jewels, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Love Me and the World Is Mine," head the list.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is being made into a very broad drama with the object of giving a fair presentation of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel of slavery, one that will not present slavery in an untrue light. The cast on this picture is still incomplete but those already playing roles are Lucien Littlefield as Marks, George Siegmann as Simon Legree, Marguerita Fischer as Liza, Adolph Milar as Haley, J. G. Russell as Loker, Arthur Edmund Carew as Harris and Nelson McDowell as Fletcher.

"Love Me and the World Is Mine" is the first American picture of Europe's famous director E. A. Dupont, who is under contract to Carl Laemmle's company.

The famous director is aided by the advanced technique of American production and its embodying his unusual ideas in this picture of pre-war Vienna which will outdo "Merry-Go-Round" in appeal, it is expected. Norman Kerry, Mary Philbin, Betty Compson, Henry B. Walthal, George Siegmann, Captain Conti, Martha Mattox, Charles Sellon, Emily Fitzroy, "Slim" Summerville, and Robert Anderson, comprise the cast.

"Taxi! Taxi!" is a pretentious successor to Melville Brown's success "Her Big Night" and is now in production with an all-star cast.

This is a fast moving comedy built around a bandit's taxicab and is especially adapted to Edward Everett Horton's inimitable humor. Marion Nixon plays the feminine lead while others in the cast are Burr McIntosh and Edward Martindel.

Edward Sloman is finishing production on "Butterflies in the Rain," a comedy-drama of English life co-starring Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood.

Miss La Plante belongs to the young moderns and Kirkwood is considerably more straight-laced. With love comes a clash of temperaments. Brig. Gen.

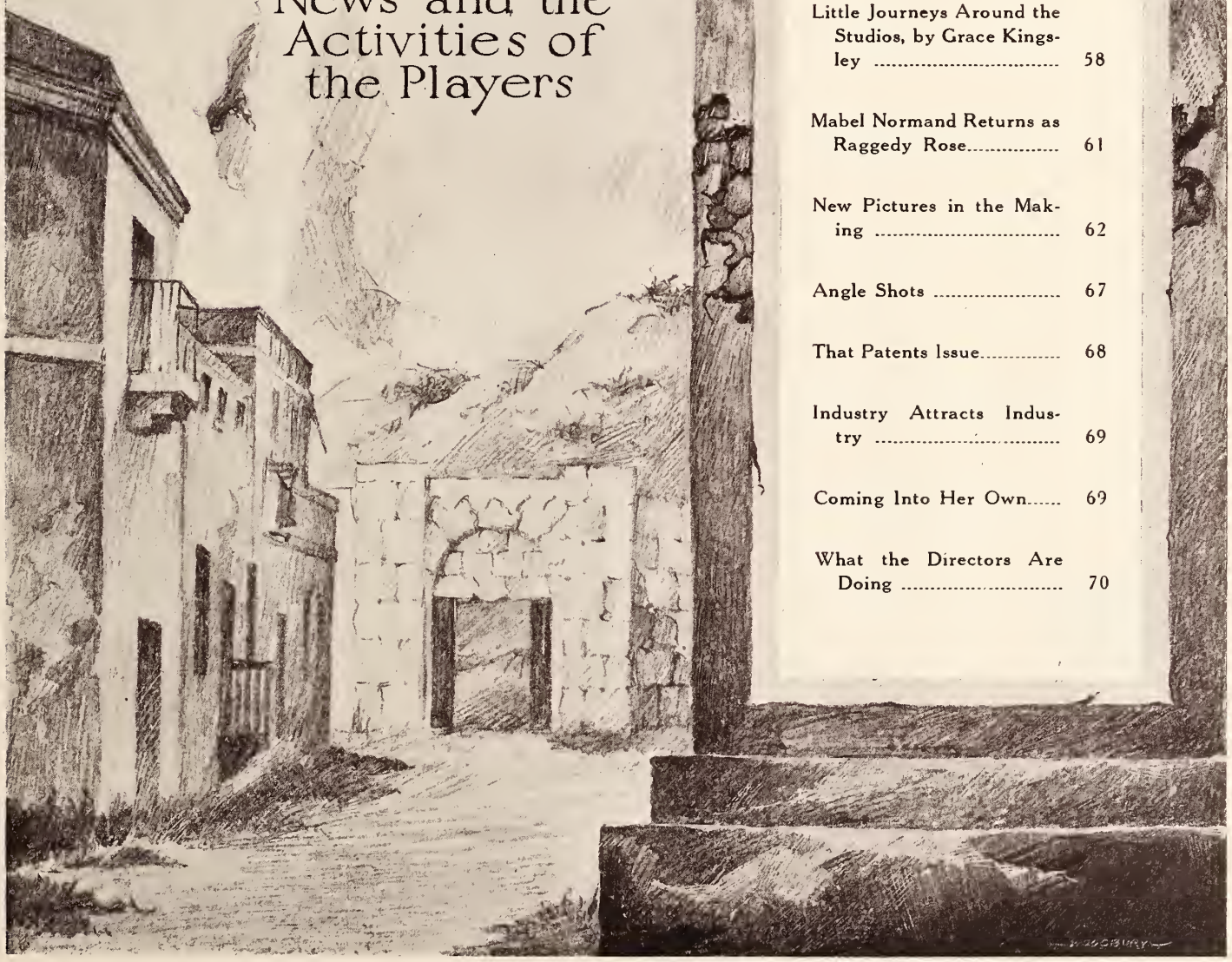
(*Continued on Page 62*)

Ben Corbett and Pewee Holmes in the Universal comedy series "Hen Punchers of Pipe Rock."

STUDIO DEPARTMENT

of the
MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR

A Department Devoted to Studio News and the Activities of the Players



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Little Journeys Around the Studios

by GRACE KINGSLEY

DICK LA RENO was in reminiscent mood when I met him the other day on the "What Price Glory" set at the Fox studio. We were talking about the tearing down of the Paramount studios. Dick was one of the first actors on that lot, fifteen years ago.

"I used to have a dressing room in that old barn, where a hen used to come in and lay an egg for my lunch every day," declared Dick.

Captain Ford joined our group, and told a story on a certain well known producer who used to be in authority over the old studio.

"He came out one day," said Ford, "late in the afternoon, and found us all, including Cecil de Mille himself, helping to move the drawing room furniture around so that the room would look like a library. The actors, including House Peters, Mabel Van Buren, Raymond Hatton and some others, were just going home. The producer was furious.

" 'Look at me!' he cried. 'Here you let the actors go home so early! I work and I work digging up money in New York, for you to waste. Here, call the actors back and make them help move the furniture!' "

* * *

Archeological Note

LARRY SEMON is working over at the Sennett Studios these days, preparing to direct Alice Day in a comedy. We were travelling around the old lot, the other day, peeping into the ancient dressing rooms and reminiscing. Finally we came to a dressing room that once belonged to Charlie Chaplin and later to Harry Langdon. There was a broken place in the floor.

Larry Semon

"Do you know," said Larry solemnly, "they were exploring round under that floor the other day, and they discovered the original comedy pie! It had petrified, and they are thinking of presenting it to the Southwest Museum."

* * *

Bebe On the Level

BEBE DANIELS was just flitting out of the old Paramount studio door the other day, when I met her.

"I've got to go down and make a speech to the exhibitors," she declared. "But I'm not going to get up on the platform to speak. No, sir! I'm afraid I might fall off it!"

Bebe Daniels

* * *

Charlie Ray Is Sincere Fireman

BUT speaking of technical learning on the part of our actors, they have to learn all sorts of arts these days. Charlie Ray is learning all about how to be a fireman in "The Fire Brigade," which William Nigh is directing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"I don't mind the fast ladder climbing, not even the perpendicular ladders, nor even the fire," said Charlie, "But when it comes to hopping into a net, that stunt has got my goat."

* * *

Lon Chaney Shoots Big Gun

I MET Lon Chaney at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, the other day. He looked very handsome in his regimentals which he is wearing as a Sergeant of the Marines in "Tell it to the Marines," which George Hill is directing. He is learning all about drilling, he tells me,—must do it so well that he can drill the real Marines so perfectly that they won't laugh at him. "Talk about make-ups," says Lon,—being the real thing is a lot tougher going!"

Amidst Lon's other duties, he has to know how to fire off the guns on the battleships.

"I fired one of the big guns on the California yesterday," said Lon. "I guess I must have done it all right, because the men looked approvingly at me. But I nearly wrecked my ears. Didn't realize until after I had shot off the gun that the experienced gunsman on a battleship always puts a rubber contraption made for the purpose in his ears before he starts that big noise. I fired the gun six times, but believe me after the first time I stuffed my ears full of cotton."

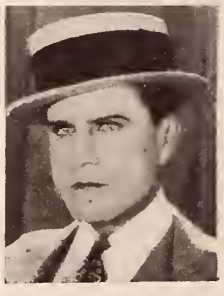
* * *

Bert Tells This One

THEY are getting along nicely with "The Return of the Lone Wolf," in which Bert Lytell is starring.

Talking with Bert, the other day, from kidding about his being a wolf, we got to talking about animals in general. Bert told me of an old melodramatic picture in which he played once.

"I was to go in with a lion," said Bert, "and the boys around the set were impressing me with how dangerous it was. I went down early the morning I was to make the king beast's acquaintance. A roustabout was cleaning out the lion's cage. The beast wouldn't move fast enough, and the boy was kicking him to make him move so he could sweep under him! They couldn't scare me after that."



Bert Lytell

* * *

I FOUND Rudolph Valentino looking very handsome in his sheik scenery, the other day, while he waited to make scenes for "Son of the Sheik," which George Fitzmaurice is so ably directing.

(*Continued on Page 72*)

June Mathis in the library of her home working on stories for June Mathis Productions in the First National Program.

And while Miss Mathis creates new story ideas, her director, Balboni, pauses to marvel at the amount of work she is piling up for him.

David Hartford

Producer of
DAVID
HARTFORD
PICTURES

Frances Nordstrom

AUTHOR
and
DRAMATIST

Mabel Normand

As she appears on her return to the screen in the Hal Roach comedy, "Raggedy Anne."

NEW PICTURES IN THE MAKING

(Continued from Page 56)

P. D. FitzGerald of the British cavalry is technical director and is assisting in the perfect presentation of English life. Edwards Davis, Ruby Lafayette, Grace Gordon, Robert Ober, Dorothy Stokes, Oscar Beregi, Edward Lockhart, James Anderson, Clarence Thompson, Rose Burdick, Robert Bolder and George Periolat make up the supporting cast.

Emory Johnson has been signed by Universal to make nine pictures and is now producing the first under the title "The Fourth Commandment."

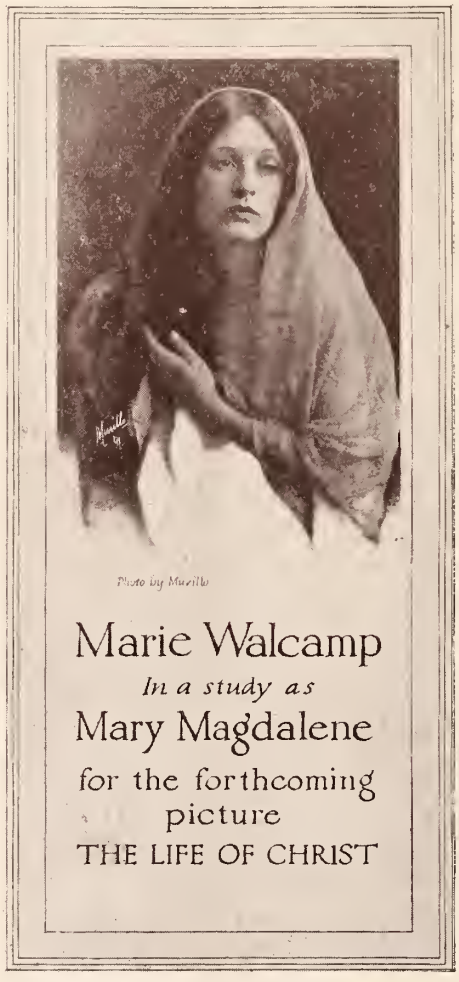
The theme, of course, is "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother" and the picture features Belle Bennett in a role analogous to the one she had in "Stella Dallas." Among the others in the cast are June Marlowe and Raymond Keane in the juvenile leads and Mary Carr, Henry Victor, Frank Elliott, Claire du Brey and Wendell Phillips Franklin.

Hoot Gibson is busy starring in "The Texas Streak" and is on location in Northern California at the present time with Lynn Reynolds, who has directed three of Gibson's recent pictures and has been signed to do four more.

Blanche Mehaffey, who played opposite Reginald Denny in "Take It From Me" is adding the feminine charm to this Western. George Summerville, famous comedian, is adding moments of joy to this swift story of the cattle country. Others in the cast are Alan Roscoe, James Marcus, Jack Curtis, Les Bates, William H. Turner and Jack Murphy.

Ernst Laemmle is directing Fred Humes in a Western called "Let's Go." This company is on location at Lone Pine.

A new leading woman, Helen Foster, appears in this. Hard riding, fierce fighting and a mellowed human touch feature this dashing tale of the ranch. The supporting cast includes Bruce Gordon, Bert Apling, Nelson McDowell, George Connors, William Dyer, William Ellingford, Jimmy Kennedy and Jack Kirk.



Of the four short subjects in production the most elaborate is "The Collegians," a series of ten two-reelers depicting college life in all its glory and youthful exhuberance.

George Lewis, star athlete of San Diego, California, is playing the starring role to follow his success in "His People" and "The Old Soak." Dorothy Gulliver, beauty contest winner from Salt Lake City who has risen rapidly in the past year, is playing opposite him while Hayden Stevenson is playing the athletic coach.

This series was written by Carl Laemmele, Jr.; adapted by Rob Wagner and Raymond Cannon, and is being directed by Harry Edwards.

Two comedies under the supervision of Scott Darling are in production.

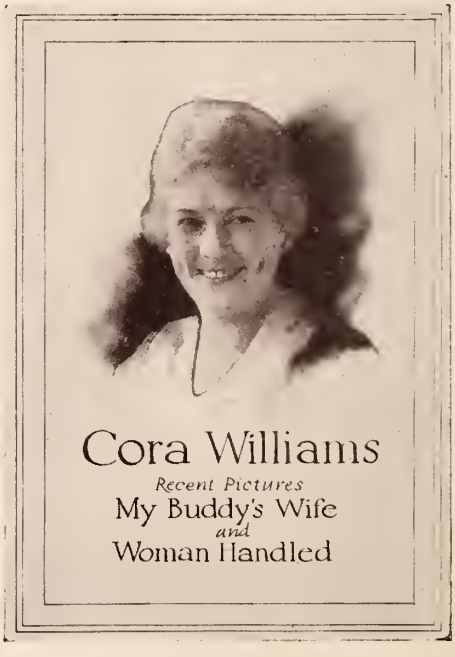
Neely Edwards has returned to Universal and is playing in a series of two-reel comedies. Edgar Kennedy is directing and Jane Reid is playing opposite. Miss Reid is a real Follies girl, having been with Ziegfeld for two seasons. This comedy is called "What's Your Hurry?"

Under William Lord Wright, supervisor of Westerns and serials, Vin Moore is directing a series of Piperock comedies featuring Peewee Holmes and Ben Corbett, Universal's cowboy comedians. The current one is "Hen Punches of Pipe Rock" with the feminine lead being played by Dorothy Kitchen, New York beauty contest winner, who has been at Universal three months and has made almost instantaneous success on the screen.

Two serials are preparing: "Whispering Smith Rides" starring Wallace MacDonald and directed by Ray Taylor with Rose Blossom in the feminine lead and "The Return of the Riddle Rider," starring William Desmond, directed by Robert Hill with Lola Todd playing opposite.

Production Activities of Fine Arts Studios

COLLEEN Moore, starring in "Delicatessen" is now making this picture on the big new stage of the Fine Arts Studios, for the First National under the direction of Al. Green, assisted by Jack Boland. Julian Jacobson is the scenarist of this picture.



Jack Dillon, is directing Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone in a dramatic feature, "Midnight Lovers" for First National on the Fine Arts stages. Carey Wilson is responsible for the script of this story.

Banner Productions is preparing to shoot an original magazine story, "Unknown Treasures," which appeared under the title of "The House Hehind the Hedge" and has been adapted for the screen by Charles Logue.

Harry J. Brown and Sid Rogell are directing Reed Howes in "Moran of the Mounted" at Fine Arts Studios for the H. J. Brown Productions. The script was prepared by J. F. Natterford.

The Charles Rogers Productions are now working at the Fine Arts Studios on "Ride Him Cowboy." Ken Maynard is being starred in this picture, and Al and Sid Rogell, under the supervision of H. J. Brown are at the megaphones. Marion Jackson is responsible for the scenario.

"The Fighting Marine" is another of the many plays produced at the Fine Arts by Pathe Exchange Inc., starring Gene Tunney and Walter Miller. Frank L. Smith adapted this story for the screen and Spencer Bennett is directing.

David Hartford is shooting "A Little Lady, Inc." at the Fine Arts Studios for the David Hartford Productions. Sylvia Seid is the scenarist for this play.

Jim Davis is directing an all star cast in "Izzie and Lizzie" for West Brothers Productions.

The Tiffany, John Ince and Hercules Production Companies are actively preparing for stories which will soon be in production.

The Globe Pictures Co., one of the new tenants of the Fine Arts Studios lot, is starring Lefty Flynn in a comedy, "The Wild Bull of the Campus," with Harry Garson directing.

The Lorimer Johnson Productions Company is the latest arrival on the lot, making the fourteenth active production unit for this institution, it was announced by Samuel Freedman, vice-president of Fine Arts Studios, Inc.

Famous Players-Lasky

THE Famous Players-Lasky Organization is now firmly established in its new studio, formerly the old United Studios. The new plant has eleven stages, including the stages removed from the Vine Street plant and re-erected on the present site. Administration, wardrobe, and dressing room buildings have been rushed to completion since May 1, at a cost of $750,000, and the lot now bears little resemblance to the former United layout. The stars bungalows particularly have disappeared.

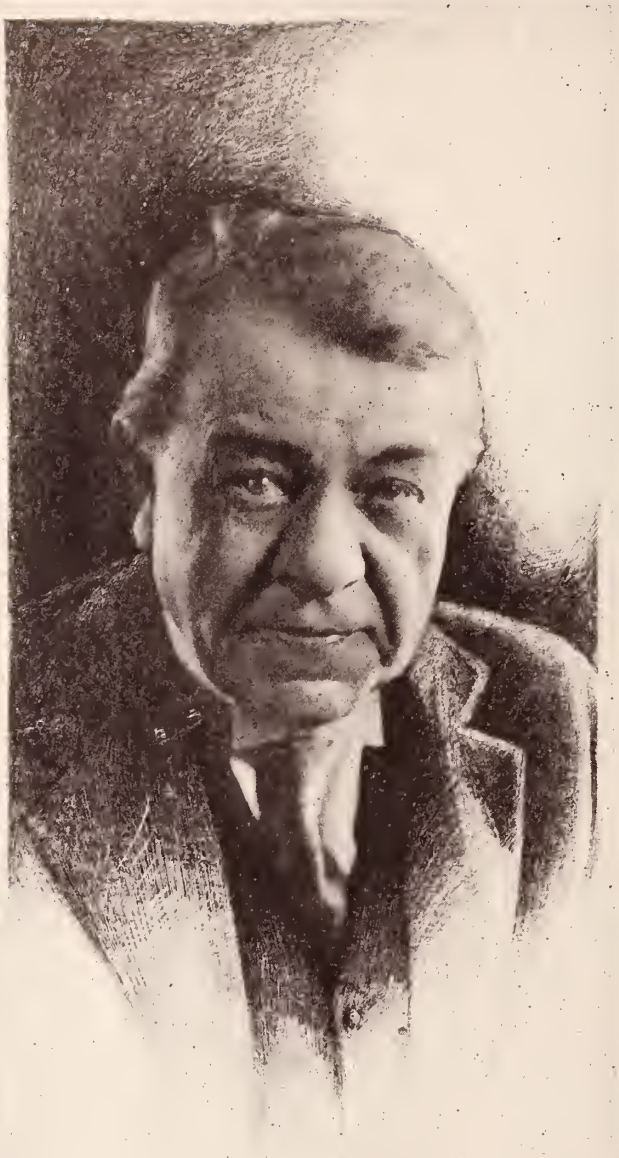
Clarence Badger is directing "The Campus Flirt," starring Bebe Daniels, and featuring James Hall, Charles Paddock and Joan Standing, at the present time.

Raymond Griffith is in the midst of his comedy-mystery, "You'd Be Surprised," which Arthur Rosson is directing. The story is strong in plot, which marks something of a new departure in comedies.

James Cruze has already taken a number of interiors for "Old Ironsides" on the new stages, and is now completing the picture at Catalina Island. He is winding up three and a half month's work on this super-epic.

Marshall Neilan has completed "Diplomacy," using the new Paramount Studio for the interiors which marked the close of the picture.

Sets are now under construction for Frank Lloyd's story of gentlemen adventurers of the sea, "Captain Sazarac," which is scheduled to start in a few days. The picture will feature Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez, and is Lloyd's first for Paramount.



George Fawcett

in

Men of Steel

George Archainbaud

Joanna

Edwin Carewe

The Merry Widow

Eric Von Stroheim

A scene from the Marion Davies production of "The Red Mill" for Cosmopolitan.

Erich Pommer, the German master who made "The Last Laugh," "Variety," Metropolis," and other sensations, will put Pola Negri's next starring vehicle into production in a few days. It is a continental type of story, "Hotel Imperial." Maurice Stiller will direct.

"Kid Boots," starring Eddie Cantor, is now in full swing on the new stages. It is Frank Tuttle's first western-made picture, and is a gay, laughable, splashy picturization of the Ziegfeld stage hit. It is Cantor's first appearance on the screen.

After a few days work on interiors, John Waters, Paramount's youngest director, took his company making "Forlorn River," a Zane Grey story to Zion National Park in southwest Utah. The story features Jack Holt, Arlette Marchal, and Raymond Hatton. Practically the entire picture will be made on location.

Tremendous preparations are under way both for the filming of "The Rough Riders," the story of Theodore Roosevelt and the Spanish-American War, which will directed by Victor Fleming and supervised by Lucien Hubbard of "Vanishing American" fame, and for "Wings," the epic of the air service in the war, which William Wellman will direct. Wellman was a Lafayette Escadrille flyer in the world war. George Bancroft is the only one cast thus far in "The Rough Riders,"—aside from Frank Hopper, who plays the role of Roosevelt. Hermann Hagedom, biographer of Roosevelt, wrote the screen story.

M-G-M Pictures in Production

THE TEMPTRESS: Directed by Fred Niblo from the story by Vincent Blasco Ibanez. A Cosmopolitan Production. This is a vivid drama of Paris and the Argentine, with Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno heading

Andre De Beranger, Mae Murray and Conway Tearle in a scene from Altars of Desire," for M-G-M.

Bert Woodruff, Charles Ray and Dan Mason in a scene from "The Fire Brigade—M-G-M.

Janet Gaynor and Richard Walling in the Fox production "Pigs" directed by Irving Cummings.

a cast that includes Lionel Barrymore, H. B. Warner, Virginia Brown Faire, Roy D'Arcy, Kathleen Key, Armand Kaliz, and others of note. A thrilling duel in the South American plains, a wreck of a huge dam in the Andes, and other thrills mark the colorful story.

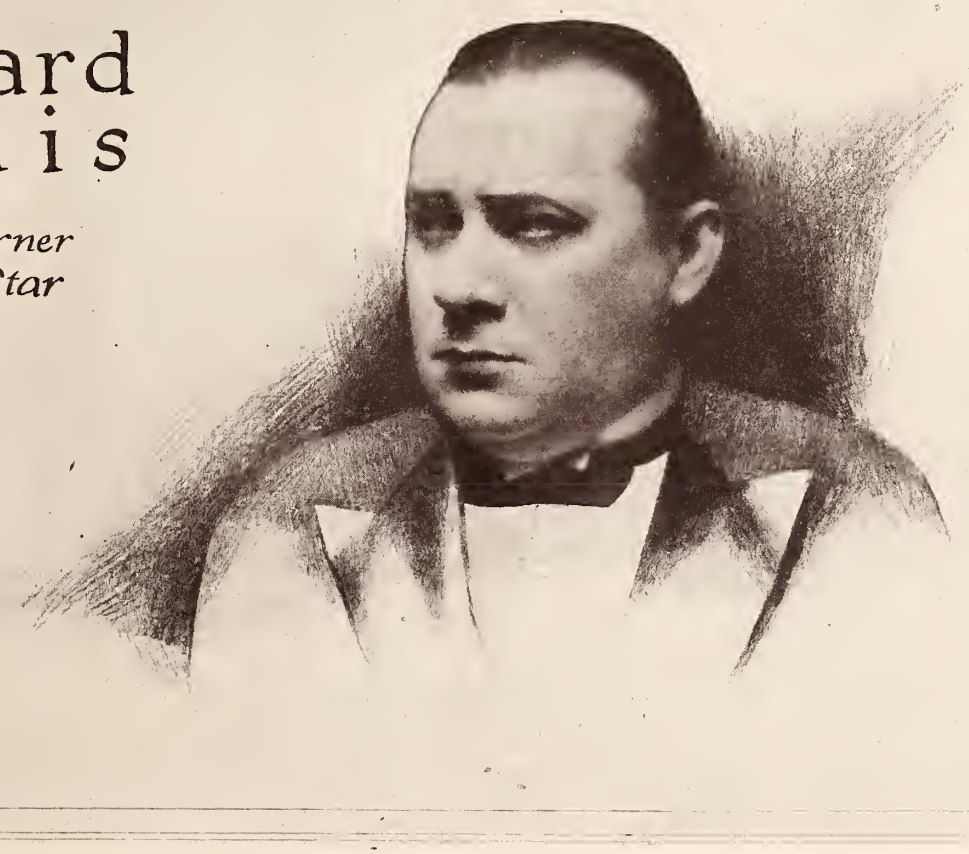
TELL IT TO THE MARINES: A George Hill production, giving intimate details of life in the Marine Corps as a background for a melodramatic story of the tropics. Made with the cooperation of the U. S. Government, with actual Marines appearing. Much of the action is on a battleship and in Marine Barracks. Lon Chaney plays a veteran sergeant, William Haines a young recruit. Eleanor Boardman is the heroine as a navy nurse. Others in the cast are Eddie Gribbon, Frank Currier, Carmel Myers, and others of note. The story is by E. Richard Schalyer.

THE RED MILL: Based on the stage play by Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert, this is Marion Davies' new Cosmopolitan starring vehicle. It is a colorful story of Holland, rich in comedy. Miss Davies plays a quaint little Dutch girl in love with an Irish tourist (Owen Moore). The cast includes Karl Dane, Louise Fazenda, Snitz Edwards, William Orlamond, Fred Gambold, Russell Powell and others. William Goodrich is the director.

THE FIRE BRIGADE: Dramatic story of life in the fire department of a great city, being filmed with the cooperation of the fire chiefs of the United States and Canada, and to aid in the work of fire prevention. It is a thrilling romance of a family of fire fighters, and sensational fires, rescues, and other details mark it. Original story by Kate Corbaley, directed by William Nigh. Charles Ray and May McAvoy play principal roles. Others in cast include DeWitt Jennings, Bert Woodruff, Tom O'Brien, Holmes Herbert, Vivia Ogden and others.

Willard Louis

A Warner Bros. Star



ALTARS OF DESIRE: This is Mae Murray's new starring vehicle, directed by Christy Cabanne. The story is a modern one based on the novel by Maria Thompson Daviess. Miss Murray plays an aristocratic southern girl, enmeshed in a strange plot. Many brilliant scenes, lavish social functions, and gorgeous gowns add spectacle to the romance. The cast includes Miss Murray in the leading role, Conway Tearle, Andre De Beranger, Maude George, Robert Edeson, and others of note.

BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT. A King Vidor production based on the novel by Sabatini, and starring John Gilbert. It is a swashbuckling tale of France of the Middle Ages, with Gilbert as a debonair hero in a series of thrilling episodes. Eleanor Boardman plays the heroine. A large cast includes Roy D'Arcy, Lionel Belmore, Emily Fitzroy, George K. Arthur, Arthur Lubin, Karl Dane, Edward Connelly, Fred Malatesta, Max Barwyn, and others. It is one of the super-features of the year.

TIN HATS: Directed by Edward Sedgwick from his own original story. Conrad Nagel, George Cooper and Bert Roach play three modern musketeers as doughboys in the American Army of occupation in Germany after the Armistice. Roach, playing the son of an American brewer, is the only one who can speak German in Germany. Cooper plays a Chicago gangster drafted into the army, Nagel a young business man who has a romance with a German Countess, played by Claire Windsor. It abounds in comedy.

At Fox Studios

"WHAT PRICE GLORY," being produced by Fox Films under the direction of Raoul Walsh, has been called the most realistic narrative of the great war ever written. The screen play was adapted from Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson's cyclonic stage play.

Raoul Walsh, who is credited with being one of the foremost megaphone artists of the screen, is exerting every effort to make "What Price Glory" the crowning achievement of his brilliant career. Edmund Lowe is cast in the role of Sergeant Quirt; Victor McLaglen portrays the bombastic Captain Flagg and Dolores Del Rio is seen as the voluptuous Charmaine. In the supporting cast are some of the screen's best known players. Phyllis Haver, William V. Mong, Leslie Fenton, Elena Jurado, Barry Norton, Ted McNamara, Sammy Cohen, August Tollaire and U. S. Marines are in feature roles.

"The Pelican," Fox Films version of the gripping drama of mother love, features Alma Rubens in the leading feminine role, under the direction of Frank Borzage. Besides Miss Rubens the cast includes Walter McGrail, Richard Walling, Emily Fitzroy, Charles Lane, Edgar Norton, George Cowl, Langhorne Burton, Lon Poff, Eric Mayne, Patsy O'Byrne and Billie Latimer.

"The Lily," directed by Victor Schertzinger and featuring Belle Bennett, Ian Keith, John St. Polis and Reata Hoyt, is Fox Film's version of a tremendously successful play staged by David Belasco. In transferring the story to the silversheet Mr. Schterzinger has endeavored to follow the original version as closely as possible.

Miss Bennett, who scored an international hit as the mother in "Stella Dallas," is said to eclipse even this great work in her painstaking portrayal of the part of Odette, the elder sister in the Belasco play.

John St. Polis, as the father, is said to give one of the most finished performances of his long theatrical career. Ian Keith is ideally cast as the young lover. The screen version is by Eve Unsell.

Angle Shots

Around Hollywood Studios

When David Hartford returns from Detroit this month, he will bring back to Hollywood something like $3,000,000, which will be expended by the production company bearing his name during in the 1926-27 season. Three units are proposed to be operated by him at the Fine Arts studios.

* * *

The new home of Gertrude Astor on Orange Grove Drive near Beverly Hills is rapidly nearing completion.

* * *

"The City," most successful stage play of Clyde Fitch, will be directed by R. William Neill for Fox.

* * *

Burr McIntosh, distinguished stage and screen star, is enacting a prominent role in "Taxi, Taxi" for Universal. This is among the few instances in his career that he does not portray a villain. Perhaps this is due to the fact that "Taxi, Taxi" is unique in that the story has no "heavy."

* * *

Since the first of the year, the Marion Morgan dancers have appeared in no less than eleven film productions, the last of which was in "Almost a Lady" for Metropolitan productions.

* * *

Harland Tucker, who has been playing leads in stock at the Majestic is preparing himself to enter motion pictures as the lead in refreshing comedies.

* * *

Marie Walcamp is preparing for the role of Mary Magdalene for the forthcoming picture of the Christ to be made in the near future by David Horsly.

* * *

Joan Renee, new find of William Fox, has been invited to appear in Dallas, Tex., when "The Silver Treasure", in which she played the leading feminine role opposite George O'Brien, is shown. She is a Texas girl.

* * *

Jocelyn Lee has been cast in "The College Flirt", Bebe Daniels' latest for Lasky.

* * *

Victor Schertzinger, who is to direct the Fox Films version of "The Return of Peter Grimm", is actively engaged in the final preparation for actual shooting on the production, which is to be made at the West Coast Studios under the supervision of Sol M. Wurtzel. general superintendent. Alec B. Francis has the featured role.

Helene Sullivan, featured by Cecil B. deMille during the past year, is winning wide radio fame. For eighteen consecutive Sundays she has appeared before the michrophone at KNX, Hollywood, in "a half hour of cinema chit chat."

* * *

Mary McAllister, who played an important role in "The Man in the Shadow" for David Hartford productions, is now playing opposite "Red" Grange in "The Halfback."

* * *

Frances Nordstrom is preparing the script for the next David Hartford picture, according to Gavin Young, production manager.

* * *

Gertrude Astor is again at the Hal Roach studios. She has been cast in a leading role in a Charles Case comedy.

* * *

Sixteen years ago Louise Dresser was co-starred with Thomas Wise at the Court Theatre in New York in "Coat Tails," a farce, the first of a series of successful plays written by Edward Clark.

Now Miss Dresser is to be seen with Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Stuart Holmes, and Jerry Miley in support of Patsy Ruth Miller in Warner Bros. production of "Broken Hearts of Hollywood" directed by Lloyd Bacon and written by Edward Clark. It is his first screen play and marks the first time that Miss Dresser and Mr. Clark have met since that first play sixteen years ago.

"If Mr. Clark writes as good pictures as he did farces, 'Broken Hearts' is bound to be a great success," said Miss Dresser when they met.

Louise Lester

Famous as Calamity Ann in the Allan Dwan Series.

Recent characterization as Alice Calhoun's mother in "The Big Snow."

THAT PATENTS ISSUE

WITH the opening gun having been fired by Pierre Artigue in the form of the filing of a suit in the Federal Court of Los Angeles in which eight motion picture companies are charged with having deprived him of profits rightfully his through their alleged illegal use of a patented device, the producing organizations of the motion picture industry seem threatened with action from several other sources all based on asserted disregard of patent rights.

In its issue of June 8, the *Los Angeles Examiner* reports the filing of the Artigue suit as follows:—

"Charging that eight motion picture companies have deprived him of profits aggregating $2,600,000 by illegal use of a patented shadowgraph device, Pierre Artigue, local inventor, yesterday filed suit in Federal Court against the picture concerns, asking an accounting and an injunction.

"The plaintiff declares that on April 16, 1918, he obtained a patent on a 'device and screen principle for the production of backgrounds in the manufacture of motion and still pictures.'

"Four of the defendant companies are alleged to have obtained profits totaling $400,000 each by their asserted illegal use of the patented shadowgraph device. These are the Famous-Players-Lasky Corporation, Warner Brothers Pictures, Incorporated, Universal Pictures Corporation and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.

"Illegal profits of $250,000 each are said to have been realized by the following; Fox Motion Picture Company, Fox Film Corporation, First National Productions Corporation and First National Pictures, Inc.

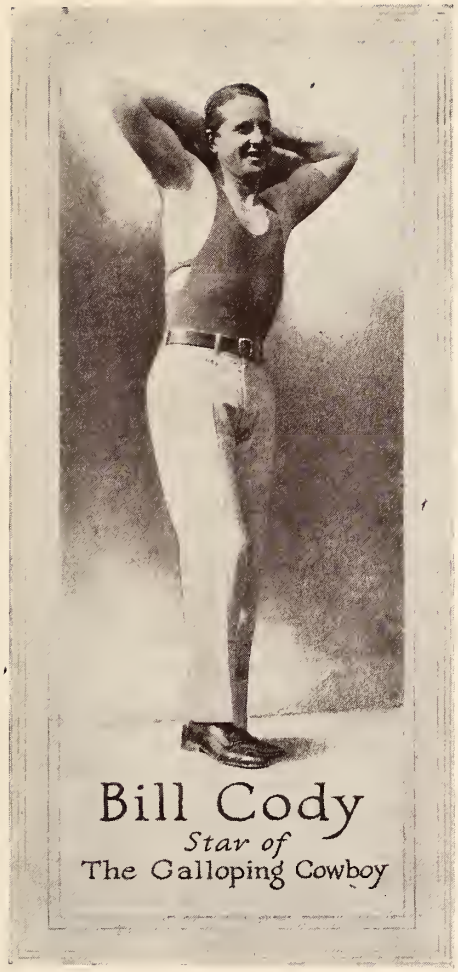
"Artigue has filed other suits based on his patented inventions against various other concerns during the past years. The action yesterday was filed by the firm of Van Horne and DuBois and Attorney J. A. Coleman."

Other inventors claiming violated patent rights have sig-

Monty Banks

A young comedy star on the screen, who recently signed a new contract with Pathe Exchange Inc. And is now in production with "ATTA BOY"

Photo by Hoover



nified their intention of protecting their interests and demanding an accounting for the use of devices which they claim to have thoroughly protected. It is claimed that practically every producing company has been making use of many clever devices that have been thoroughly protected by patents without.

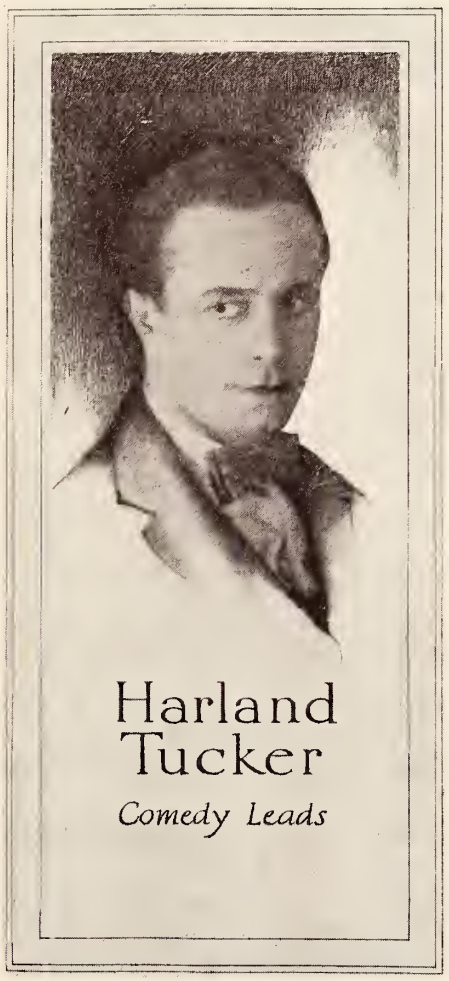
The Artigue action gives indication of precipitating other actions based on similar charges and encouraging other inventors who feel that they have been misused to attempt recovery of profits. It is understood that several inventors are but waiting the rule of the court on the Artigue case before filing suit on their account.

Industry Attracts Industry

In any community where a dominant industry exists, whether it be making automobiles or making pictures, there inevitably spring up around that industry, specialty industries feeding to the main industry. So it is in Hollywood. Around the motion picture industry has grown a number of accessory institutions, specializing in details which, while important to the major industry, are often apt to be relegated to second place.

Among such institutions is the recently developed Standard Test Studio on Vine Street, where under the direction of Nate Watts specialized attention is accorded the making of screen tests both for individuals desiring such tests, or for the studios where tests are required to determine suitability of a player for a particular role.

Probably there is no community in the country which, for its size, makes such demands upon the beauty culturists and allied arts as does Hollywood; for, while today the subject of personal appearance is paid more attention than ever before throughout the country, in Hollywood it assumes even greater importance. Directly and indirectly the screen is largely responsible for this situation, both for the care of the skin to offset whatever effects there may be from the constant use of make-up, and for maintaining what Madame Theresa Strong refers to as "that elusive and compelling charm of radiant and beautiful womanhood—a charm that has been the inspiration of the arts of all ages."



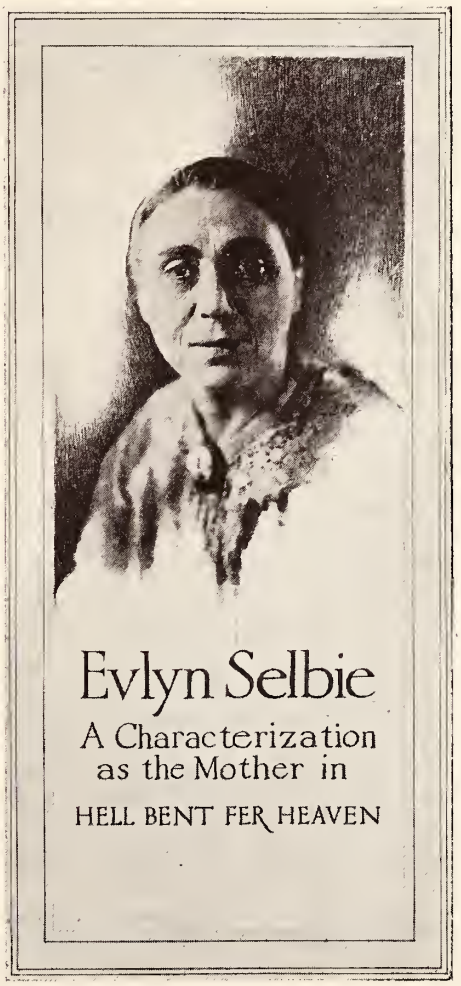
Madame Strong has developed another of those smaller industries which grow up accessory to a major industry such as motion pictures have become in Hollywood, and not only does she maintain her highly specialized Viennese Facial Culture Studio at 1710 North Cherokee Avenue, but has applied herself seriously to the solution of the peculiar problems of Hollywood. In her laboratory adjacent to the studio she developed many exclusive products and compounds all the facial culture applications used in her treatments.

* * *

Coming Into Her Own

Every once in a while a player who has done consistently good work over a period of years will find a role which is so preeminently suited to her and which she portrays with such artistry that she leaps over night into the bright light of popular favor. Such has been the experience of Evlyn Selbie whose work as the mountain mother in the J. Stuart Blackton production "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" has attracted nation-wide comment.

New York reviewers have consistently accorded Miss Selbie and Gardner James the honors in that production, one reviewer saying, "When Richard Watts was compiling his list of players of great merit, we suggested Evlyn Selbie. We have been watching her for years. But Mr. Watts said that he never had seen her. Now we insist that he go to see "Hell-Bent fer Heaven" where Miss Selbie is so splendid in her playing of the mother."



WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

COMPILED JUNE 15, 1926

Fred Allen	Preparing for Alpine Productions at the Richard Thomas Studio.
Del Andrews	Directing "The Collegiate" with Alberta Vaughn for F. B. O.
Alfred Austin	Directing "The King of the Kitchen" for Fox.
Lloyd Bacon	Directing "Broken Hearts of Hollywood" for Warner Bros.
Clarence Badger	Directing "The Campus Flirt" for Paramount with Bebe Daniels.
King Baggott	Preparing for Jackie Coogan's next picture, "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut," at M-G-M.
Sylvano Balboni	Preparing "The Masked Woman" by June Mathis for Anna Q. Nilsson. First National picture.
Reginald Barker	Preparing for his first production under his new contract with M-G-M based on Curwood's story, "The Flaming Forest."
William Beaudine	Loaned by Warner Brothers to Paramount to direct Douglas McLean in "Ladies First" at Associated Studios.
Harold Beaudine	Preparing for his next Christie comedy.
Harry Beaumont	Sails for Europe July 7th to make exteriors for "One Increasing Purpose."—A Fox production.
Monta Bell	Preparing "Troopers" from the story "Up Stage." Starring Norma Shearer, at M-G-M.
Spencer Bennett	Directing "The Fighting Marine" at Fine Arts for Pathe release. Story by Frank Leon Smith.
Bill Bertram	Preparing the next police dog Sandow production for Van Pelt.
J. G. Blystone	Directing "Big Business" for Fox.
Frank Borzage	Directing "The Pelican" for Fox with Alma Rubens and Walter McGrail, story by Bradley King.
Bertram Bracken	Preparing at Fine Arts for his next David Hartford production.
Clarence Brown	Preparing "The Flesh and the Devil" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, starring John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.
Harry J. Brown	Directing Reed Howes in "Moran of the Mounted" at Fine Arts.
Mel Brown	Directing "Taxi! Taxi!" for Universal with Marion Nixon.
Herbert Brenon	Preparing "Great Galsby" at Paramount with Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Georgia Hale and Neil Hamilton.
Tod Browning	Preparing "The Day of Souls" for M-G-M. Starring John Gilbert.
Dimitri Buchowetzki	Between pictures. Is scheduled to direct Emil Jannings for Paramount in the fall.
Tom Buckingham	Between pictures at Fox Studio.
Christy Cabanne	Finishing Mae Murray and Conway Tearle in "Altars of Desire" for M-G-M.
Frank Capra	Directing Harry Langdon in "The Yes Man" for First National.
Edmund Carewe	Cutting "Palls First" at First National.
Ralph Ceder	Directing the H. C. Witwer story "Bill Graham's Progress" at F. B. O. All star cast.
Louis Chaudet	Directing "The Courage of Capt. Plum" at the California Studios for Ben Wilson Productions.
Charles Chaplin	Producing and directing his own picture, "The Circus."
Benjamin Christansen	Preparing at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Eddie Cline	Directing two reel Johnny Burke comedy at Mack Sennett Studio.
Jack Conway	Preparing "The Understanding Heart" for M-G-M. Cast not decided.
Ben Cohen	Directing "West of Rainbow's End" with Jack Perrin at the California Studios.
Francis Corby	Preparing Sunkist Comedy for Al Nathan at California Studios.
William Craft	Directing "Flashing Heels" at Associated Studios for Western Star Productions. Starring William Cody.
Donald Crisp	Cutting "Young April" at deMille Studio from the story by Jeanie MacPherson and Douglas Doty.
Alan Crosland	Jush finished "The Tavern Night" for Warner Brothers, starring John Barrymore and Dolores Costello.
James Cruze	Directing "Old Ironsides" for Paramount.
Irving Cumming	Preparing "The Country Beyond" with Olive Borden for Fox.
Al Davis	Co-director with Max Gold in the production of "The Lying Tamer" for Fox. Barbara Luddy is to be featured.
Jim Davis	Directing "Hair Breath Harry" for Billy West Productions at Fine Arts Studio.
Robert DeLacey	Preparing "Out of the West" with Tom Tyler at F. B. O.
Cecil deMille	Preparing "King of Kings." Story by Jeanie McPherson.
William deMille	Directing Leatrice Joy in "For Alimony Only" at the deMille Studio.
Roy Del Ruth	Directing "Across the Pacific" for Warner Bros. Starring Monte Blue.
Edward Dillon	Preparing next Evelyn Brent picture at F.B.O.
John Francis Dillon	Directing Anna Q. Nilsson in "Midnight Lovers," for First National release, at Fine Arts Studio. Story by Carey Wilson.
Bunny Dull	Directing Buck Jones in "The White Eagle" for Fox.
Scott Dunlap	Directing Richard Talmadge in an as yet untitled picture at Universal City.
E. A. Dupont	Directing his first American-made picture for Universal, "Love Me and the World Is Mine," starring Mary Philbin.
Allan Dwan	Directing Tom Meighan in "Tin Gods," for Paramount, in New York.
Reeves Eason	Directing "The Lone Hand" with Fred Thompson at F. B. O.
Harry Edwards	Directing "The Collegians" for Universal. Script by Rob Wagner. George Lewis star.
George Fitzmaurice	Cutting Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky in "The Son of the Sheik" for United Artists release at Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.
Victor Fleming	Cutting "Mantrap" for Paramount from the story by Adelaide Heilborn. All star cast.
James Flood	Directing "The Door Mat" for Warner Bros. All star cast.
Emmett Flynn	In Europe.
Francis Ford	Preparing at California.
John Ford	Directing "The Devil's Master" for Fox. Starring George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor.
Sidney Franklin	Cutting Constance Talmadge's Hans Kraly story, "The Duchess of Buffalo," at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.
Svend Gade	Between pictures.
Harry Garson	Directing Lefty Flynn for Globe pictures at the Fine Arts Studio.
Max Gold	Co-director with Al Davis in the production of "The Lying Tamer" for Fox.
William Goodrich	Directing Marion Davies in "The Red Mill" at M-G-M for Cosmopolitan.
John Gorman	Preparing for the Vola Vale production of "Home Sweet Home" at Associated Studios.
Edmund Goulding	Between pictures at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Alfred Goulding	Directing "The Smiths" at Mack Sennett Studio.
Al Greene	Directing Colleen Moore in "Delicatessen" at Fine Arts Studio for First National release.
Walter Graham	Preparing comedy for Jack Duffy at the Christie Studio.
Fred Guiol	Preparing comedy for Roach.
Alan Hale	Directing "Risky Business" at the DeMille Studios.
David Hartford	Preparing "Little Lady, Inc." at Fine Arts Studio.
Howard Hawks	Between pictures at Fox studios.
Joseph Henabery	Cutting "Meet the Prince," Metropolitan picture starring Joseph Schildkraut and Marguerite de la Motte.
Hobart Henley	Between Pictures.
Al Herman	Directing "Number 1" at the California Studios.
George Hill	Directing "Tell It to the Marines" for M-G-M. Starring Lon Chaney and William Haines.
Lambert Hillyer	Between pictures.
Harry Hoyt	Preparing "Belle of Broadway" for Columbia Pictures.
James Hogan	Directing Harry Carey in "The Border Patrol" at Universal. Story by Finis Fox.
Bob Horner	Preparing for F. B. Film Co. at Richard Thomas Studio.
E. Mason Hopper	Directing Marie Prevost in "Almost a Lady," for Metropolitan.
James Horne	Directing "Kosher Kitty Kelly" for F. B. O.
William K. Howard	Preparing "White Gold" with Jetta Goudal for DeMille.
Charles Hunt	Directing "The Dixie Flyer" for Trem Carr Productions. Story by H. H. Van Loan. Featuring Cullen Landis at California Studios.
John Ince	Directing "Conscience" at Fine Arts with Herbert Rawlinson and Grace Darmond.
Ralph Ince	Directing "The Lone Wolf Returns" at Columbia Pictures. Starring Bert Lytell.
Rex Ingram	In Paris, directing M-G-M foreign productions.
Lloyd Ingraham	Directing Edward Everett Horton in "Come-on Charley" at Associated Studios for S. S. Hutchinson.
Jacques Jaccard	Preparing "The Return of the Riddle Rider" for Universal.
George Jeske	Preparing for his next Gold Medal production at California Studio.
Emory Johnson	Directing Belle Bennett in "The Fourth Commandment" for Universal.

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

Rupert Julian	Preparing to direct "The Yankee Clipper" for DeMille.
Buster Keaton	Directing "The General" on location at Cottage Grove, Ore.
Earle Kenton	Between pictures at Paramount.
Robert Kerr	Directing the Van Bibber comedies for Fox.
Leon Kent	Directing for Las Americas at California Studios.
Henry King	Directing "The Winning of Barbara Worth" at the DeMille Studio for Samuel Goldwyn.
Burton King	Preparing picture for Helene Chadwick.
Charles Lamont	Directing Johnny Arthur in Tuxedo Comedy at Educational Studio.
Stan Laurel	Directing Jimmie Finlayson in two-reel comedy at Hal Roach Studios.
Rowland V. Lee	In Europe.
Robert Z. Leonard	Preparing "The Gray Hat" for M-G-M.
Frank Lloyd	Preparing for his first production under the Paramount banner.
Del Lord	Directing two-reel comedy with Ben Turpin at Sennetts.
Ernst Lubitsch	Finishing "Reveillon" with Monty Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller for Warner Bros.
Archie Mayo	Preparing "Unknown Treasures" for Banner Productions at Fine Arts Studio.
George Melford	Between pictures.
L. Leo Meehan	Jush finished "Laddie." Now in New York.
Gus Meins	Directing "The Newlyweds and Their Baby" for Stern Film Corporation.
Lewis Milestone	Directing Harold Lloyd at Metropolitan Studio.
Vin Moore	Directing a new series of cowboy comedies, from the stories by W. C. Tuttle.
Walter Morosco	Between pictures at Warner Bros.
T. D. Moreno	Directing Cliff Bowes for Altair Productions at the California Studios.
Leo McCarey	Directing Charles Chase in two-reel comedy for Roach.
Henry McCarthy	Directing Anita Stewart in "Flaming Timbers" for Tiffany Productions at Fine Arts Studio.
J. P. McGowan	Directing "Our Gang" for Roach.
Lex Neal	Cutting "The Steeple Chase" for Fox Films.
Marshall Neilan	Directing Blanche Sweet in "Diplomacy" at Marshall Neilan Studios.
R. William Neil	Directing Tom Mix in "The Arizona Wildcat" at the Fox Studios.
Jack Nelson	Directing "Devil's Gulch" with Bob Custer for Chadwick.
Fred Niblo	Directing Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno in "The Temptress" at M-G-M.
William Nigh	Directing "The Fire Brigade" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Mason Noel	Preparing "For Health's Sake" at Universal.
Al Parker	In New York.
Harry Pollard	Directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for Universal.
Gil Pratt	Between pictures at Sennett Studios.
Frank O'Connor	Shooting "The Silent Power" for Gotham at Universal Studios.
Sidney Olcott	Directing Richard Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman" at Tec-Art Studios for First National release.
Alfred Ray	Cutting "More Work, Less Pay" at Fox studios.
Herman Raymaker	Between pictures at Warner Bros.
Charles Reisner	Cutting "The Better Ole" at Warner Brothers. Star Syd Chaplin.
Lynn Reynolds	Directing Hoot Gibson in "The Texas Streak" for Universal Studios. On location at Bishop, Calif.
John S. Robertson	Preparing to direct Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie" for M-G-M.
Stephen Roberts	Directing Al St. John in a Mermaid comedy for Educational.
Al Rogell	Directing "Ride Him Cowboy" at Fine Arts for Harry J. Brown Productions.
Arthur Rosson	Preparing to direct Raymond Griffith in "You'd Be Surprised."
Phill Rosen	Preparing for his next picture at Columbia Pictures.
Al Santell	In New York, directing "Subway Sadie" for First National.
Victor Schertzinger	Preparing "The Return of Peter Grimm" with Alec B. Francis at Fox.
Victor Seastrom	Finishing "The Scarlet Letter" for M-G-M. Lillian Gish starring.
Edward Sedgwick	Directing "Tin Hats" for M-G-M with Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor.
Sandrich Selander	Directing "Big Business" for Fox.
Lou Seiler	Preparing for the next Tom Mix picture, title not yet decided.—Fox studios.
William Seiter	Cutting "Take It From Me." A Reginald Denny picture for Universal.
George B. Seitz	Cutting "The Last Frontier" for Metropolitan.
Larry Semon	Directing two-reel comedies at Sennett Studios.
Scott Sidney	Directing Harrison Ford in "The Nervous Wreck" for Christie.
Paul Sloane	Preparing "Corporal Kate" with Vera Reynolds at DeMille Studios.
Edward Sloman	Directing "Butterflies in the Rain" for Universal.
Clifford Smith	Directing "The Silent Panther" at Hal Roach Studios for M-G-M. Starring Francis McDonald and Edna Murphy.
Dick Smith	Directing Charles Puffy in a Puffy Comedy for Universal.
Mal St. Clair	In New York, directing "The Show-off" for Paramount.
John M. Stahl	Preparing for his next M-G-M production, "The Great Galeteo," starring Ramon Navarro.
Paul Ludwig Stein	Preparing to direct "My Official Wife" for Warner Bros. Irene Rich, starring.
Mauritz Stiller	Directing Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial" for Paramount.
Ben Stoloff	Cutting "A-1 Society" at Fox studios.
Jerome Storn	Directing Mabel Normand in two-reel comedies at Hal Roach Studio.
Frank Strayer	Directing "My Wife's Husbands" for Columbia Pictures.
Slim Summerville	Directing Arthur Lake in "Sweet Sixteen" comedy for Universal.
Harry Sweet	Directing a Standard comedy for Joe Rock Productions at Universal.
Sam Taylor	Between pictures.
Ray Taylor	Directing "Whispering Smith Rides" for Universal. Starring Wallace McDonald.
Norman Taurog	Directing Lloyd Hamilton Comedy at Educational Studio.
Robert Thornby	Directing "West of Broadway" with Priscilla Dean at Metropolitan Studios.
Maurice Tourneur	Directing "Mysterious Island" for M-G-M, adapted from Jules Verne story of the same title.
Frank Tuttle	Directing "Kid Boots" at Paramount with Billie Dove, Clara Bow and Lawrence Grey.
Richard Thrope	Directing Buffalo Bill Jr. for Lester Scott at the California Studios.
Frank Urson	Between pictures at DeMille Studios.
Larry Underwood	Preparing for Altair Productions at the California.
King Vidor	Directing "Bardelys the Magnificent" for M-G-M.
Joseph von Sternberg	Cutting "The Sea Gull" at the Chaplin Studios.
Erich von Stroheim	Directing "The Wedding March" at Associated Studios.
Richard Wallace	Directing Corinne Griffith in "Ashes" for First National.
Raoul Walsh	Directing "What Price Glory?" for Fox. Starring Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio, and Edmund Lowe.
John Waters	Directing Jack Holt in "The Forlorn River" for Paramount.
Millard Webb	Between pictures.
Harmon Weight	Directing "Forever After" for First National at Metropolitan.
William Wellman	Preparing "Wings" for Paramount.
Roland West	Preparing.
Clifford Wheeler	Preparing "Let's Go" at Fine Arts Studio for Imperial Productions. Story by Burrl Tuttle.
Irving Willatt	In New York directing "Paradise" for First National.
Ben Wilson	In Kernville directing "The Wolf of the Desert" and "The Sheriff's Girl."
John Griffith Wray	Preparing for the screen version of Clifford Box's production "Up Stream" for Fox. Adaptation by Bradley King.
W. Wyler	Directing Fred Humes in "Smilin' Sam" for Universal.
Sam Wood	Directing Red Grange in "The Half-back" at F. B. O.
Frank Yaconelli	Directing an Earle Douglas picture at Wolcott Studios.
Bill Watson	Directing Billy Dooley in two-reel comedy for Christie.
Duke Worne	Directing Benny Alexander at Wolcott Studios.
Chet Withey	Directing George O'Hara in "He Stopped at Murder" for F. B. O.

LITTLE JOURNEYS AROUND THE STUDIOS

Down at the Catalina Island Isthus I met a charming little figure in sailor boy costume. It was Esther Ralston.

Charlie Ray is learning all about how to be a fireman.

"Talk about make-ups," says Lon Chaney. "Being the real thing is a lot tougher going." In "Tell it to the Marines" Lon is learning all about drilling and trying to be "the real thing" as a sergeant of marines.

the money. Then I did it myself. The only thing necessary was to be sure you had a good flying start and caught a good hold on the chandelier,—and that the chandelier had a good hold on the ceiling!"

(*Continued from Page 58*)

Rudey had just gone through an exciting experience. He had had to double for himself in a stunt scene!

"The sheik," related Rudey, "has a stunt in which he leaps from a gallery in a room to a chandelier, catching hold of the chandelier, which is an uncomfortable number of feet away from the gallery, and swinging on it.

"We got a noted acrobat out here to do the stunt, in order to save my doing it. He heard all about it,—and asked $500! He said it was a very dangerous stunt. We refused to pay

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
Of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR, published monthly at Los Angeles, California, for April, 1926.

State of California, } ss.
County of Los Angeles. }

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. Stuart Blackton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The Director Publishing Corporation, 355 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, California.
Editor, J. Stuart Blackton, 355 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, California.
Managing Editor, B. A. Holway, 5528 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
Business Managers, L. L. Arms, Gen. Mgr., Alfred Fenton, Bus. Mgr., 355 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, California.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
The Director Publishing Corporation, a California Corporation. No stock issued. J. Stuart Blackton, president, 7065 Hillside Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., L. L. Arms, vice-president, 705 Grant Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif., Alfred Fenton, secty.-treas., 705 Grant Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
No stock has ever been issued. The directors are: J. Stuart Blackton, Wm. Beaudine, F. L. Cooley, L. L. Arms, and Charles Parrott.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

J. STUART BLACKTON, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of May, 1926.
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The MOTION PICTURE Director

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VICTOR McLAGLEN *in* "WHAT PRICE GLORY"

IN THIS ISSUE

Reginald Barker
Homer B. Wright
Blanche Sweet
Al Christie
Grace Kingsley
Richard Wallace
AND OTHERS

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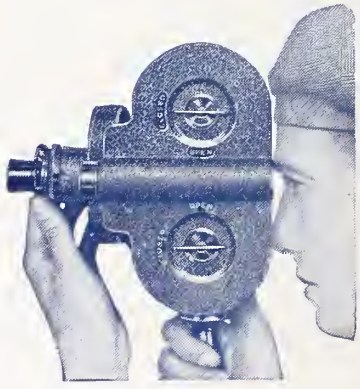

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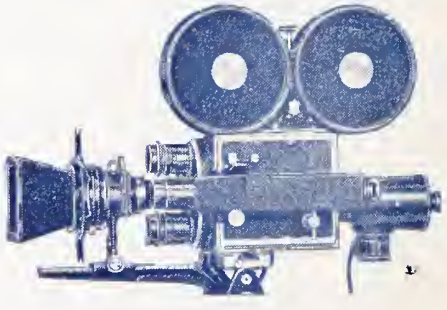

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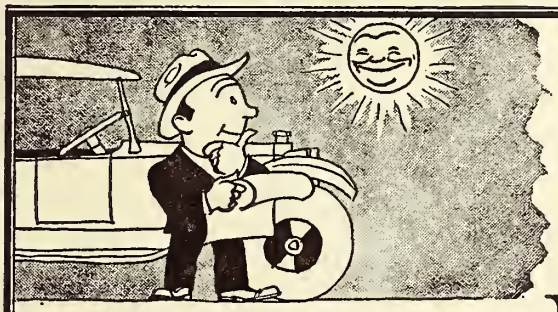

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Volume II
Number 11

The MOTION PICTURE Director

August
1926

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Without questioning that her illustrious husband may be right in the points made by him in the July issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR, Mrs. Marshall Neilan expresses some views of her own on the general subject of stardom and offers some interesting suggestions.

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When it comes right down to cases an exhibitor might be expected to have as definite ideas on the subject of box office values as any one in the industry and here the managing director of Loew's State Theatre expresses forcibly some ideas of his own and gives emphasis to what he considers box office values by analyzing the work of one directot who has given him consistently successful pictures.

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THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR FOR SEPTEMBER

IN ADDITION to the regular departments that are now becoming distinctive features of the magazine, the September issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR will contain interesting production stories, including the story of Von Stoheim's first Paramount production "The Wedding March" and the story of Lois Weber's distinct achievement in her direction of "The Marriage Clause" for Universal. Then there will be the presentation of some unusual ideas regarding the relative value of settings and background in the picture by Harold Grieve, art director and designor of sets; interesting experiences in Directing Dog Pictures by William Craft and similar articles of direct interest to everyone concerned with the making of pictures. In the September issue, too, Grace Kingsley will develop some new angles to her "Little Journeys" and will give her impressions of the current trend in motion picture production.

THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR

J. Stuart Blackton, Editor and Publisher

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IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

by J. STUART BLACKTON

FOR the first time in three years I again sat in a New York theatre and saw of what stuff are made the real Hotsy-Totsy shows of today.

"We hope you will enjoy this show as it goes from scene to scene and from scene to obscene." Thus announced the leading comedian at the beginning of one of New York's classiest shows. He might have spared his sorry jest. As the performance progressed there was no doubt about the obscene in almost every scene. It was decidedly obvious.

Some plays I had seen recently in Los Angeles were not so Sunday-School-ish; some in Chicago were still a bit more lurid; but for real filth commend me to the reigning successes of the New York stage.

Shortly before I made my recent flying trip East, one of my friends returned to Hollywood after spending a couple of weeks in New York with his mother—one of the dear old lavender mothers whom we see so rarely now-a-days except in the movies. He had heard that the shows were not exactly the kind "Mother used to see," so he decided to try them out first on himself. Night after night Mother visited with relatives and friends while her son took in the shows. The latter part of the second week, after seeing a particularly nasty matinee, he rushed back to his hotel and took Mother off to see—a movie! After seeing most of the representative productions of the Big Town I can quite believe his story and appreciate his feelings.

When I think of the simple, bright little French farces, broad perhaps but inoffensive, that I saw fifteen years ago in Paris; when I remember the so-called "naughty" Can-Can danced at the Moulin Rouge; when I recall the nude models quite artistically displayed in some of the Parisian revues, and when I think how really attractive it all seemed, so piquently suggestive, so delicately wicked, and—when I contrast this Parisian diablerie with the vulgar, heavy footed, offensive sensationalism which is packing the New York theatres on what is known as the "legitimate stage," I feel very proud and thankful that I am and have been for so many years closely identified with the *illegitimate movies.* An analysis of all the motion pictures I have ever seen from the beginning of the industry would not show one-tenth of one-per cent of the amount of nastiness to be found in one of a dozen shows now running with great success on New York stages.

Has the present trend of the New York stages been brought about by the competition of motion pictures; has the dominance of the cinema as a universal entertainment brought about a condition in the theatre world that has impelled the producer of stage plays, in self-defence, to turn to the very sensationalism that for so long has been the chief accusation voiced against the movies? Has the sound wholesomeness of the present day films caused the stage to turn to bacchanalian orgies and Rabelaisian dialogue to maintain its grip on the public and its pull on the box office?

Yes, that is exactly what has happened.

All of which brings us back to the discussion begun in the last issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR on the subject "Who is Responsible?" In this issue Richard Wallace makes the point that the responsibility for "better pictures" is vested in "everybody," in the producer, the exhibitor and in the theatre-patron who sees them, but infers that in the final analysis it is the voice of the people as registered at the box office that dictates the demand for better pictures. It is interesting that the most outstanding picture successes have been those which have been built upon a firm foundation of drama, that have been clean, wholesome and, in their way, inspiring.

A totally different angle is taken on the subject of the modern trend in stage plays by Welford Beaton in the July 24th issue of *The Film Spectator,* in which he says "Just why the war should be held responsible for the prostitution of the stage, as Harry Carr holds it, is quite beyond me. What the stage is suffering from is its lack of mobility. Pictures have robbed it of its legs. Formerly it moved about the country to provide entertainment for the cities and towns which could not get it in any other way. Now entertainment goes to even the smallest towns in tin boxes and the stage sticks to Broadway and has become polluted as still water does. The show that went to Omaha had to be respectable for resident Omahans are respectable, as resident New Yorkers are."

Jobyna Ralston

Having completed her role opposite Rod LaRocque in "Gigolo" Jobyna Ralston has returned to the Harold Lloyd set to do one more picture as his feminine lead.—Photograph by Gene Kornman.

Vilma Banky

As Barbara Worth, Vilma Banky presents a new and interesting side of her screen personality and one that is very intriging.—A camera study by Harold Dean Carsey.

May McAvoy

To accept or not to accept, seems to be the question that is concerning Miss Mc Avoy as she considers the offer made to her by a German producing company.—A portrait by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Carmel Myers

As Zaya in "Tell It to the Marines," Carmel is a new and exotic creature.—An unusual camera study by Ruth Harriet Louise.

Who Is Responsible?

By RICHARD WALLACE

The Second in a Series of Articles by Men and Women actively Identified with Motion Pictures, on the Subject of "Better Pictures."

IN THE July issue of THE MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR Edward Sedgwick fired the opening gun in a series of discussions on the part of directors, producers, exhibitors, writers and others connected with the making of pictures on the general subject of "Who Is Responsible?"

Here are presented the views of Richard Wallace, who is now directing Corinne Griffith in her comedy-drama "Just Off Broadway" and has recently completed a series of comedies for Hal Roach including productions featuring Ethel Clayton, Theda Bara, Claude Gillingwater, and Mabel Normand in her return vehicle "Raggedy Ann." According to Mr. Wallace "better pictures" are constantly in a process of evolution and that in their development everybody connected directly or indirectly with pictures is concerned.

RESPONSIBILITY for better pictures is so utterly intangible that to point the finger to any one group or class is well nigh impossible. Responsibility must be divided to a certain extent for everybody who comes in contact with motion pictures shoulders a part of the responsibility. Therefore I believe that the answer to the question "Who is the responsible party?" is "Everybody."

Of course, even in motion picturedom there are some folks, no doubt, who sigh for the "good old days," but they are just as unthinking and uncritical as those who wail for the dear, dead past in anything else.

Not a year passes that does not see some marked stride taken in the development of film making, in the method of presenting a story, in treatment, in playing, in photography and all the other technical phases of production.

Comparisons of the pictures of the present with those of only a few years ago are so ludicrous as to be all but impossible. Changes may come gradually, almost unnoticed, but they do come constantly. Almost immediately they are accepted as customary and so readily adaptable is the human mind to the new order that the average being forgets that the existing condition was not always in force.

That is why the picturegoer recalls certain outstanding productions he has seen, possibly years ago, as landmarks—epics, and not infrequently he wishes he might see them again. It would be much better for his own convictions and fond memories if he didn't. He forgets or doesn't realize that what made the picture seem great was simply the fact that his capacity for entertainment on the screen was attuned only to the standard of that time and if the picture was better than the average of that day, it naturally stood out.

When the first racing automobiles attained the blinding speed of fifty miles an hour, they were the wonders of the motor world, yet today, the driver who cannot force his machine to average 125 miles per hour cannot even qualify for a contest. Standards are purely relative, governed entirely by contemporary conditions.

It was only a year or so ago that a distributor with an unusually clear realization of this fact unearthed a fifteen-year-old film which had been one of the moving and tense motion picture dramas of its day. After one glance at it in the projection room, he had all its old titles cut out and in their place had comedy titles inserted, with the result that the picture proved an uproarious farce when it was reissued.

It has only been a month since another of the old-time masterpieces was revived, one of the earliest of the two-reelers, a battle picture that was declared to be far ahead of its time when it was first released.

It was reissued in its original form. It didn't require new comedy subtitles. The audiences howled hilariously at it. There would have been no more striking contrast with present day pictures.

(*Continued on Page 52*)

SOUTH DAKOTA HEADQUARTERS
HUNT STROMBERG'S "THE LAST FRONTIER" COMPANY
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AFTER its many vicissitudes "The Last Frontier"—begun as a project of the late Thomas H. Ince and intended as his greatest contribution to American history and American films—has been completed but by other hands than those in which its destinies were first entrusted. In the upper left is shown the original Ince headquarters at Wainright, Canada, where the tremendous buffalo scenes were made. Center right shows the Hunt Stromberg headquarters on location at Chamberlain, South Dakota, where yet other episodes were filmed and in the lower center the Metropolitan Pictures camp established by George Seitz north of Flagstaff, Arizona. In the left center, Thomas H. Ince and Buffalo Bill's sister are standing before a magnificent buffalo head.

—Photo by Elmer Fryer

THE LAST FRONTIER

By JIM POWERS

WILL "The Last Frontier" on the screen be a fulfillment of the ideals that prompted Thomas Ince to plan this epochal production as a lasting memorial to his directorial genius?

George B. Seitz, who recently completed the picturization of the famous frontier tale, for Metropolitan Pictures has striven to make the completed photo drama as memorable a production as Ince had hoped it would be.

The production as planned by Ince three years ago was to be his masterpiece as an offering to the silent drama in which his fame was universally acknowledged. For years he had cherished a longing to climax his career with an epic that would go down in screen history as a fitting testimonial to his years of intensive labor.

In retrospect he visualized D. W. Griffith, who will always be remembered for giving to the world that great pictorial gem, "The Birth of a Nation." In "The Last Frontier" Ince felt satisfied he possessed the material for bringing to the screen another crowning achievement.

Whether he would have succeeded in his dream or not must always remain unanswered. His sudden death shortly after the initial footage was filmed caused cessation of activities on the picture.

Before his death Ince, by an arrangement with the Canadian government had obtained permission to photograph the herd of 3000 buffalo in Wainright National Park. With a staff of camera men, technicians and other aides he spent several months on the buffalo range. On his return he brought with him thousands of feet of film showing the mammoth creatures in their native habitat.

The spectacular stampede scene which Courtney Ryley Cooper describes so vividly on the printed page is said to re-live again with all its tremendous force on the screen.

Followng Ince's death, Hunt Stromberg, his protege, purchased the rights to the story from Mrs. Ince. He decided to complete the unfinished picture and dedicate it as a glorious memorial to his former friend and employer.

Stromberg shortly later joined M-G-M as a producing executive and another halt was called on the production. It was then that the Metropolitan Pictures Corporation obtained the screen rights and the picture again started on its way.

Because of the three stages of development it went through, and, due to the fact that the genius of Ince had laid the foundation, the story has aroused a world of interest. For three years the public has been awaiting the release of the completed picture. The greatest interest centers in the question of whether in other hands it has been so treated as to carry the force and power

the distant mesas and majestic hills combined to make the exteriors faithful in every respect to the author's intent.

Will "The Last Frontier" with its combination of great story and great cast succeed "The Covered Wagon" and "The Iron Horse," or will it flicker across the horizon as just another picture and be forgotten? The producers have caught the spirit of the idea and believe that they have succeeded in bringing another epic to the screen.

George Seitz, who directed "The Last Frontier," was selected after a careful scrutiny of the field of possible directors. His work on "The Vanishing American" and "Desert Gold" attracted the attention of the producers. They felt that he was admirably fitted to handle the big outdoor spectacle and in their estimation the finished product vindicates the judgment of his selection.

Seitz is enthusiastic over the possibilities of the picture. "The great western wilderness that existed before the advent of modern civilization will always hold a romantic glamour for the present and future generations," he says.

"The sturdy qualities of the early pioneers, who left comfortable homes to probe the uncharted wastes in search of adventure and the promised land west of the Rockies possess an intriguing interest and a fascination for the masses.

"We have endeavored to bring to the screen a pictorial version worthy of the author's original story.

"It is not another 'Covered Wagon' nor another 'Iron Horse.' It is distinctive in itself and typical of the period in which it is laid.

"It depicts the sterling characters of the rugged pioneers that laid the foundation for the magic west that is today at a tremendous sacrifice. The vast herds of buffalo that roamed the plains in the days before the ribbon of steel found the far west with the far east

"The Last Frontier" combines all the qualities of an epic drama of the West that was. In addition to the inevitable covered wagons there are of course the Indians and the good men and the bad men of the frontier towns such as those represented by Mitchell Lewis, William Boyd, J. Farrell McDonald and Jack Hoxie in the above scene in which Gladys Brockwell is seen peering around the door.

it would have under the guiding hand of Ince.

The final adaptation for the screen was made by Will M. Ritchey, a former Los Angeles newspaperman and now a supervising editor for Metropolitan Pictures.

Ritchey spent eight months in the research work necessary. A town, the replica of a frontier village of the period was constructed on the Navajo Indian reservation in Arizona. There the marvelous desert background with

play an important part in the historical reproduction of the story.

"Many of the buffalo used were found in northern Arizona where we went to utilize the herd extant there. Two hundred miles from the nearest center of civilization the company of stars and camera men travelled that the required "shots" of the huge beasts might be obtained. Dangers were encountered in the rough country over which we travelled that made the trip anything but a pleasure voyage.

A distinctive feature, however, of the production as planned by Thomas H. Ince was the buffalo sequences. This plays an important part in the finished production.

And of course there are the boy and girl as played by William Boyd and Marguerite De La Motte.

"The roads were nothing but pathways and fording streams were an ordinary occurrence. House Rock Valley our objective was all that could be desired in the way of natural grandeur. Here the buffalo had been rounded up by an outfit of cowpunchers that we might use them for the closeups of the stampede."

The enthusiasm of Seitz is shared throughout the Metropolitan organization from the office boys to the heads of the studio. They feel that they have accomplished something big in a large way.

Eight weeks were spent on the Arizona desert in the heart of the Navajo country filming the exteriors. This locale was selected after Seitz had considered locations in Wyoming and other sections of the west. The Indian reservations seemed to offer the desired rough country and also the logical place for corralling the redmen in the vast numbers required in the script.

On the sloping Echo mountain hordes of Indians swarmed like flies. They had thrown up a tepee village and the council fires burned brilliantly. There the bronzed bucks with their squaws and youngsters lived contentedly during the filming of the picture. The historical Moenkopi Wash served as a boundary line between the Indian village and the boom town of Seitzville.

With the many elaborate features and the natural beauty of the background, Seitz believes he has succeeded in injecting the same amount of realism on the screen that the author has into his novel. His raids upon the ill-fated wagon trains and the pillaging of the little frontier towns are spectacular and overwhelming. This at least has been the opinion of those fortunate enough to witness portions of the film as it went through the stages of cutting.

Many obstacles were encountered, according to Seitz, in the Indians. The redmen are no longer camera-shy but at times are exorbitant in their demands. While they expose a front of ignorance of the white man's ways they are not amiss to taking an advantage whenever possible.

To keep the temperamental redmen in good spirits, games of different natures had to be continually planned

(*Continued on Page 54*)

ON LOCATION

With the Aimless Film Company in the Wilds of Hollywood

By JACK COLLINS

WHAT PRICE GLORY

A piercing whistle split the night air and a seething mass of uniformed men in the semi-darkness sprang into action in the white glare of high-powered arcs . . . Troops deployed and slowly advanced . . . From another point a second whistle—the shrill blast of a trumpet—and a perfect inferno was unleashed in the path of the advancing men, blowing debris high into the air . . . A third signal—again the trumpet . . . The offensive troops were met by the enemy . . . Repulsed, again to advance and take position . . . Explosives rocked the earth . . . Rockets soared and burst high overhead . . . . Machine guns spluttered . . . . . bayonets flashed in hand to hand encounters . . A second wave of advancing men followed the first with grim determination, stepping over their fallen comrades, advancing ever onward . . . . Above the sound of explosives through giant amplifiers that reached every portion of the set came in stentorian tones the command "CUT" . . . . and Director Raoul Walsh had finished a scene for the Fox Films adaption of Laurence Stallings' and Maxwell Anderson's widely heralded war play, "What Price Glory?"

As Seen by
FRANK MURRAY
Formerly Corporal in U. S. Marines

Realism, plain and simple was wanted and found.

Laurence Stallings supplied the story. The author experienced the rawness of war as captain of the marines in the World War conflict. He knew what war realism meant for he had been there, and so had a vast majority of the men who have taken part in the making of this picture of the war.

Every effort has been exerted on the part of the producers to inject stark realism, plus entertainment value, into the production of this play. Raoul Walsh was chosen as director because of his reputation for building sound, logical production.

On his staff were men, thoroughly versed in the profession of picture making, with long, brilliant military records. Daniel Keefe, assistant to Mr. Walsh, spent over a year in the U. S. Army during the great conflict. Charles Griffen, technical advisor to the director, saw active service on the French and Italian fronts. Salvatore A. Capodice, technical observer, served with the 67th company, 5th regiment of marines during the historic battle of Belleau Woods and the advance on the town of Bouresches. Capodice was a member of the world famous marine battalion around which the story of "What Price Glory" was written.

And the vast army of players who portrayed the marines—the "soldiers of the sea" who are the real heroes of the story, were ex-service men. In the ranks of these fighters—who again donned the uniform to indelibly preserve the exploits of the allied armies in the field could be found men who had served with every combat division of the A. E. F.

All these combined in making every foot of the photoplay a striking, compelling example of genuineness. There were no grandiose embellishments of the unreal—for what could be more realistic than a faithful reproduction of war—war and its attendant vicissitudes shorn of every disguise—war as it was, not what you think it was.

The mechanics of the play were not one whit less real than the soldiers. The blasted village of Bouresches—so long a mark of the Boche guns—torn and frayed by countless engagements was built at Fox Hills with a startling like-

Every picture must have its triangle and in "What Price Glory" the triangle is interestingly handled by Dolores Del Rio, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen.

ness to that historic shell-racked French community.

Beyond an adjoining hilltop was another French town — Mary-on-the-Marne—where hundreds of American soldiers found short respite before "moving up." Here again the magnificent attention asserted itself, and the spirit of France in 1918 pervaded the drowsy village at Fox Hills. Truly France had been reconstructed in America.

A giant wardrobe building was erected outside of the camera lines of this French town adequately to clothe the hundreds of film soldiers. Long lines of motor lorries stood in readiness at all times for the call to action. Glistening stacks of the Springfield rifles gave the "set" a decided war-time appearance.

At each end of the huge set loomed tall parallels—places of advantage for the cameramen. Three levels to these structures provided a variety of angles for the big scenes. Director Walsh held forth at the central point—behind him stood a battery of men with signal rockets in hand, ready to inform the explosions experts stationed at numerous places the exact second for the contact. In front of Mr. Walsh stood a large cylinder with a myriad of shining buttons visible on the outer surface—each tiny dot a connection for the making of an explosion.

Again came a wait—everything was ready—a slight whirr overhead made every muscle tense. The whirr became a drone—then a roar. Powerful searchlights played the heavens—an airplane nosed into view. On it came, like a hurricane from above—directly toward the ruined village of Bouresches. Director Walsh, with eyes glued on the approaching plane and hand at the signal throttle, waited. As the plane descended into view—his hand moved slightly. A giant rocket took to the lighted sky—and then all Hell broke loose—a few minutes of thunderous action—then quiet—and the village of Bouresches had been taken for "What Price Glory"—and with war time realism too, as the comments of men who have been *there* indicated and they know realism.

The many points of interest—still fresh in the minds of the overseas veterans, are there. No amount of time or labor was spared to make the French "sets" complete to the most minute detail. Even the close scrutiny of the "boys" on the lot failed to reveal a single jarring note in the technical construction of this historic landmark of the great war.

There is a courtyard—the central headquarters of the family livestock, genuinely made—as the atmosphere proved. The cobble street echoed and re-echoed the thump-thump-thump of the wooden shoes of the villagers as they did in 1918. The ever popular tavern is there, with its announcements of "vin rouge, cognac and vin blanc."

The river bank laundries, the town crier, the narrow, twisting lanes, called streets, the seemingly endless procession of children and the raucous cry of the newly-arrived soldier for "des pommes de terre et des oeuves," quite as familiar as our own ham and eggs, all tended to make the transformation of Fox Hills, California, to wartime France all the more real.

To over-seas veterans who have served in Raoul Walsh's "What Price Glory" army, this perfection of detail brought back many things.

What About Our Own Back Yard

By REGINALD BARKER

Reginald Barker, president of the Motion Picture Director's Association who is now completing his first picture under his new contract with M-G-M.

THERE is much talk about "The need for new faces on the screen." Whenever opportunity affords some one rises up and says "We need new faces," and voices the prediction that unless new faces are forthcoming the screen will die of dry rot. All of which listens well or makes good reading, but what are we going to do about it? What steps are being taken to *bring* new faces to the screen— or, what impresses me as being much more important, how are we going to find these much talked about new faces?

Mind you, I have no quarrel with the "new face" idea. I am for it. I believe in it absolutely.

Evolution in the motion picture industry is akin to evolution in nature in that in the course of transmutation it frequently harks back to earlier phases.

In the beginning, motion picture producers sought actors from where they could find them to fit the roles that the stories they sought to write in celluloid required. But in the chain of change, big names became the box office drawing card and the motion picture star rose on the horizon. Far sighted producers were quick to see the monetary value in the names and did not lose time in tieing up the featured players on long term contracts.

With this situation arose another problem. With the stars drawing handsome salaries it became necessary that they should be kept in front of the kliegs if their services as an investment should be profitable. The script writers were instructed to use their ingenuity in evolving film plots that would show the peculiar thespian qualities of the stars to the best advantage.

Came the cry of "What's the matter with the movies," and its corollary, "new faces are needed on the screen." The immediate result has been that the producers have gone back to first principles, a cycle in motion picture evolution has been written, and things are much as they were in the beginning with the story as the opus maximus and not the star.

Pictures based on big themes rather than on big names have been found to score heavily with the public. An analysis of the successful pictures of the past year will show a great number in which the individual players were comparatively unknown. They may have been satellites but they certainly were not planets in filmdom's firmament.

From the runs scored by these productions and their earnings—for after all, it is the box office that tells the story of what the public wants—has come a well-defined movement toward finding the star for the story rather than fitting the story to the star, which seems to answer the embarrassing question propounded by the public.

This search for the star will answer the corollary in that it is bound to bring new personalities to the screen. Never before have we been in more receptive mood for welcoming the so-called "finds" to the arc light.

But, to return to my original thought, how is this search to be instituted? Where are the new players and the new stars to come from? Are we to go out and search the nation continually for new blood, conducting the time-honored beauty contests and similar exploitation stunts, or are we going to be fair to ourselves, to our industry and to the people who are helping us now to make good pictures better?

In other words don't we owe it to ourselves and to that army of bit players and extras who are growing up with us, learning the game, getting their experience in the practical school of hard knocks to seek first in our own back yard for the new faces and new blood that the industry needs? Frankly, I think that we do, bolshevistic as the idea may sound.

And yet, let's look at it sanely for a moment. Hollywood already has an over supply of youth struggling for fame or fortune on the screen. Many, of course, will never get much further than they are present, but they are happy as they are, and are of genuine value to the industry. Among them, however, are young men and women of real ability who need but an opportunity to prove themselves. And what applies to the lowly workers of the cinema world applies with even greater force to those who have advanced to supporting roles but seem never to get much further than that.

The new faces are here—right here in Hollywood and the environs of the

studio world. How to pick them out of the motley throng is to my mind more of a problem, one to which a solution has long needed.

And that brings to mind one solution that I am not sure may not prove to be *the* solution or at least one of them, to this problem of finding the right person for the part, whether it be a new face or an old one.

After considerable devilment on the part of one of my friends I agreed to sit through an informal projection of film cuttings collected by Brooks B. Harding for his screen Library Service—a service, the purpose of which, is to make possible a study of the work of individual players without subjecting either the player or the studio to the trouble of making screen tests, or the uncertainty of meeting an emergency by catsing from still photographs.

Harding is doing the thing right and I am not sure but what he is making a very notable contribution to the future of the screen in his plans for the development of his service. His projection room is comfortably furnished and well equipped for his purpose. He has already collected a library of considerable proportions and has indexed them in a neatly prepared catalog containing half-tone illustrations of the players listed in characteristic studies. From this catalog selections are made and on the occasion of my visit choice was made at random of a well known character woman.

Only a few seconds were required to locate the film in the vault and start it flashing on the screen. The first views were of a screen test in the makeup of a squaw. Followed successfully cutouts from films showing the player in the character of a mulatto, an East Indian nautch girl, a halfbreed Indian, and the wife of a backwoodsman.

It happened that the player's actual work in a role similar to that for which the screen test was made was projected on the screen, which revealed in a striking manner the limitations of the ordinary screen trial. It was quite evident that although the costume and makeup were there, the player realized that she was making a test and was not acting naturally before the camera.

In this case the screen test operated to the disadvantage of the player and did not prove her capabilities in the role as evidenced in the scenes edited from the productions, substantiating the claims of the founder of the screen library that screen tests are not as true guages of a player's work as is revealed by actual cutouts.

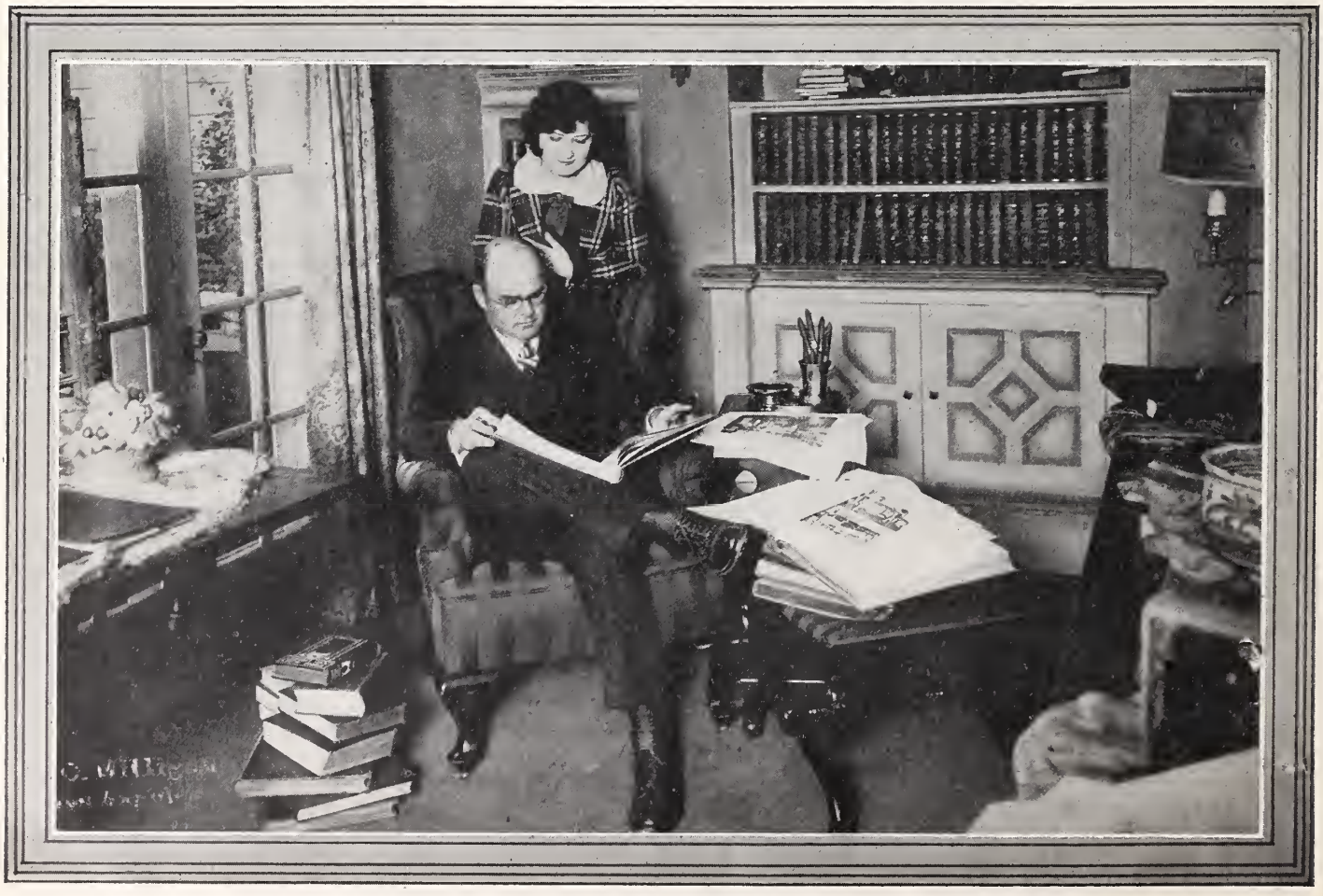
The film also served to give a much clearer conception of the player's ability in that she was viewed in a sufficient variety of roles to reveal to the trained observer her innate art and her capacity to take direction.

In no other phase of industry is the evolution of progress moving with greater rapidity than in the films. With popular favor as the orbit round which the entire film industry revolves, it is a certainty that stars of the lesser magnitude will come into the ascendency.

The present generation is thoroughly educated in entertainment values and those whose job it is to amuse the public must give increasing credit to the sophistication of the present audience of the silver sheet.

The plot of the future should be convincing and it should be played with artistry by those best fitted for the characters it presents. The theme should be big enough and substantial enough to stand on its own merits.

The survival of the fittest is one of the major tenets of many who study evolution in nature. And the person who depends on the films for a livelihood well may keep this principle in mind in seeing that his product is correctly designed to meet the conditions for a healthy existence in its journey around the circuits.



At home with the Barkers—"Reggie" Barker and his wife Clara Williams discuss locations and whatnot for coming productions.

My most trying time was after appearing in "Anna Christie." In that role I registered decidedly as a character. It would have been so easy to have fallen into that type part."

KEEP YOUR PUBLIC GUESSING

By BLANCHE SWEET

THE business of becoming a star is not half so difficult nor precarious as that of holding stardom once you have it, and from my experience as a screen star I am convinced that the only hope for lasting popularity with the public lies in the avoidance of type roles that will inevitably force a star into a rut from which it is frequently difficult if not impossible to escape.

While I thoroughly agree with Marshall Neilan, as a dutiful wife should, that there is a need for new faces on the screen, I can't wholly agree with the idea that there is any more of a crying need now than in the past. We always need new faces and new blood. The motion picture industry—any industry in fact—would stagnate without.

As a matter of fact I wonder whether the present cry for new faces isn't, perhaps, an outgrowth of a stagnant condition in the ranks of the players who have reached stardom and have continued in the type roles that brought them their first big successes?

Many people, both in the motion picture profession, as well as those out of it, are laboring under the impression that a player in attaining stardom has reached the pinnacle of achievement and that no further effort is needed, on their part, to keep them on the crest of the wave.

Quite to the contrary, screen stardom in order to be held for any length of time must be treated in a very delicate manner and must be constantly weighed from many angles.

Stage stardom is quite another thing and while stars of the speakies can survive through many years, once they have rung the bell, those of the movies are constantly hanging in the balance between success and failure. If sincere and hard work had anything to do with it there would be more motion picture stars than there are theaters. If ability were the criterion there would be hundreds of stars, of the past and present. But time and again a screen player wins phenomenal prominence and then suddenly is thrown into the discard. It has so far been the fate of all screen stars to be ousted after once enjoying rousing international popularity.

It seems to me that the whole question sifts down to the fact that stars usually become types. They can't avoid it because the very public that afterward rejects them and grows tired of them forces them into the type class.

A player may reach stardom because he or she plays some particular role that wins wide acclaim. Then the fatal mistake is made. That of getting another part for the star as near like the first one as possible. A third and fourth and fifth are tried, not one of them equalling the first, merely being luke-warm in comparison and so quite soon the star has lost his prestige.

It is entirely natural for a player to build up to a certain crescendo note and find that from all the roles you have heretofore appeared in this is best suited to you. So you specialize in it and are lauded for a time, but the sameness grows tiring and though your work is as good as it was in the first productions your personality needs a fresh atmosphere.

It is necessary for a player to keep constantly before the public and it is just as necessary to create something new each time. In other words each characterization must be different from any preceding one. I have made a regular rule of weighing well each part before agreeing to play it. I do this for

"Charlie Ray's story is known throughout the world. His country boy roles won everyone. Perhaps he saw the handwriting on the wall and was eager to get away from those characterizations before the public tired of them."

one reason—to make sure I am presenting a new personality—or at least one nothing like I have given to the screen within the past year.

I can think of no clearer example of the fickleness of the fan public ultimately causing the downfall of a star, than that of Bill Hart. He was everyone's favorite. I believe his fan mail was larger than that of any other star. Year after year he delighted audiences throughout the world. Then for no reason people said they were tired of his westerns. Yet the atmosphere of the West was as much a part of him as his steely eyes, his acquiline nose, or any of his striking features.

To have stepped from those surroundings would have been to introduce a new personality to the screen, he would have been compelled to start all over again and then without the assurance and with little hope that he could again meet with success.

Whenever I have registered impressionably in a certain type role it has been terrifically difficult to get away from it.

My most trying time was after appearing in "Anna Christie." Previously, I had been away from pictures for two years. The public had practically forgotten me. As Anna Christie I registered decidedly as a character.

It would have been such an easy thing to have fallen into that type part and become permanently identified with it, for producers and directors alike urged me to accept other roles similar to that one. I refused large sums of money and awfully good parts in order to next do something vastly different. Fans wrote me begging me to do another like it. Contracts were flung at me from every side and most difficult of all was fighting my own will for I adored playing that part. There was something so vital to it. It was my favorite type of role, but my better judgment told me it would mean my swan's song to go on, so I fought with all my forces against doing another like it then.

Two years later I played in Mr. Neilan's "Tess of the D'Ubervilles," and met with the same difficulty. I had been back on the screen however long enough to have more confidence than in the first instance.

Once you are identified as a type two things prevent producers from permitting you to make a change. In the first place, after a player is known as a type on the screen will the public allow him to change?

In the second place, after a player has become imbued with one type role can he tear himself from this deep rooted hold? It seems to me it must be so much a part of him that it cannot be shed like a cloak. I believe, too, one's perspective dims with playing one type part for too long a time.

Recently there has been considerable comment on Norma Talmadge's "Kiki." I want to go on record here by saying I consider Miss Talmadge one of the screen's greatest artiste's and her "Kiki" quite the most adorable and unusual thing she has ever done.

The Motion Picture Director Magazine speculated on the subject of "Kiki" some months ago, long before it was released. Would it be accepted?

Not that Miss Talmadge has failed to display a great versatility by her many past screen characterizations. But here was comedy of an ultra type and all the comedy in the Talmadge family had heretofore been left to sister Constance.

Now I am told the Norma fans did not like Norma as Kiki. They wanted her as the beautiful lady, the gorgeously gowned woman they had always known. They approved of her acting and emoting, but she must always be beautiful. Not once in Kiki did she have occasion to come out of her character.

Once before, in "The Lady," Miss Talmadge attempted something quite

different. But the fans foiled her too in that instance by spurning it, because it was not Norma Talmadge as they knew her. She has the determination and undoubtedly will at intervals from now on try something new and should eventually by her endurance find something they will like. Once out of the rut she can do as she pleases, but until then she will have to frequently be the beautiful and the fashionable Miss Talmadge.

Charlie Chaplin is to reverse the order and do something serious for a change. Rather I should say play a dramatic role, for everything this comic king does is serious. It will be interesting to watch the reaction of this radical change of his upon the public. Either he will be a smashing success or a dismal failure and only time will tell.

Charlie Ray's story is known throughout the world. His country boy roles won everyone. Perhaps he saw the handwriting on the wall and was eager to get away from those characterizations before the public tired of them, or perhaps the character of Miles Standish appealed to him as something that would make a picture epic. His attempt was pictorially and histrionically a great achievement, but it brought disaster to the star because the fans did not like it. For the past four years he has been making a brave effort to retrace his footsteps. He has the big consolation of knowing all of Hollywood is boosting and cheering for him.

Stardom, frankly, is not considered as being wholly desirable by motion picture players. It is a most precarious position for invariably it means close association with one type part. That brings on a panic of searching for material and when something very good is not close at hand the next best thing is chosen in the effort to keep production going.

Three mediocre pictures and a star loses all he or she has gained by some terrific success.

Lillian Walker is a star who learned a bitter lesson several years ago. Her sparkling face with two adorable dimples radiated from the screen. Story after story was written featuring those dimples. But the sameness grew tiring and when she was finally starred in another type of vehicle, it was too late.

One of the reasons for Blanche's hold on her public has been that she is always Blanche Sweet, rather than a type.

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Valentino realized he was heading for disaster when he made three pictures in a row that were very similar. Rather than go on he left the screen for sometime. He lost prestige by his long absence, but has started building again and stands a good chance of recovering his lost place.

On the stage, you see, it is quite different. Players and stars are rewarded with something original in each new play. Even though a player is identified as a type he is not handicapped with playing before the same audience each time. One year he is in New York, another on the road, a third in London, etc. A new part then follows and though in type it may be like or similar to the last, the lines are not the same and make him create a widely different impression.

Summing it up, I can only repeat that the business of becoming a star is not half so difficult nor precarious as that of holding stardom once you have it, and that one way to hold it is to keep your public guessing what your next characterization is going to be.

"Now I am told that Norma's fans did not like Norma as 'Kiki.' They wanted her as a beautiful lady."

GENTLEMEN PREFER LAUGHTER

A joyous session on the part of studio gag men in quest of an idea for a laugh.

DENNY-SEITER, Inc.

Bonds? They may have a few salted away but I doubt if they deal in them. Real Estate, well hardly. No it's not one of those old established firms but a young up and coming one. Which is the senior member? Neither, they are both junior ones and they are not hampered by old-time traditions or restriction.

Are they brokers, jobbers, chandlers, bankers, bakers or candlestick-makers? Not so that it is known. Theirs is an odd vocation. It isn't listed in any directory of business. Dunn and Bradstreet have so far ignored it. Yet they do a gross yearly business that does not place them so far behind Wanamakers, Marshall-Fields and Altman's.

They are merchants of laughter.

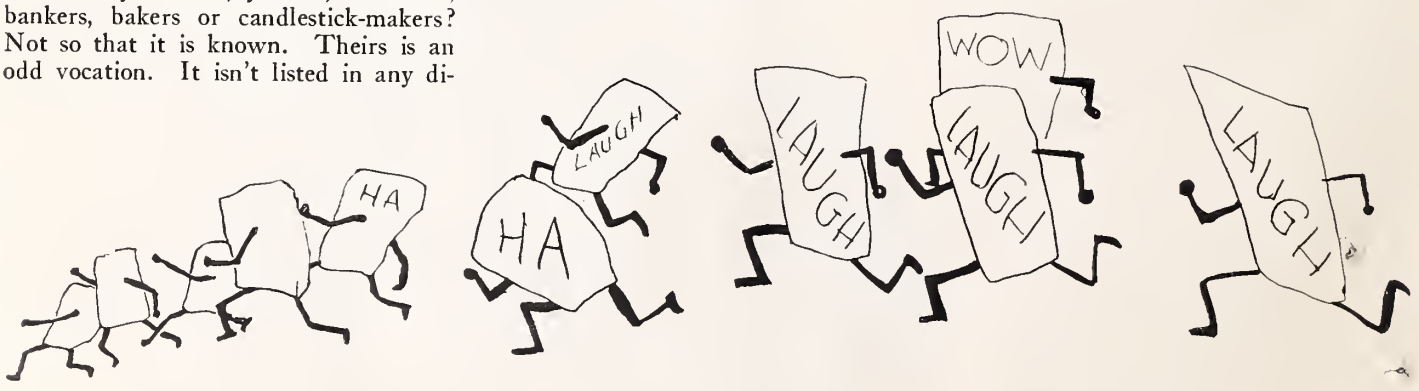
No fooling, as the Hollywood flapper would say. That's their business and they are quite the most successful purveyors of their particular commodity in the field of trade today. Their stock in trade is laughs, giggles, smiles, gags, smirks, chuckles, guffaws, titters, grins and for the carriage trade "paeans of joy" in special wrappings guaranteed to tickle the risibilities of the purchaser.

In other words, Denny-Seiter, Inc., are engaged in that tonsil-rending business—making the public laugh, through that much maligned media, the motion picture, sometimes called, *the cinema* and popularly known as, *the movies.*

The firm name is a hybrid—most things the celluloid touches are, and there are some bitter souls who even shout that the movies themselves are, too. Be that as it may, Denny-Seiter, Inc., is just the firm name for Reginald Denny, comedy star, and William Seiter, his director. The two in a brief span of time, have built up a reputation and a business that would turn many a bloated bond holder green with envy and cause a Florida real estate promoter to realize that after all he had only been playing in the sand.

It is not unfitting to compare Reginald Denny and William Seiter to a merchandising firm, for oddly enough, their latest joint effort, a picturization of the stage play "Take It From Me" has a department store as a background and Denny employs some merchandising methods in the story that are just as novel as those employed by Seiter and himself in manufacturing celluloid laughs.

There really isn't any secret to the success of the Denny-Seiter combination. They are just good merchants. The screen has been troubled of late by a



By BILL BRANCH

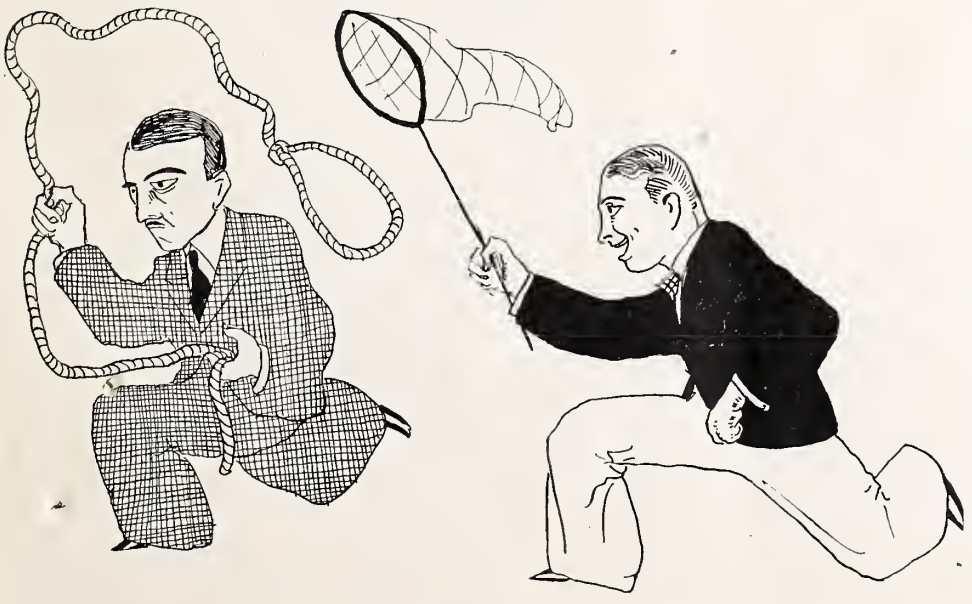
Illustrated by Carroll Graham

dearth of good material. Seiter hit upon the idea of transferring the most successful of the old stage farces to the screen. Denny has an individual manner of playing farce and even old and hackneyed situations take on a freshness with his interpretation. Together they evolved a new method of presenting farce. Somebody did the same thing with ice-cream when he made Eskimo Pie. Both are making good.

Just what is this Denny-Seiter touch, that brings the admissions into the box office? Anyone who has sat through a revival of some of the farces of yesteryear would be inclined to disagree that they are funny. The "wow" of 1910 is a "dud" today. Perhaps no better example of the Denny-Seiter system could be employed than the department store sequence in their latest combined effort "Take It From Me."

There is nothing exceedingly funny today in a rich man inheriting a department store with the proviso that he run it at a profit for a certain period of time or lose it to a diabetic old employe. Stranger codicils than that fill the public prints every morning. On the stage in the pre-Volstead era, with a bevy of girls warbling a ditty and wearing few clothes, somehow it seemed exceedingly funny and "Take It From Me" was quite a successful musical comedy.

Just how did "Reg" Denny and "Bill" Seiter handle this situation, They had Denny inherit the department store, but that was only the beginning. Denny had some original ideas of just how a modern department store should be operated. Having spent most of his life at debutante teas and balls, he decided that it would be much smarter and more restful to the eyes if the sales-girls wore evening gowns. He places the salesmen in dinner coats and then to speed things up a bit had the floor-walkers mounted on roller-skates. Having created a society atmosphere for his store and recalling that favors were always distributed at the dances he attended he proceeded to arrange an attractive present for every customer with the result that the store enjoyed larger crowds than ever before in its history and the stock left the shelves faster than any merchandising manager in his wildest dreams could have desired.



Milk wagons were too common to be funny when "What Happened to Jones" materially strengthened the George Broadhurst fortunes more than a decade ago, but when Denny pressed one into service to make a get-away in his picturization of that stage play it corralled more than a few laughs.

It is this different way of presenting old situations—which after all is salesmanship of the highest order, that is making Denny-Seiter, Inc., the most successful merchants of laughter in the industry.

My Guide

by HOMER B. WRIGHT

Sojin plays a wise-cracking Americanized Oriental, typical of the Barbary Coast rather than a "mysterious" Oriental.

A whole story of grimly fought battles in sinister dives is told in this characterization of Singapore Joe done by Lon Chaney.

"Lon Chaney in 'Road to Mandalay' broke all records at Loew's State by over thousand dollars on hot summer day in slack season."

THIS wire is a sample, they tell me, of wires received every once in a while at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios — the once in a while usually being when an "Unholy Three" a "Blackbird" or a "Road to Mandalay" dawns on the screen.

All of which is interesting to me, at least, because it is my business to know pictures, to know what pictures will make money and to know who makes the pictures that are reasonably sure-fire bets at the box office.

An ever growing guide to the kind of picture that can be counted on to prove out at the box office is the man who makes 'em. I don't mean the producer, nor the players, but the director—the man who actually does the making of picture, who translates the story from the written page of the script to the silver sheet.

To me there is one man whom I have learned to depend upon absolutely. His name on the main title as director is a reasonable surety of the box-office values that I am looking for. That man is Tod Browning.

I consider that Browning is literally the Midas of the screen; every picture he touches turns to gold. He doesn't make expensive pictures; in fact, his casts are small and his settings very modest—but there is something about them that brings gold into the coffers of the exhibitor until he wires triumphant messages to the studio.

Tod Browning is one of the greatest commercial successes in pictures—but he is not a commercial director. He doesn't think of pictures in terms of money; he never pays any attention either to spending or saving it.

His methods are unique. And, reduced down to the essence, they consist largely of common-sense as applied to the drama. Browning doesn't debate on what the public wants; he does not delve into methods of other hits; he doesn't bother about spectacle, rules, or precedents.

Summed up, his psychology is this:

"Make your characters interesting; if they are not interesting they just clutter up your picture and pile on the payroll."

If the characters are interesting, he argues, they are entertaining. And, plus this—they must be real.

There are no "artistic" light-effects in Tod Browning's pictures detracting attention from the drama. There is no attempt made to gloss over the stark realism of life with glitter or camouflage.

He finds interesting people—and films them as they are. That is the whole secret of Tod Browning's Midas-like touch. He tells the truth—and the

To Box Office Values

WHAT makes a picture successful?" Perhaps in the long run the man best qualified to answer is the exhibitor; his fate rests on the financial success or failure of the film he shows; he must in self-defense study box-office angles, and learn what elements that go into a picture spell success or failure.

Homer B. Wright, managing director of Loew's State Theatre, nationally known as one of the "Big Six" among theatrical managers, and a man held by Joseph M. Schenck, Louis B. Mayer to be one of the greatest managers in America, here offers one formula for successful pictures from the box-office standard. It is a critical study and analysis of one of the most successful directors of box-office successes.

Mr. Wright has been twenty-one years in the film business; is a former manager of the World Film Company's western division, former manager of the Jensen-Von Herberg Circuit and of the Independent Exhibitor's Circuit of the Northwest.

The man himself: Tod Browning looks like a business man and never wears the trappings of the conventional director.

truth finds the readiest market—that is all.

As an instance, take "The Road to Mandalay," his latest production, and a sensational commercial success. Let us follow his handling of its characters and its story.

In the first place, he violated all the rules of film construction—because the average film story wouldn't happen in real life. He has a renegade of the underworld (Lon Chaney) who in his better days was a likeable fellow enough, had a wife and baby—lost the wife, turned the baby over to a convent because, being a sea captain he couldn't take her to sea—and then, alone on the ocean, corroded his mental fibre by constant brooding and loneliness. No mystery about it—no illogical downfall. It happens.

So—we pick up this character in a Singapore dive, a terror in an Oriental underworld. His history is told by his face—one of Chaney's masterpieces of makeup. There is a knife-slash across the face—an eye, staring, white—blind—they tell at a glance of desperate knife battles with Lascars, Malays, and Chinese in the den of the water front. That face is a story in itself—and arouses wrapt interest from its first glance.

There is his crony—an Oriental gangster. Sojin Kamiyama plays the role. He might have made him a mysterious Oriental in black robe and Mandarin cap—the accepted thing in Oriental villains.

But—people are used to that. Sojin would simply have been another one. So Browning examined into real life. What kind of a man would this character really be? He found out.

The result—Sojin plays a "wise" Oriental, educated in San Francisco's Chinatown and the Barbary coast, and returned with all the vices of America added to his own innate talents in this line. He is a "cocky" Chinese, proud of his Americanized ways—of his "sheik" clothes and his trick cigarette lighters—of his conquests along the fair in San Francisco's underworld—and added to this he has all the sinister knowledge of his own race. Interesting—and new—because one seldom sees a real life character in such a role. There are many just like "English Charlie Wing" in San Francisco—and in Singapore.

Owen Moore plays a former navy officer degenerated by drink into a smuggler and partner in the dive. No crushing disappointment drove him to drink—he drank because he liked it—and degenerated because it's the natural thing for a drunkard to do. Still—at heart he's still a gentleman. Despite popular drama, one can be a drunkard and still often be a gentleman—for it's done in life. When he meets a girl he falls in love with he quits drinking—not in a dramatic regeneration that suggests an Aimee Semple MacPherson revival meeting—but in a quiet sensible way. He just gets ashamed of himself and quits—as many a one of us have in real life.

One doesn't see those characters on the screen nowadays.

(*Continued on Page 53*)

WHY

Producer, stars and director discuss details of the picture. Al Christie, Phyllis Haver, Harrison Ford and Scott Sidney.

JUST THE other day one of my friends in the business said "Al, will you tell me why you step out and pay big money for stage successes to make feature comedies when you could build 'em to order just like the two-reelers?"

There's a lot of argument pro and con which could be involved in the answer, plenty of people who will say there are a hundred scenario writers in Hollywood who could write plots as funny as "The Nervous Wreck." Maybe they could. But I am not that much of a gambling man.

The real answer is Attractions. Why are fabulous sums asked for "Abie's Irish Rose?" And why are the authors of big stage successes literally besieged with offers for the movie rights? Because the authors have caught something which struck the public fancy. They have registered a success. The fact that they had a success on the stage doesn't guarantee a movie success, but it is a darn good start.

It is no secret that we are negotiating with the Duncan Sisters and the author of "Topsy and Eva." Why? Because it is an attraction to the public. It is something that multitudes would want to see, and it is real material just like "Up in Mabel's Room" which we have already done and just as "The Nervous Wreck" is material of a high and unusual calibre.

Harrison Ford as the Nervous Wreck attempts to analyze his symptoms.

An interesting story by the way is the manner in which "Up in Mabel's Room" got to the screen. We were committed in advance many months ago to the making of a certain feature. It had been sold to several thousand exhibitors under two different titles, both of which were rejected while production plans for the year were being made. We were faced with two alternatives, either make something in a hurry, probably built to order in our scenario department, and fulfil contracts for the "third Christie feature" or step out and get an *attraction* with box office drawing power, star, cast, etc. We chose the latter

I Gambled Big Money for a Comedy Plot

By AL CHRISTIE

course, bought "Up in Mabel's Room," put into it Marie Prevost and other high-salaried and high-calibre artists and were justified in the procedure because the picture is playing many A-1 theatres and grossing big money which it would not have done had a "cheater" been filmed to fill the gap.

When we negotiated for the rights to "The Nervous Wreck" we were not gambling. We were investing a certain amount of money in potential drawing power of something which made thousands of people loosen up their belts, throw off all restraint and laugh when they saw it on the stage.

That's one thing. The other is, I

(*Continued on Page 54*)

IT IS a pretty well established fact," says Al Christie, head of the comedy producing organization that bears his name and one of the pioneer comedy producers of the industry, "that of all the types of pictures which appeal to the public at large there are two outstanding 'draws' —big outdoor productions in the Western atmosphere, and feature comedies — 'The Nervous Wreck' is probably the first big comedy which has a locale in the West—It combines these two elements. That's why I bought it."

The Nervous Wreck regains his own equanimity but comes very near making nervous wrecks of Paul Nicholson and Clarence Burton, who seek exit, while Mack Swain hides behind a post,, Charles Gerrard and Vera Stedman seek refuge behind a chair, Hobart Bosworth seeks protection from another post and Chester Conklin crouches at his feet, but Phyllis Haver seems unconcerned.

NEW PICTURES IN THE MAKING

Tom Mix and Dorothy Sebastian in a scene from "The Arizona Wildcat" directed by R. William Neill (Fox).

Activities at Fox

At Fox Films West Coast Studio work is progressing briskly on the company's 1926-1927 program.

Raoul Walsh has completed shooting on "What Price Glory" and Edmund Lowe, who impersonates Sergeant Quirt, is en route to England to play the role of Sim Pari in Harry Beaumont's production, "One Increasing Purpose" for Fox.

Victor Schertzinger is well on the way with "The Return of Peter Grimm," featuring Alec. B. Francis.

Irving Cummings and his company, starring Olive Borden, in "The Country Beyond" have returned from location in Jasper National Park, Alberta, Canada. They are now shooting interiors at the Western avenue studio.

John Griffith Wray is filming exteriors for "Upstream" at Fox Hills, with Dolores Del Rio and Walter Pidgeon in the leading roles.

Frank Borzage, who has just completed "Marriage License?" based on "The Pelican," featuring Alma Rubens, is preparing for "Seventh Heaven."

Ben Stoloff is preparing for the next Tom Mix picture. This will be "The Canyon of Light," which will be photographed in Colorado.

Richard Walling, Alma Rubens and Walter E. McGrail in "The Pelican," a Frank Borzage production for Fox.

Tom Mix and his troupe under the direction of Lewis Seiler, are shooting exteriors in Colorado for "The Great K and A Train Robbery," and Buck Jones has just completed "White Eagle" under direction of Orville Dull.

Barbara Luddy, comedienne, has just completed her role in "Honeymoon Hospital," under direction of Zion Meyers and Jean Ford.

Robert Edeson as "The Devil's Master" mediates between William Russell and George O'Brien in one of the many sensational scenes in the John Ford production of the same title. (Fox).

Marie Prevost and Josephine Crowell as they will be seen in "For Wives Only" which has just entered production at Metropolitan.

Kathryn Perry and Allan Forrest, having completed "Easy Payments" one of the "Helen and Warren" series under direction of Tom Buckingham, are about ready to begin another.

Jack Blystone is preparing "Wings of the Storm" and is engaged in selecting his cast for this fine dog story in which Virginia Brown Faire and Harry Woods will have leading roles.

Al Ray is making preparations for shooting "Whispering Wires" and R. William Neill is preparing for "The City."

Max Gold and Al Davis have just completed the animal comedy, "The Lying Tamer."

Christie Studios

Getting under way to a flying start with four comedies being produced for Educational release, the Christie studios have begun their season of shooting which will include a total of thirty two-reel comedies, both regular Christie and star series groups for issuance during the period which will start next August and continue through June 1927.

In "The Daffy Dill" Burns will be supported by Edna Marian, a leading lady who is new to Christie Comedies, Natalie Joyce and Bill Irving. William Watson directed this comedy with Gus Peterson and Frank Sullivan as the cameraman. It is a story written by Keene Thompson. Working with Watson in the new series of comedies is William Holland, a veteran assistant director who has recently joined the Christie studios and who will assist Watson and other directors alternately.

Jimmie Adams in his first comedy for the 1926-27 season.

The first of the Bobby Vernon comedies will be called "Dummy Love," so named from one of the sequences in the comedy said to be among the funniest ever turned out in the studio. Harold Beaudine is directing this comedy which was written by Sig Herzig. Vernon is supported by Frances Lee, whose contract with Christie has been renewed, by Thelma Daniels, a new Christie girl as second lead, George Hall, Jack Duffy and Eddie Baker. With the addition of Duffy and Baker, two of the standbys in the Christie stock company, the Vernon comedy gets one of the biggest two-reel casts of the season.

The first of the Jimmie Adams comedies produced by Christie will be a novel idea executed in a beauty parlor. Charlotte Merriam will be the leading lady with Adams in this comedy. The cast is further strengthened by the addition of Eddie Lambert, famous stage comedian who is at present appearing in the Will Morrissey revue in Los Angeles, Blanche Payson, the character comedienne of large avoirdupois, is also in the cast. This comedy was written by Frank Roland Conklin but is yet untitled.

Jack Duffy is featured in the second Christie comedy of the new series which will be one of the biggest in crowds and excitement of the group. It revolves around a prize fight with Jack Duffy the innocent bystander taking most of the bumps. Walter Graham is making this with Vilet Burd and Evelyn Francisco, the girls in the cast, Phil Salvadore and Kid Wagner, two real prize fighters of some note, playing parts in the picture and Eddie Baker and Bill Irving also prominent comedy roles.

Billy Dooley's first appearance will be in one of his popular sailor roles. He has been referred to as the sappy sailor and the crazy sailor but this will be his craziest role to date.

He will appear as the hypnotic subject of Jack Duffy, an amateur hypnotist, allowing full scope for the wild antics which Dooley can perform to perfection. Molly Malone plays the girl

Irvin S. Cobb, who is writing an original screen story for Cecil B. DeMille, to be called "Turkish Delight" and May Robson famous figure of the American stage who will appear in the picture.

lead. This comedy will be directed by William Watson who has already filmed most of the Dooley successes in Christie Comedies of the past season. The story was written by Sig Herzig, and it will be photographed by William Wheeler and Jack Breamer.

Cecil B. deMille Studio

With the nearing of completion of the largest and most modern stage to be found in any studio, and the addition of forty-two acres to the south of the former studio property, the DeMille plant is well qualified to take care of the heavy production schedule now in force there.

Jack Duffy, Kid Wagner, Bill Irving and Eddie Baker in the first Christie-Duffy comedy of the new season.

George Jessel in Warner Bros. production "Private Izzy Murphy."

Monte Blue and Myrna Loy in Warner Bros. production "Across The Pacific."

Irene Rich and Stuart Holmes in Warner Bros. production "My Official Wife."

Cecil B. deMille himself is completing plans for the filming of "The King of Kings," which he plans to make his most memorable screen offering and actual filming on this tremendous subject will be started early in August. Jeanie Macpherson is preparing the scenario and a vast amount of research has been accomplished in bringing this life of Christ to the screen. Frank Urson and William Cowan, formerly Dimitri Buchowtezki's assistant, will assist DeMille in the filming of this powerful subject and practically the entire ensemble of DeMille stock players, as well as a number of outside players of prominence will be cast for the many Biblical roles.

Production has started on "The Yankee Clipper," which Rupert Julian is directing with William Boyd, Elinor Fair and Junior Coghlan in the featured roles. This is a story by Denison Clift dealing with the struggle between America and England for the commercial supremacy of the sea in 1850 and promises to be one of the most spectacular productions to come from the DeMille studio.

William deMille has practically completed the filming of "For Alimony Only," in which Leatrice Joy stars and preparations are being made to start production on "Vanity," Miss Joy's next feature, within a few weeks. Both of these are from original screen stories by Lenore J. Coffee. In "For Alimony Only," Leatrice Joy is supported by Lilyan Tashman, Clive Brook, Casson Ferguson and Toby Claude.

Reflecting the enthusiasm that "Gigolo" aroused at its pre-view showing, Rod La Rocque has started work on "The Cruise of the Jasper B," a screen farce from the scintillant pen of Don "Marquis." This is being directed by James Horne, who recently signed with DeMille.

Vera Reynolds is in the midst of "Corporal Kate," an original story written especially for her by Zelda Sears. Paul Sloane is directing this picture, which deals for the first time with the woman's side of the great war and the supporting cast includes Kenneth Thomson, new DeMille "find," Julia Faye and Majel Coleman.

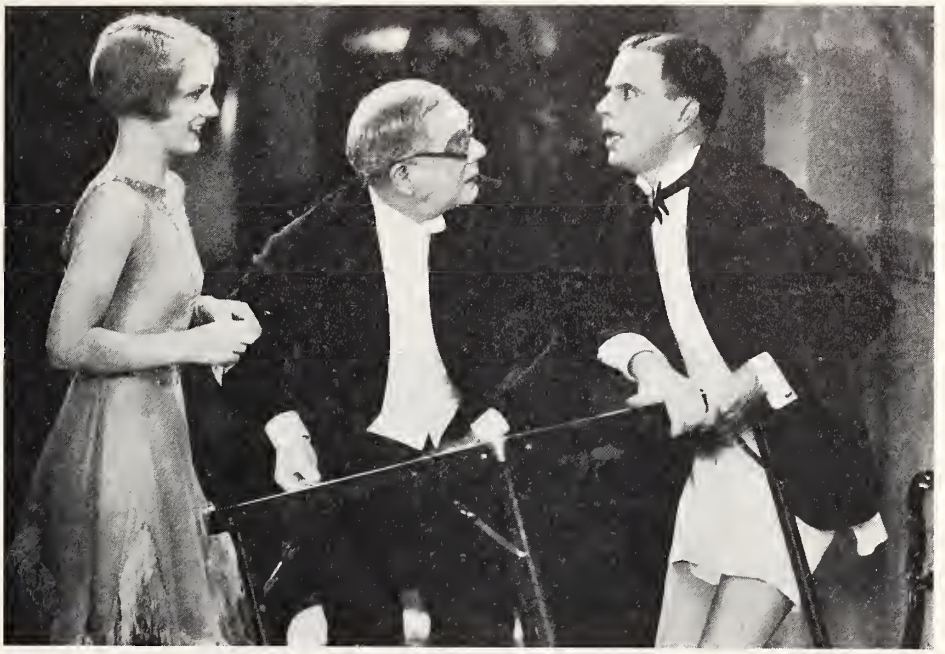
With William K. Howard handling the megaphone, Jetta Goudal is starring in "White Gold," a picture which offers her a role in keeping with her exotic personality.

Metropolitan Studios

The majority of interest at Metropolitan Studios is centered in "The Last Frontier," a picturization of Courtney Ryley Cooper's widely-read novel of the pioneer West. This is undoubtedly the most ambitious production to come from the Metropolitan plant. The direction is by George B. Seitz and the cast includes William Boyd, Marguerite De La Motte, Jack Hoxie, J. Farrell MacDonald, Gladys Brockwell, Mitchell Lewis, Junior Coghlan, Sally Rand and Frank Lackteen. Will M. Ritchey, who adapted the story to the screen, also supervised the production.

Promptly upon her return to Hollywood from a belated honeymoon trip to New York, Mary Prevost faced the cameras for "For Wives Only," under the direction of Victor Heerman. Anthony Coldewey adapted this story to the screen from the Hungarian stage success, "The Critical Year," by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Bachwitz. The supporting cast includes Victor Varconi, Claude Gillingwater, Arthur Hoyt, Josephine Crowell, William Courtright, Charles Gerrard and Dorothy Cummings. F. McGrew Willis is supervising this production.

Marguerite De La Motte and John Bowers are appearing together for the first time since they were signed by Metropolitan in "Pals in Paradise," first of a series of Peter B. Kyne stories to be produced by this organization. George B. Seitz, who signed a long-term contract to direct for Metropolitan as the result of his splendid handling of "The Last Frontier," will direct "Pals in Paradise." Will M. Ritchey, who adapted the story, is also supervising this picture.



Constance Howard, Douglas McLean and George Pearce in "Ladies First" directed by William Beaudine.

After a brief rest following the completion of "West of Broadway," Priscilla Dean has started work on "Jewels of Desire," an original screen story by Agnes Parsons. Paul Powell makes his debut under a newly signed Metropolitan contract as the director of this feature, which Jack Cunningham is supervising. Arnold Gray, new Metropolitan "find" is again Miss Dean's leading man.

The Metropolitan Studio is also the scene of production for "Just Off Broadway," Corinne Griffith's new starring feature for First National, Harold Lloyd's latest comedy for Paramount, and "Forever After," which B. P. Fineman is producing for First National.

Red Grange and Mary McAllister in "The Halfback." (F. B. O.).

Alberta Vaughn and Donald Keith in Miss Vaughn's first starring vehicle for F. B. O., "The Collegiate."

Associated Studios

Someone criticized Douglas MacLean's last picture, "That's My Baby," as being slow in getting started, so Douglas got mad and says that the first two reels of "Ladies First," the tentative title of his new picture now being made at the Associated Studios, will be so speedy that it will be difficult to read the titles. The story opens in New York, dashes madly to Cherbourg, Gibraltar, Naples and winds up in the African veldt where the lions are plentiful and unusually hungry. More gags—all advance 1927 models—will be introduc-

ed in this picture than any in which MacLean has ever played.

The cast includes Walter Hiers, Constance Howard, Wade Boteler, George Pearce and Cyril Chadwick. William Beaudine is directing.

At Warner Brothers

Shooting has started on "Across the Pacific," Warner Brothers film of the Spanish American War, starring Monte Blue. Jane Winton has the leading feminine role with Blue, while Myrna Loy, Tom Wilson, Walter McGrail, Herbert Pryor, Ed Kennedy, Charles Stevens, Theodore Lorch, and SoJin comprise the supporting cast. Roy Del Ruth is directing with Ross Ledderman assisting and Byron Haskins and Frank Kesson on first and second cameras respectively. Darryl Francis Zanuck wrote the adaption from the stage play by Charles E. Blaney.

Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in a scene from the Samuel Goldwyn production, "Barbara Worth," directed by Henry King.

"My Official Wife," is in production as Paul Stein's first American production for Warner Brothers. Irene Rich and Conway Tearle are featured with Stuart Holmes, John Miljan, Gustav Von Seyfferitz, Emil Chautard, Sidney Bracey, N. Vatitch, Milla Davenport, Willard Hall, Russell Ritchie, Tom Costello and Pleschkoff, Jr. also in the cast. Stein's assistant is Henry Blanke, with David Abel and Willard Van Enger on first and second cameras. Graham Baker wrote the screen version of the Richard Henry Savage play.

"Private Izzy Murphy," George Jessel's first film for Warner Brothers is in production with an all-star cast which includes Patsy Ruth Miller in the feminine lead, and Vera Gordon, Nat Carr, William Strauss, Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Douglas Gerrard, "Spec" O'Donnell and Jack Raymond. Henry Lehrman is handling the megaphone with Sandy Roth and Ted Stevens assisting and Virgil Miller and Walter Robinson, cranking the cameras. The scenario is by Philip Lonergan from the original story by Raymond L. Schrock and Edward Clark.

"Broken Hearts of Hollywood" is finished and Lloyd Bacon, who directed is busy cutting. The all-star cast includes Patsy Ruth Miller, Louise Dresser, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jerry Miley, Stuart Holmes, Barbara Worth, Dick Sutherland, Emile Chautard, Anders Randolph, George Nichols and Sam De Grasse. Graham Bakers, adaption is from the original screen story by Raymond L. Schrock and Edward Clark.

"The Doormat," a screen version of the play by Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler, adapted by Mary O'Hara is also being edited. The cast co-stars Willard Louis and Irene Rich with Helene Costello, John Patrick, Jane Winton, Virginia Lee Corbin, Harold Goodwin, Robert Brower, Holmes Herbert and Jason Robards supporting. James Flood directed.

Editing is nearly finished on "Manon Lescaut," John Barrymore's starring film, which Alan Crosland directed from the scenario by Bess Meredyth. Dolores Costello again plays Barrymore's leading lady while Sam De Grasse, Holmes Herbert, Warner Oland, Marcelle Corday, Charles Clarey, Templar Saxe, Eugenie Besserer, Rose Dione, Bertram Grasby, Noble Johnson, Stuart Holmes, Tom Sanschi and Tom Wilson are prominent in the supporting roles.

"The Better Ole," Syd Chaplin's last starring picture is nearly completed, Charles Chuck Reisner having been working steadily on the editing of this film. Doris Hill, Harold Goodwin, Theodore Lorch, Ed. Kennedy, Charles Gerrard, Tom McGuire, Jack Ackroyd, Tom Kennedy, Arthur Clayton and Kewpie Morgan comprise the supporting cast.

Charles Reisner and Darryl Francis Zanuck adapted the screen story from the original Captain Bruce Bairnsfather stage play.

"The Gay Old Bird," is being scenarized by Charles Whittaker as a co-starring feature for Louise Fazenda. The original story is by Virginia Dale.

Leatrice Joy and Clive Brook in the William DeMille production "For Alimony Only."

"What Happened to Father," which Lloyd Bacon will direct with George Sidney, Vera Gordon, and Nat Carr in the featured roles, is being scenarized by Graham Baker and Edward Clark.

"The Third Degree," is being adapted by Bess Meredyth, for early production.

News From the F. B. O. Lot

Reaves Eason is directing Fred Thomson in "Lone Hand Saunders" for FBO. Bess Flowers has the leading feminine role, with Frank Hagney,

eccentric dancing, and does a couple of hours practice work every morning before coming to the studio.

"I'm always being asked, at parties, to do something to help entertain," said Syd. "I tried singing, but met with no enthusiasm from other guests. I think I've about played out on magic tricks. So now I shall be able, when asked to help entertain, to go into my dance."

* * *

Talking Pictures Now

A NEW talking machine to be used in connection with pictures has come into the field. It isn't likely that the talking pictures ever will be a reality, because nobody wants to hear pictures talk! One charm about pictures, in this age of noise, is their restful silence. But, outside the realm of pure entertainment, they will be valuable. For teaching languages, for instance. A picture of an object could be shown, and at the same time the student could get the exact accent of the object's name. Interesting travelogue lectures could be given by means of this machine also.

I saw a few "rushes" and a demonstration, the other day.

And right then and there I could imagine another use for the talking sychronization. Indeed I hear that one very great picture now being made is to use it.

Cannot you imagine the force and effectiveness of a few words coming from the characters at some tremendous moment in the story? That, I think, will be the use of the "talkies" in the "movies."

Stars must have their hobbies—so they say? Anyway here are Vera Reynolds and Syd Chaplin riding "hobbies" that look interesting.

* * *

Topsy and Eva Controversy

IT IS going to be rather difficult for Universal to find just the right combination of players for the roles of Topsy and Eva in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

From Lois Weber I learn that she is very anxious indeed to see Rosetta Duncan as Topsy. She also likes Vivian Dunfor Miss Weber's idea of Little Eva. But it would be well nigh impossible to separate the sisters, for this production. Also the public has come to think of them together.

* * *

Anna Q. In Comedy?

POOR Anna Q. Nilsson looked as though she were all ready for comedy, the other day.

It was at the new First National Studios in Burbank, on a hot day. Anna Q.'s chair back had been freshly painted with her name on the inside of the back—it being one of those canvas chairs used by the higher-ups to rest in when the owner is not actually working in a scene.

I never really believed those comedies when I saw paint come off in exact designs on the grand dames' backs after they had been leaning against some picture or sign. But now I know it can come true.

The stately Anna was dressed in a backless evening gown, and was resting gracefully in her chair. The director called her for a scene. Up she rose, and simultaneously we all giggled when, on Anna's priceless back we read the words, "Anna Q. Nilsson."

As it happened, Ruth Roland had her initials worked in brilliants on the back of her bizarre evening gown, and she exclaimed that Anna was probably jealous of her, and had decided to have her whole name showing in the picture!

(*Continued on Page 52*)

BEHIND

TO OUR old friend Lew Cody — the Spirit of *Beverage* Hills — goes the India-rubber Gardenia for possessing the "dualling-est" dual Personality in the films.

Gentleman of dignity and restraint . . . Hail fellow well-met. A home with exterior walls of cold grey cement . . . An entrance door of flaming red.

A Living-room of cheerful colors inviting comfort, good fellowship . . . a Dining-room of dignified old Mahog-

Home of
Mr. Lew Cody
Furnishings and Decorations by
Be-Hannesey Art Studio

Hospitable Dignity: *An unusual treatment is accorded this Dining room in the absolute absence of all floor covering, the inlaid floor adding to the richness of the Antique-finish Mahogany furniture. The hangings are of golden silk Pongee, fringed in black.*

Warm Friends: *A cozy fireplace of rough brick, enhanced with old iron and a beaten-copper fire screen.*

The "Bull" in the center is a very rare form of Incense Burner from East India, done in iron with silver inlay and beautifully etched.

THE PORTALS

By NATE GATZERT

any, heightened by tall Host chairs and staid side benches.

Guest-rooms in soft greens and orchids, with French period furniture and canopied beds . . . . a Master-room in rich Walnut with a dash of Lavender in the hangings.

A Den in Antique Walnut and red Pin-Seal Leather . . . and a replica of an Old English "Pub," done in Burnt Oak with Multi-colored Spanish leather upholstery.

And Oh! What an Ice Box.

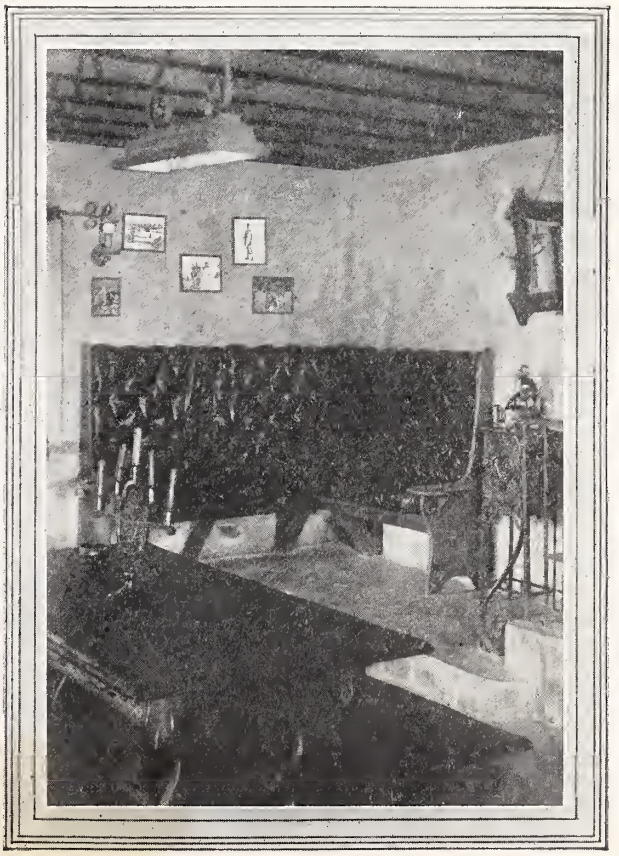
ROMEO AND —BEAUTY AND THE — MUSIC HATH CHARMS —*or write your own caption: A charming corner in the Living room. A very fine Batik hanging and an Antique Cashmir Paisley with deep hand-tied silk fringe.*

—Photo by William A. Fraker

SUNSHINE LAND: *A cheery Patio porch, with cool grey and gold Fibre furniture upholstered in bright colored tapestry.*

A Cocoa-fibre rug gay with splashes of Red, Green, Purple and Gold.

HAPPY DAYS: *In Days of Old when Ale was Cold—and whether one slept on or under the table was altogether a question of capacity. A replica of an old English "Pub."*



THE SEASON'S TREND IN

Beckman's Exclusive Fur Shop features gray and taupe shades in their finer garments. Here is shown a very elaborate wrap worn by Mae Bush. The generous collar and cuffs are of Russian Fox which also completes the panels on each side.

At Beckman's are displayed wraps of American Broadtail in gray, brown and beige shades—Irene Rich is wearing a youthful Jacquette model with pretty collar of fox in harmonizing shade.

Miss Bush selected a white evening wrap to wear in one of her recent pictures. The beautiful high collar of Russian white fox was especially becoming to her.

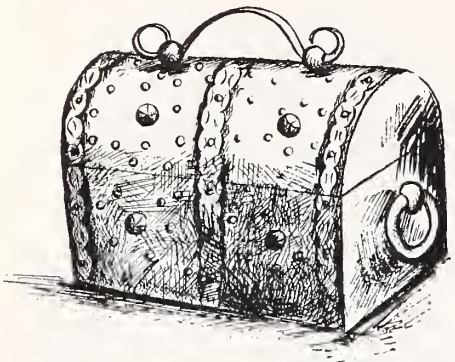
FURS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Olive Kirby displays another coat of White Russian Ermine which is so popular for evening wear. This wrap is styled in simple lines, the only trim in form of a large and flattering collar of white fox.

Krimmer is used extensively this Season in fashioning sport and street coats. Beckman's show a clever straight line coat in the gray shade as modeled here by Miss Rich.

Marguerite De La Motte poses in a lovely evening coat fashioned of White Russian Ermine. White Fox is used for the full cuffs and large collar extending as a rever down the front.

The things you're always needing and where to get 'em on Hollywood Boulevard



Imported iron cigar humidor, wood lined, a copy of an old seamen's chest; an appropriate gift for a man; shown by Balzer, Hollywood Boulevard.

Italian beaded bag, crochet rose design, bead fringe, shown by Wolf Bag Shop, 6535 Hollywood Boulevard.

Pearl Crey georgette crepe, relieved with silver buckle, shown by Swift & Co., Hollywood Boulevard.

A Batik dress by Liljedahl Bengtsson, 6515 Hollywood Boulevard, created from crepe de chine, yellow green body, sleeves in geranium red relieved with blue, green and black.

Marie Antoinette reproduction of famous painting in Paris museum made by Saragin, shown by Wolf Bag Shop, Hollywood Boulevard.

IN HOLLYWOOD'S Smartest Shops

THESE hot summer days when the sands and waves allure; what is more charming than the gay summer frock and the delightfully fresh tub dresses that suggest the brightness of English meadows. At Shayne's ladies wear shop, 6708 Hollywood Blvd., is shown a distinctive group of summer dresses at $16.95 that should attract every woman who is an expert shopper. Conspicuously smart styles are conceived in checked chiffons and taffeta in blouse effects with pleated skirts in all fashionable colors. There are also tub silks in striped contrasts of color, very gay and attractive and they are priced at $14.95.

* * *

THE Rue de la Paix will have to look to its laurels; for day by day Hollywood Boulevard is developing more and more the vogue of the individual salon. One of the newest and brightest of these is the Wolf Bag Shop, No. 2, at 6700 Hollywood, Blvd.—the Grauman Theatre Corner. Here you will see nothing but bags and no two alike. Every possible design and color for every possible use. Each one a gem from French, Italian and German makers. They are in Aubusson, petit Point and petit de Beauvais. The Wolf Shop makes a specialty of remodeling and repairing bags of all kinds—no need to cast aside your favorite bag because it shows the effect of long service. Two shops are operated by Mr. Wolf at 6535 and 6700 Hollywood Blvd. A visit to either of them is like a visit to an art gallery. The sales force is delightfully courteous in showing these important accessories to the toilet of milady chic.

* * *

"JUST what I wanted" will always be the answer if the gift comes from Balzer's Hollywood Gift Shop. Here a thousand charming novelties of distinction, useful as well as ornamental are displayed. Beautiful things from Europe, and American novelties that will satisfy every requirement of personal use as well as for the home. Clocks, vases, ash trays, pictures, tea cups, each one perfect and selected with consummate taste. If you are a visitor in Hollywood and are looking for gifts to send to friends you will find Balzer's a most helpful and obliging place to make your selection. Moreover they will pack and forward your purchase for you if necessary.

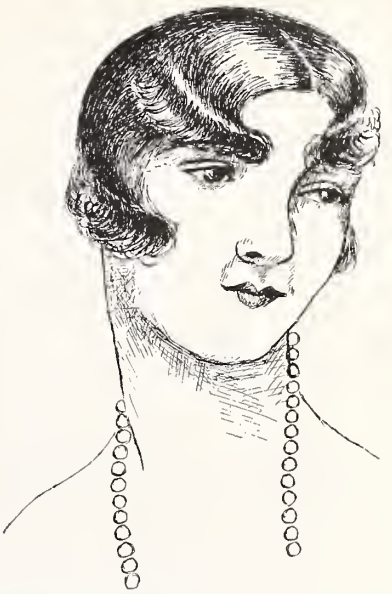
IF you can visualize the moving color of a Russian ballet or the variegated tints of a sudden rainbow developed in practical attire you have some idea of the exquisite artistry in design shown at the Batik shoppe 6515 Hollywood Blvd. To a woman the consciousness of being well dressed gives her a sense of tranquility that nothing else will bestow. The woman who does dress well knows that exclusiveness and individuality are the outstanding factors to be considered in choosing her apparel. This shop is today a favored place with women in quest of "something different." Here the fulfillment of her ideal in individuality and exclusiveness may be realized to their utmost. A speciality of this quaint shop is the making to order of Batik and hand-painted gowns, negligees, scarfs and handkerchiefs. Hand prepared designs offer a wide diversity of selection. Or, if you prefer, their artists will be pleased to adopt your own suggestions, following your own color and line. But why attempt in cold, black type to describe one of the most fascinating shops on the Boulevard? Drop in. There are plenty of handmade things to interest you.

* * *

ART not artifice is descriptive of the wonderful hair coloring done at Henry's under personal supervision at his hair-dressing establishment. Mr. Henry received his training and experience in one of the foremost hairdressing salons in Paris, which, as you no doubt know, is the authority in hair dressing in all its diversites. Mr. Henry employs a never-failing process that imparts a becoming, natural appearance to the lustre and color to one's hair. If your hair is faded, grey, streaked or poorly dyed, Mr. Henry can create a coloring that will delight you. Permanent waving is another branch of his business to which he devotes special attention. He is most cautious to adopt the particular tone to suit the individual complexion. With the bright colors in vogue this season brilliant hair colorings leading toward henna and blonde are adopted in Paris.

* * *

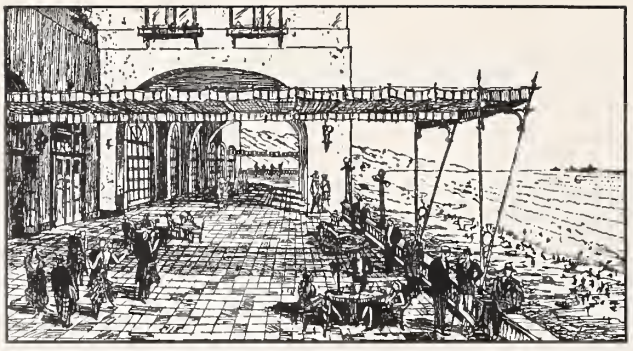
DELIGHTFUL in the extreme are the Fall styles just emerging from their packing boxes at the Ernest Swift shop. Here one can always depend upon that rare combination of smartness and distinction. The afternoon dresses are especially charming. Space will not allow a full description of all of them. A group of a few of the most individual will give you an idea. Quite the newest thing is a two-piece slip-on coat affair fashioned of silk Calvert in oak wood tones. There is nothing more flattering than these soft neutral colors. The coat is very striking with a new innovation in the line of its high neck. It buttons on the shoulder opening at the side. Satin ribbons in harmonizing tones of oak wood effectively trim the skirt and coat. A brown moire of smartly cut lines is a conspicuous new arrival. It is good to see moire come back for there are few fabrics that boast the atmosphere of elegance that this old-world silk conveys. A Jabot effect and belt of brown suede adds character and charm to this creation. Another delightful model is developed in crepe Romaine in a rich shade of attar of roses with the skirt embroidered in gold. It gives the atmosphere of shadowy gardens in old Versaille. Like Aladdin's lamp the new boxes at Ernest Swift's will answer every desire of your heart—If that desire is to be lovely and to be fashionable.



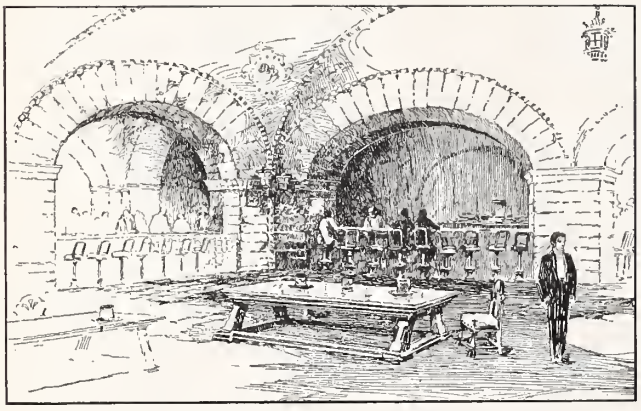
The newest style in hair dressing, the Napoleon Bob. The part extends down the back of the head. By Henry, Hollywood Boulevard.

* * *

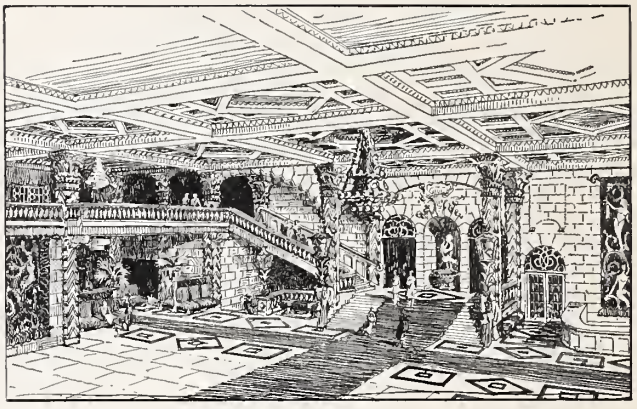
IN these days of short skirts, shoes have become ultra conspicuous and in consequence the manufacturer has conceived many new and delightful designs. The lattice effect is one of the newest conceptions and at Hackleman & Long's you'll see this idea employed in a large variety of ways and in all combinations of colors. Perhaps the most attractive thing about them is the modest price asked, only $8.50 per pair. The spike heel, so popular now, is seen to advantage in all models.



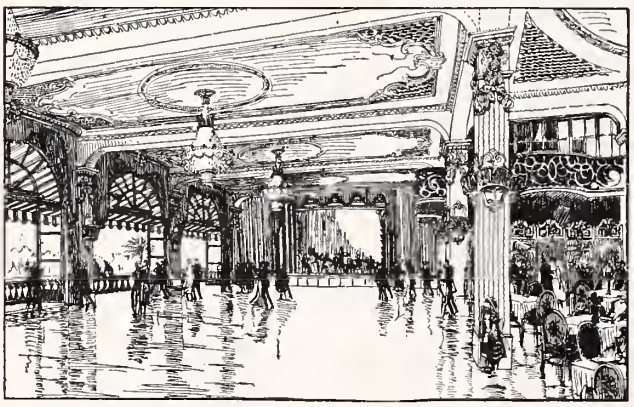
The Galleria Promenade



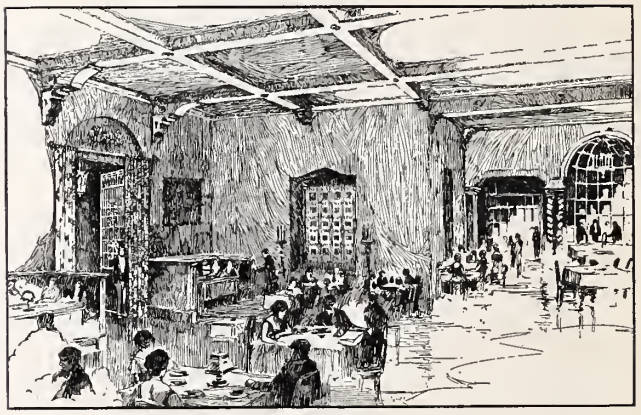
The Bathers' Grill



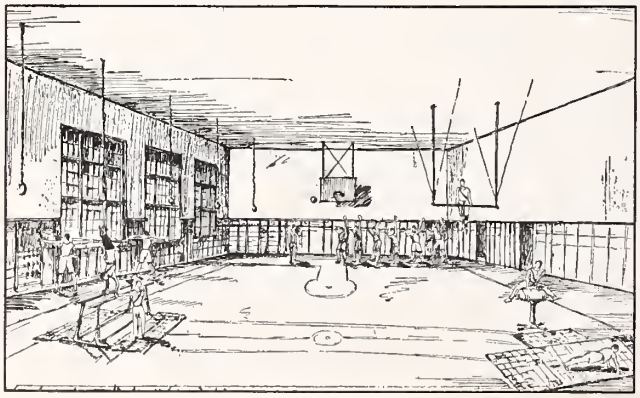
The Main Lobby



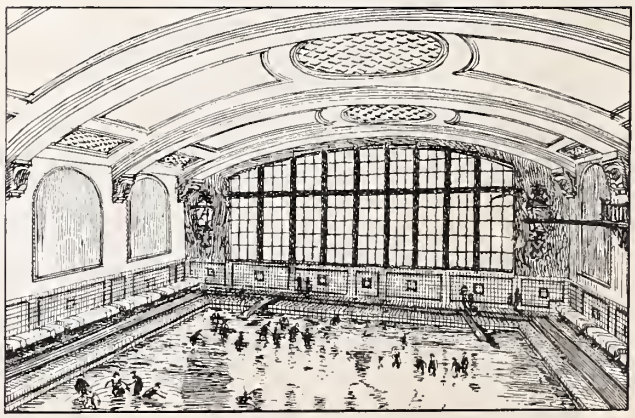
The Ballroom and Preview Theatre



The Main Dining Room



The Gymnasium



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By LARRY WEINGARTEN

IF THERE are any in Hollywood who think that the Four Marx Brothers are the funniest quartet alive let them now be advised that those genial gentlemen of vaudeville and musical comedy fame are mere pikers. The new comedy foursome laurels belong to Rupert Hughes, Irvin Cobb, George Jessel and Eddie Cantor.

At a sumptuous repast tendered to Irvin Cobb, one of the "biggest" writers in the country in the Playroom last month there was gathered more than two hundred representative film men and women to honor America's famous humorist. Never have the Writers listened to such merry persiflage. Each of the aforesaid celebrities took a resounding verbal smack at his brother artist and before the evening was over it became a free-for-all fun fest. Marc Connelly added to the wit of the evening by reciting his experiences in Hollywood. Donald Ogden Stewart, slated to contribute to the evening's entertainment was confined to his home with a bad attack of something or other.

* * *

New Plays

AL COHN will have charge of the next program of plays to be staged late this month. In all likelihood Benjamin Glazer will produce his playet, "The Birthday," a translation from the German, and Matt and Tom Moore will appear in an Irish skit titled "Rising Moon." Cohn recently was handed one of the choicest script assignments of the season when Universal delegated him to write the scenario for "Cat and the Canary," which Paul Leni will direct.

* * *

What They're Doing

RAY LESLIE GOLDMAN, the author, who has been absent for about a year has returned to Hollywood. Frank Condon is spending most of his time at Catalina writing fiction for the Satevepost and other famous gazettes. Glady's Unger the playwright has signed with C. B. de Mille. Mike Boylan has signed as head of the title department at Fox. Maude Fulton has also gone in for titles and is now under contract to F. B. O.

Eddie's Party

EDDIE CLINE, Mack Sennett director, gave a birthday party at The Writers last week in honor of his father. The chef reports no casualties among the dishware and the club manager asserts that nary a window pane was broken. Eddie looked very much disappointed when the waitress served for dessert an ice cream in place of a custard pie.

* * *

New Treasurer

JACK JASPER'S many friends will be happy to learn that he has completely recovered from his recent illness and is once more lounging around the club. Succeeding Jasper as treasurer of The Writers is Leeds Baxter, business manager for Marshall Neilan.

* * *

Writer For Jessel

EDWARD CLARK, the playwright and author of that famous crook play, "DeLuxe Annie" is working with George Jessel in the production of "Private Izzy Murphy" for Warner Brothers. Clark came to Hollywood originally at the behest of Jos. Schenck to do a picture for Constance Talmadge.

* * *

Photplay League

THE Photoplay League gave their initial performance at the Sherman Theater last week. "The Three Wax Works," the much talked of German production directed by Paul Leni who is now in Hollywood preparing to film "The Cat and the Canary" for Universal, and "Shattered" were screened together with a group of unusual short subjects. If the league can obtain a steady enough supply of films suitable for private previews their plan should be successful.

* * *

Editors Entertained

THE party given to the National Editorial Association by the producers at The Writers Club last month was the largest of its kind ever held in the west. With the assistance of the Wampas the Hays office under the direction of Fred Beetson staged an affair that will long be remembered by the editors and their families. More than eight hundred persons attended the luncheon and presentation of seventy-five of the most important stars in Hollywood. The charm and informality of The Writers made a great impression on the newspaper men and Donald Crisp is to be congratulated for his part in making the affair a success.

* * *

MILLARD WEBB whose stock rose way above par upon the release of "The Sea Beast" is now directing Jackie Coogan in the juvenile star's new M. G. M. production, "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut." Jackie's new film is adapted from a story written for him by the late Gerald Beaumont. In this film Master Coogan will be shorn of his famous Dutch bob.

* * *

* * *

FOR THE first time in forty years, Irvin Cobb was beaten at his own game. His classic book, "Speaking of Operations," paled into insignificance after four Wampas invalids told of their medical and surgical experiences. At the last meeting of the Wampas in the Playroom—a meeting attended by a brilliant gathering of writers, directors and playwrights—Pete Smith, George Landy, Al Wilkie and Harry Wilson recited the harrowing details of their operations and each brought their doctor along to prove it. After the audience had been enlightened on symptoms ranging from dandruff to falling of the trapeze, George Jessel, Marc Connelly and the guest of honor, Irvin Cobb, contributed to the merriment of the evening. Harry Brand presided.

* * *

It's An Ill Wind, Etc.

AIMEE'S "hutting" party has received great gobs of publicity, but of a strictly local variety while Rupert Hughes' famous Washington's Birthday speech was heard 'round the world. What was originally intended, according to Hughes as an innocent and complimentary appraisal of the virtues of the great leader became through misinterpretation a smirch on the character of the man Diogenes was looking for. Prior to that memorable event it's doubtful if

(*Continued on Page 53*)

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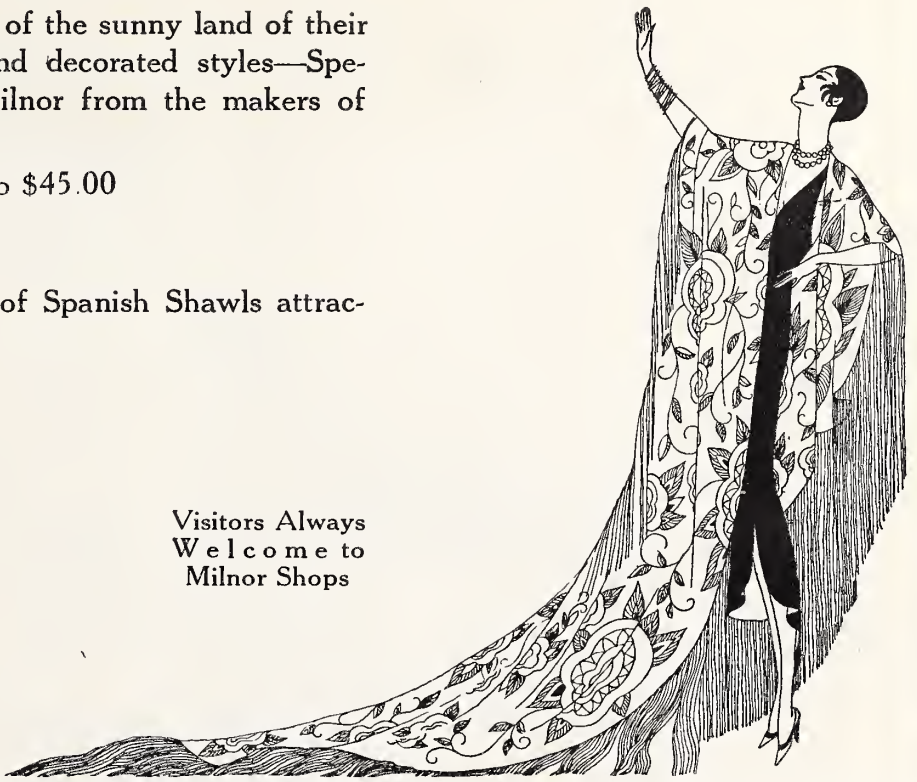

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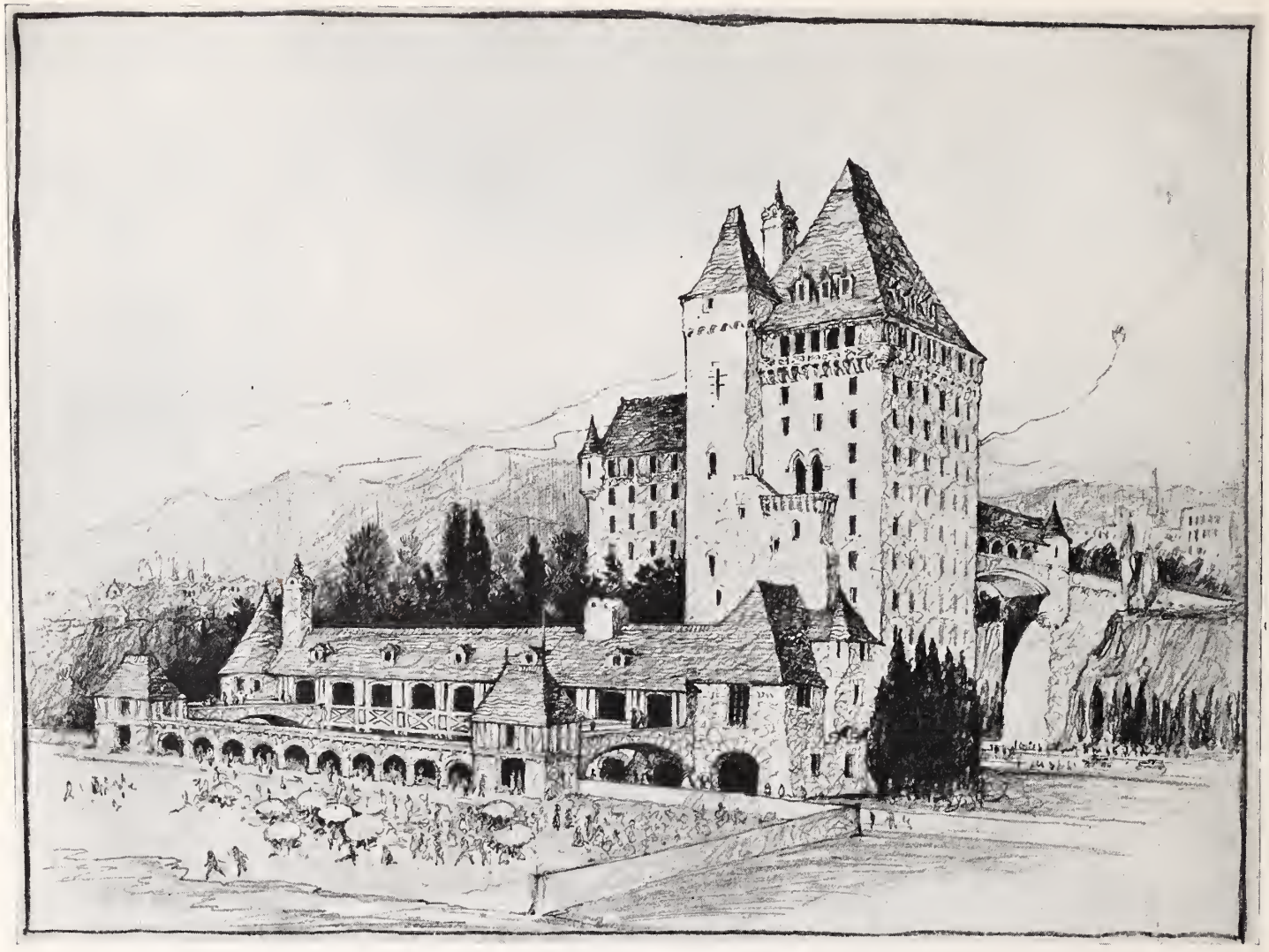

THE DEAUVILLE BEACH CLUB

PROFITING by the experience of the many beach clubs built during recent years in Southern California, in other sections of the United States, and abroad, and realizing that with an exceptionally large beach area, the organizers of the new Deauville Beach Club, at Santa Monica, are now having plans prepared for what it is believed will be the finest and largest building of this kind on the Pacific Coast.

The property on which the structure is to be erected is owned outright by the Deauville Beach Club Holding Company, which is composed of a group of well-known business men of Santa Monica, Los Angeles and Pasadena. In addition to the site for the building and to the beach itself, the company owns two lots at the top of the Palisades, directly opposite the site of the main building, and it is planned to utilize these lots to throw a great arched bridge over the electric railway tracks and the State highway, affording a direct entrance from Ocean Avenue, Santa Monica, to the club building, and obviating the necessity for club members to become involved in the heavy traffic of the beach highway.

It is planned to erect a height limit, class A building, with full complement of club and lounging rooms for men and women, card and smoking rooms, a great main dining room, private dining rooms, and a special dining room on the top floor of the main tower building. A special feature will be the huge outdoor plunge, protected on four sides by the wings of the building, with direct access to the dressing rooms and to the bather's grill.

The proposed new club has aroused such keen interest among members of the motion picture industry—actors, producers and directors—that the management of the Deauville Beach Club is now considering inclusion in plans for the building of special facilities for members of the club who are connected with the film industry.

Under this plan will be created what is essentially a club within a club. It is proposed that an entire floor be given over to club rooms, game rooms and dining rooms for special social affairs of the motion picture people; where business and semi-business meetings can be held. In addition, these motion picture members will have at their disposal at all times the full facilities of the club.

The interests of the motion picture industry are also represented on the Board of Governors of the club by Dallas M. Fitzgerald, independent motion picture producer, and prominently identified with the silver screen. Mr. Fitzgerald is also a member of the membership committee, and chairman of the entertainment committee.

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INTERIOR DECORATORS

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WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

(*Continued from Page 11*)

The lighting was, of course, terrible. The sets, considered quite magnificent in their day, paled into insignificance when compared to those of the modern two-reel comedy that followed the ancient film. And the acting was unforgettable. Each of the leading players took his turn at emoting in the center of the stage, glaring directly into the camera.

"The Birth of a Nation" was and is one of the greatest pictures ever made, because it told a great story and told it well, yet, from a technical standpoint it pales beside the epics of the present day. When it was reissued a year or two ago, fans who remembered it in its glory and saw it again to convince themselves that the new pictures did not compare with the old, wondered what was wrong with it. There could have been no more convincing proof of the changed standards that had come into the screen world.

Ten or twelve years ago we had the first film version of "Monte Cristo," a three-reeler that was looked upon as a masterpiece. But it seemed puny beside the "Monte Cristo" in which Jack Gilbert appeared five years ago. And that five-year old picture is far behind the pictures of today.

Make no mistake about it. Every film produced by the leading companies of today has points of distinct superiority over the best films of a few years ago.

Who deserves the credit for the improvement? Everybody. No single individual or group of individuals or succession of groups has brought about the result. Every picture fan, every exhibitor, producer, director, player, camera man, electrician and prop boy has played his part in bringing pictures up to their present standard.

Nothing is ever produced for which there is not a demand somewhere. It is a patent fact that tastes and standards and ambitions are never stationary. Fixed conditions become wearisome. Because nothing human is ever perfect, there is always someone to demand that improvements be made and always someone to meet the demand and create the improvement.

Every time the film makers have felt that they had practically reached the acme they have discovered that the picture going public becomes restive under monotony and waning box-office receipts compelled the production of better pictures.

After all, it resolves itself into the fact which is finally becoming realized that the interests of everyone concerned, producer, exhibitor and fan are practically identical. That is why we have the rapidly developing movement to coordinate the sentiments of all three to work toward ever improved standards.

In the past, the ideas that have emanated from the three sources have usually reached the spot where they would do the most good by extremely circuitous routes.

It is easy to imagine that as far back as the earliest pictures, some interested picturegoer thought of something that he conceived as a possible improvement. He probably suggested it to some other fan, who in turn passed it on. At some time, that vagrant idea came to the attention of someone definitely in pictures and was seized upon, found to be worth while and incorporated into production.

Countless persons, perhaps, played a small part in bringing that single idea to the point of execution. The same is true of every new idea that means improvement. The producer sees one angle of possible betterment, the director another, the actor, the technical man, the exhibitor and last and most important of all, the fan who pays the bills still others. And if they are good, they all eventually find their way into the finished product on the screen.

Everybody contributes to the improvement, everybody is in part responsible for it. This is true in everything else in human life.

The automobile of today would be the same crude mechanism of twenty years ago, if there hadn't been the demand for improvement, and the universal contribution of ideas from manufacturer, engineer, garage man and driver.

Radio came into being, not because Marconi had a brilliant idea, but because a definite need and demand fostered the idea. And broadcasting would still be accomplished by the buzzer code, if there hadn't been a universal demand for the development of radio telephony.

So it is in motion pictures. The fan has the easiest time of it. So long as pictures entertain him, he looks at them. When they cease to entertain him, he simply forgets about the film theatre. Then the exhibitor comes into the equation. When attendance drops off, he begins to inquire as to why. And when one customary fan and another cites definite reasons, he has something to impart to the distributor and the distributor's message reaches the producer and sincere efforts result which seek to overcome the indifference of the fan and win him back with new and better entertainment.

I know of an exhibitor who manages one of the most successful picture theaters in the country, who frequently lounges about like a mere hanger-on in the lobby of his theater or on the walk in front of it. He simply listens as the prospective ticket purchasers comment before entering, and he listens again when they come out of the theater, and he acts on what he hears. That is why he has one of the most successful theaters in the country. He is a direct contributor to picture improvement, and everyone whose comments he heard also played their part.

Within the industry itself there are several contributing features to improvement—competition, ambition, pride of effort. These affect every director, player, technician and everyone who has anything to do with the making of pictures. Each wants to better his work, for selfish reasons, probably, but the result is the same—improved films, which is the ultimate objective.

We are a long way from the ultimate in picture making as yet. Fact is, we never will reach it. Which is extremely well, because there will always be room for improvement, always something better to look forward to.

Five years from now, the pictures of today will seem as primitive as the pictures of 1921 appear to us today.

Little Journeys

(*Continued from Page 39*)

THE professional knife thrower was just preparing to throw the wicked looking banderillo at Bob Ober's double, over on Edward Sloman's set at Universal, where Sloman is making "Butterflies in the Rain." Everybody was a bit taut, nobody more so than Robert Ober, who couldn't help feeling sorry for that double, even though the latter was well paid. Just suppose the knife thrower shouldn't be quite in perfect form—

Oh, well, he was and everything came off all right.

That started us all talking about bullfighting, as we examined the cruel implement with which the bull is tormented in the ring.

Then Ober told us how the banderillo tosser had told him of the decline of bull fighting in Mexico!

And the reason is that Mexicans are beginning to take more interest in boxing matches and prize fights than they are in bullfighting!

My Guide to Box Office Values

(*Continued from Page 27*)

But they're intensely interesting—because they're like people we all know.

These three instances will give an example of Browning's line of reasoning in mapping out his characters.

Now—his story. He wants his story as interesting as his characters.

He usually writes his own story, when all is over.

In this picture, then, he had a trio of evil-doers — one with a beautiful daughter, played by Lois Moran.

What would a divekeeper do in the case of a daughter, kept in a convent and shielded from the evils of the world? Why—no matter how bad that fellow is, his sense of shame would prevent his ever letting the daughter know her father! That is what Chaney did in the story.

He adored this daughter from afar—the priest knew their relationship—and no one else.

Then—when he hears she is to be married—and finds that it is to the reformed partner of his crimes—a man whose former evil he knows better than anything on earth—the dramatic situation is immense.

It allows some daring things that leave an audience gasping; it provides a logical way for bringing this innocent girl into the fearful dive where the unholy trio hold forth. It establishes the most incongruous relationship ever seen on the screen. But—it does it logically. These things have really happened in life—there is a notorious dope fiend in San Francisco, for instance, whose mother was one of the most worshipped women in the world. They used to meet—in her squalid quarters. She didn't try to reform for she knew she couldn't. She preferred to stay where she was—but still she and her mother loved each other devotedly—and both shed many tears over the barrier that kept them apart.

Browning knows life.

He just puts it on the screen—and makes it interesting because he makes it real.

That—that's why he's the remarkable commercial success he is.

The Writers

(*Continued from Page 48*)

Rupert Hughes gave a great deal of serious thought to the life of the father of our country, but since that day he has been working on a history of George Washington, and in all likelihood will add to his plentiful bank roll in so doing.

MAE BUSCH

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THE LAST FRONTIER

(*Continued from Page 15*)

by the director and his aides. Horse racing was their particular weakness. Many of them have mercury-footed steeds that could undoubtedly hold their own on any race track in the country.

They enjoy nothing better than a competitive battle of horse flesh between their prizes and the speediest ponies of the white men. These races were arranged frequently and took place just before dusk when the day's work had been completed before the camera.

Holding up production means nothing in the young life of the Navajo buck. If it means passing up a dance it's just too bad for the picture, that's all. The production office may tear its hair and the director may rant, plead and implore but all prove unavailing when it comes to shaking the decision of the stoic buck. If they take it into their heads that a holiday is desirable they simply declare one and let it go at that.

The $30,000 dance came into prominence during the stay of "The Last Frontier" company on the reservation. An enterprising young blood captured, or shot, an antelope and a three-day holiday among the tribe resulted. This halted production and interfered with scheduled plans. However, nothing could be done about it but settle down and await the conclusion of the dance which in the case of honoring an antelope always lasts at least three days.

In scanning the list of available players for the part of Tom Kirby, the young frontier lover in the Cooper yarn, Seitz settled upon William Boyd as the most suitable for the part. Boyd, according to the director has just the qualities necessary for an apt portrayal of the role.

There was a touch of romance associated with the selection of Marguerite De La Motte as the Beth Halliday of the story. She was a protege of Ince while he lived and owed much of her early training in picture work to his tireless efforts. She undoubtedly would have been his choice for the part had he lived and carried on the production of the picture.

The role of Buffalo Bill is played by Jack Hoxie, whose fame as a western character actor is international. Those that witnessed Hoxie's excellent handling of the difficult role claim it is the best thing he has ever done on the screen. In stature and in facial appearance, with the aid of the flowing locks, the moustache and pointed goatee, he is an interesting counterpart of the famous scout.

"Mitchell Lewis as Lige Morris has one of these parts that leaves the audience longing for a necktie party. This is proof of the genuineness of his work. Portraying the villain calls for a display of versatility on the part of the actor. Gladys Brockwell, Frank Lackteen, Junior Coghlan and Sally Rand all do splendid work.

Bill as done by J. Farrell Macdonald will leave an impression on any audience."

"The Last Frontier," the laborious task of more than three years will soon reach the public for judgment. Whether other hands and other minds have succeeded or not in giving it the touch of realism and the quality of depth it would have had, had Ince completed it will be soon answered.

Little need be said for the story itself. It is numbered among the greatest efforts of frontier literature. Courtney Ryley Cooper's name alone means that the tale is one fitted to delineate a period and a people of whom he has made a life long study.

If George Seitz and the Metropolitan Pictures Corporation have been successful in screening it with all its wealth of historical and love interest then indeed it will prove worthy of being considered in the light of an eternal testimonial to the man to whom it had been an all consuming dream—Thomas Ince.

Why I Gambled Big Money for a Comedy

(*Continued from Page 29*)

think, what really made "The Nervous Wreck," something different in the line of successes. It has been known for years that of all the types of pictures which appeal to the public at large there are two outstanding "draws," big outdoor productions in the Western atmosphere, and feature comedies. Exhibitors' reports have been checked very carefully by the trade journals over a period of years and the answer is unmistakable. They like the great western outdoors and they like to laugh.

This is where our Scotch ancestry comes in. "The Nervous Wreck" is both. I don't suppose E. J. Rath thought of this when he wrote his original story "The Wreck," and perhaps Owen Davis didn't think of it when he wrote the stage version. But it is probably the first big comedy which has a locale in the West. It's all outdoors in Arizona. I don't need to run over the plot. It is pretty well known in the film circles and by many thousands of people who saw the show. But the central idea is that of a young hypochondriac who thinks he is sick and who goes out West to die in peace if he has to fight for it. He has to fight for peace and quiet and a nice soft spot to die in. That's where the comedy comes in.

New Pictures

(*Continued from Page 35*)

by the J. E. Williamson process shot at Nassau, Bahamas, in technicolor. Cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Warner Oland, Jacqueline Gadsden, Karl Dane, George Cooper, Roy D'Arcy, Sally O'Neil and others.

THE RED MILL: Cosmopolitan production based on stage play of same name starring Marion Davies directed by William Goodrich. Holland story, comedy romance. Cast includes Owen Moore as leading man, George Siegmann, Louise Fazenda, Karl Dane, Snitz Edwards and others.

THE FIRE BRIGADE: Spectacular fire story directed by William Nigh, and filmed with co-operation of fire chiefs of America. Cast includes May McAvoy, Charles Ray, Tom O'Brien, Holmes Herbert, De Witt Jennings, Vivia Ogden and others of note. Spectacular fire climax of story which teaches lesson of fire prevention.

UPSTAGE: Directed by Monta Bell, with Norma Shearer as star. From story of vaudeville life by Walter de Leon, well known fictionist of the theatre. Miss Shearer plays feminine half of song and dance team in comedy romance laid behind scenes in vaudeville. Cast includes Oscar Shaw, Gwen Lee, Dorothy Phillips, T-Holtz and others.

TIN HATS: Directed by Edward Sedgwick, with Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor. From Sedgwick's own story of American troops in army of occupation in Germany after the war. Nagel, Bert Roach and George Cooper form comical trio in adventures in peace time Germany. Eileen Sedgwick, Lincoln Plumer and others of note in cast.

ANNIE LAURIE: Directed by John S. Robertson, starring Lillian Gish. Romantic story of Scottish highlands by Josephine Lovett. Based on history surrounding the Glencoe Massacre. Norman Kerry plays male lead, cast including Hobart Bosworth, Creighton Hale, Russell Simpson, Joseph Striker, Patricia Avery, John Calhoun and others.

Fine Arts Studios

Seven companies are in actual production this week at the Fine Arts Studios presenting an unusual scene of activity. They are Jackie Coogan filming "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut"; Charles Hutchinson making a feature thriller; Banner Productions filming "Devil's Dice"; H. J. Brown shooting "The

High Flyer" with Reed Howes and "Ride Him Cowboy" with Ken Maynard; David Hartford producing "Rose of the Bowery" and West Bros. making one of their "Izzie and Lizzie" series of comics.

According to John Rikkelman, official of Fine Arts, this group of active units will be augmented within a fortnight and before the end of the month the leasing plant should be filled to capacity. Among the companies preparing that expect to start actual filming shortly are John Ince Productions, Globe Pictures Co., Pathe Exchange, Inc. and Lorimer Johnston Productions, all tenants of Fine Arts.

At Universal City

DOWN THE STRETCH. Now preparing, and to start production within the next two weeks. A King Baggott Production, adapted by Curtis Benton from the short story by the late Gerald Beaumont. Baggot is now selecting the cast.

LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE has finished shooting and is now being cut. It will be previewed shortly. It is one of Universal's super-Jewels and is expected to be one of the most striking pictures of the year. It is the first American production of E. A. Dupont, the UFA director who filmed "Variety." Norman Kerry, Mary Philbin, Betty Compson, Henry B. Walthall, Albert Conti, George Siegmann, Robert Anderson, Mathilde Brundage, Martha Mattox, Charles Puffy and others are in the cast. The story is taken from "The Affairs of Hannerl," a novel by Rudolph Hanns Bartsch, an Austrian writer.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT now shooting, is the first of nine features which Emory Johnston is to produce and direct for Universal Pictures Corporation. It is a story of mother love, and Belle Bennett, the star of "Stella Dallas" has the featured role. Mary Carr, June Marlow, Bobby Agnew, Henry Victor and others are in the cast. It is from an original story by Emilie Johnston, the director's mother.

THE TEXAS STREAK, now being edited, is a Hoot Gibson starring production. It was written, adapted and directed by Lynn Reynolds, and is a mixture of comedy and drama. Blanche Mehaffey plays the leading feminine role.

BUTTERFLIES IN THE RAIN, an Edward Sloman Production featuring Laura La Plante and James Kirkwood, is also in the editing stages. It is a smart story of an English psuedo-Bohemian set, and is from the novel by Andrew Soutar. Besides the two featured players, the cast includes Robert Ober, Grace Gordon, Rose Burdick, Clarence Thompson, Homes Anderson, George Periolat and others..

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, the next Universal super-Jewel is shortly to go into production again under the direction of Harry Pollard, who became seriously ill and was forced to undergo a major operation during production. Charles Gilpin, the noted New York stage star of "The Emperor Jones" is playing the role of Uncle Tom. The cast includes Marguerita Fischer, Lucien Littlefield, Seymour Zeliff, J. Gordon Russell, Arthur Edmund Carew and others.

THE SENSATION SEEKERS, based on Ernest Pascal's story, "Egypt," will shortly start work under the direction

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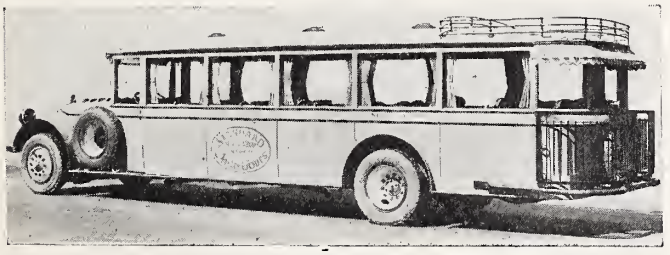

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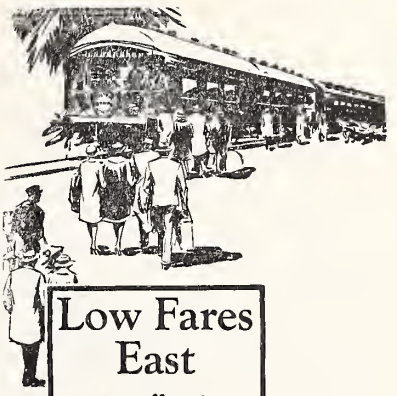

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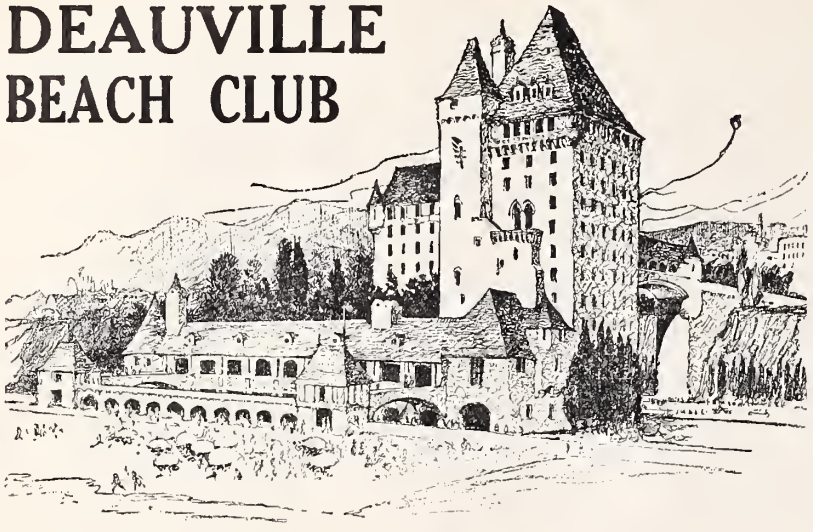

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of Lois Weber. Miss Weber, whose latest production, "The Marriage Clause" is said to be one of the outstanding features of Universal's program for the year, is now adapting the story.

WHISPERING SMITH RIDES, a ten-episode chapter-play starring Wallace Macdonald, directed by Ray Taylor from the story by Frank H. Spearman.

THE RETURN OF THE RIDDLE RIDER, a ten-episode serial starring William Desmond, directed by Robert Hill, from the story by Arthur B. Reeve.

First National

The new First National studio at Burbank, which since its opening a short time ago has had only one company shooting on the "lot," while others were filming pictures elsewhere, has now drawn in all its far-flung units. In prospect, too, is the arrival of its Eastern production units.

The first picture to be produced on the studio grounds, "The Masked Woman," in which Anna Q. Nilsson is featured under the direction of Balboni and the supervision of June Mathis, is now in the cutting room. In the cutting room, also, are several other features, including First National's special production, "Forever After," directed by F. Harmon Weight under the production management of B. P. Fineman. Lloyd Hughes, Mary Astor, Hallam Cooley, David Torrence and others are included in an all-star cast.

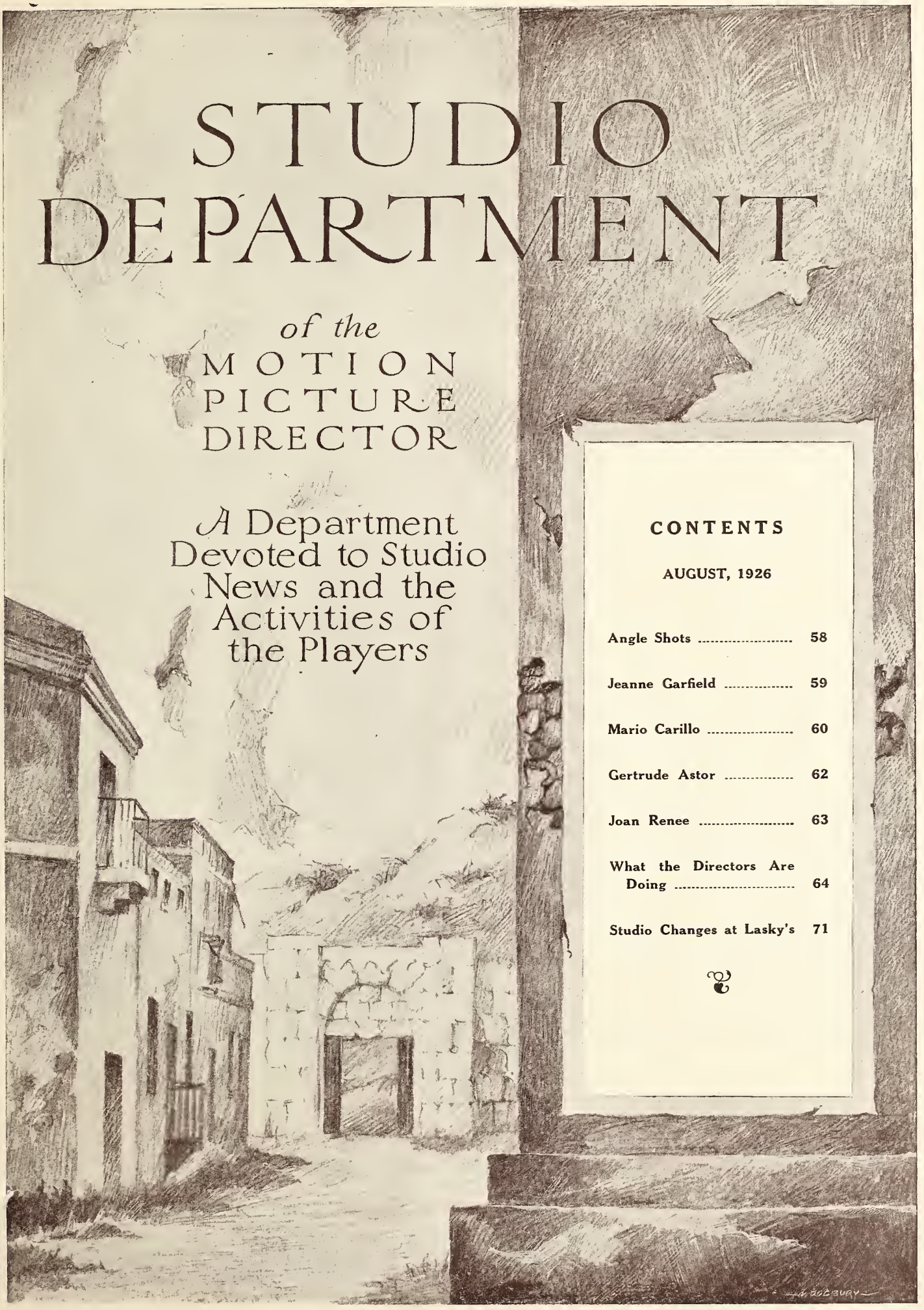
Colleen Moore's next, "Twinkle Toes," goes into production with Charles Brabin at the megaphone. Richard Barthelmess is preparing his first First National production "The Patent Leather Kid."

Corinne Griffith is completing "Just Off Broadway," which is the new title of the story originally called "Ashes," and later, "Tin Pan Alley." Harry Langdon has finished "The Straw Man," and Ken Maynard is working upon "The Unknown Cavalier" under the direction of Al Rogell.

Among the important films in the cutting room is Colleen Moore's "It Must Be Love."

"Scripts, the titles as yet unannounced by First National officials, are now under way for future Balboni, Fineman, and Milton Sills productions. B. P. Fineman's next production, "A Desperate Woman," is nearly ready for the cameras.

Within the next two months the new First National plant will be humming with the activity of eight or nine production units. Units now producing elsewhere are being moved into the main studio as fast as accommodations for them are completed.



STUDIO DEPARTMENT

of the
MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR

A Department Devoted to Studio News and the Activities of the Players

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Angle Shots

Around Hollywood Studios

Gertrude Astor, who is known as the smartest dressed woman on the screen, is playing a featured role in "The Country Beyond," which Irving Cummings is directing for William Fox.

The company has just returned from Canada, where it has been on location, taking exteriors. Other members of the cast include Olive Borden, Ralph Graves and J. Farrell MacDonald.

* * *

Practically all of the filmization of Clyde Fitch's famous drama, "The City," will be done in New York City, according to announcement by the Fox west coast offices. R. William Neill, "ace" director of the organization will make the picture.

As soon as the cast is decided upon, Neill will take his company to the eastern metropolis and begin work on the drama, the actual filming of which is expected to take more than six months.

The decision to make the picture in the east was prompted by the ideal exteriors available in New York in the immediate proximity of the Fox eastern studio on 55th Street, where the interiors will probably be taken.

* * *

David Hartford has returned to Hollywood from Detroit, home office of the production company that bears his name. While east, he arranged for the 1927 production schedule.

* * *

Jocelyn Lee is entering upon her third week in an important role of "The Campus Flirt," in which Bebe Daniels is starred and Charles Paddock is making his film debut. Clarence Badger is directing the Picture for Paramount.

* * *

Violet Palmer has been offered a contract to play in a picture abroad, but has rejected it to remain in Hollywood.

* * *

Frances Nordstrom is adapting "God's Great Wilderness," by Spottiswoode Aiken, for early filming by the David Hartford Productions at Fine Arts Studios.

* * *

Jeanne Garfield, who has just completed a series of pictures in which, while the parts were small, her work attracted to itself and to her the kind of attention that recognition of latent ability, has definitely committed herself to screen work. Miss Garfield is a decided blond and presents interesting possibilities in ingenue roles.

* * *

It is always interesting to note the results of an unusually fine piece of characterization in the roles offered a player of established ability. In the J. Stuart Blackton production "Hell-Bent Fer Heaven" Evlyn Selbie gave a rendition of the mountain mother that won her national recognition . . . and a similar role in the Irving Cummings production "In the Country Beyond" now being filmed for Fox. Atmospheric exteriors were taken in the northern Canadian woods locale of the story and interiors and final shots are now being made at the Fox studios.

EVLYN SELBIE
As Nana in "The Flame of the Agentine."

* * *

For the first time since he became a producer Joe Rock has "let down the bars" on the loaning of his contract players to other producing units. In an announcement just made by Rock he states that his quartette of featured artists, Lois Boyd, leading woman, and Frank "Fatty Alexander, "Kewpie" Ross and "Fat" Karrwill henceforth be available to other producers when he is not employing them in his own pictures. All of these players are under a long term contract with Rock who has been featuring them in his own productions for more than a year.

Miss Boyd, a protege of Rock's, has already been spoken for by Sterling Productions, while "Fatty" Alexander will be employed in a feature by Warner Bros. The three rotund funsters will not be loaned to any other producer as a trio but as individuals only, as Rock stars the fat men as "the big three' in his own Standard comedies.

* * *

Louise Fazenda is making her second appearance this year on the First National program with "A Dangerous Woman" which Al Green is directing. The comedienne is one of two old maid sisters, the other being Ethel Wales. Louise has a most unusual makeup and succeeded in fooling the cast completely. Her other characterization for First National was a flapper in "Miss Nobody."

* * *

From a swaggering Russian officer indulging in revelry in an inn, John Miljan has now become a dignified one as he sits at the Grand Duke's council table in the stateliest of sets for "My Official Wife," which Paul Stein is directing for Warner Brothers. Miljan plays the "heavy" in this production.

* * *

New York critics and magazine editors have been viewing "Wild Oats Lane," a Marshall Neilan production with an added interest. For this director-producer has two "finds" in this picture. One is John MacSweeney, veteran of the speaking stage and Jerry Miley, a recent recruit to the screen, who is seen as the young leader of the under world. Miley has just done another telling piece of work as the "heavy" in Warner Bros. "Broken Hearts of Hollywood."

JEANNE GARFIELD

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Photo by Seely

Mario Carillo

As *Poleon* in "The Barrier"
an M.G.M. production
directed by
George Hill

JUDY KING

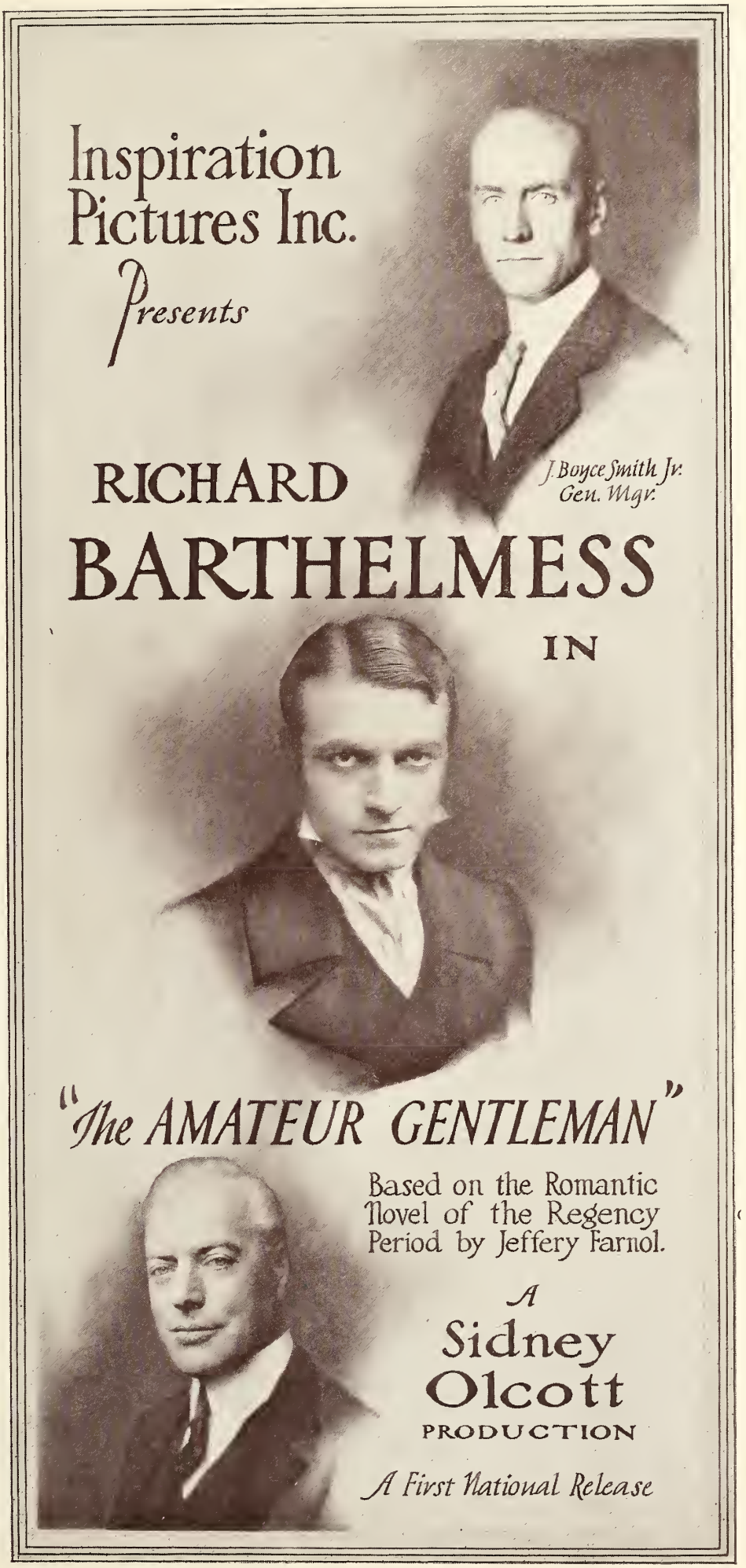
Still another title has been conferred upon the vivacious little Judy King. At the Ascot Track, where scenes in "Speeding Through" were taken, she is known to the officials and race drivers as "The Speed Queen of Moviedom."

Miss King earned her title by driving a Chrysler racer in a field of ten other cars. She won the admiration of the professionals by sticking right with the field and even leading it many times. The job of piloting the car at high speed was a difficult one, even for an old time race driver, as her view was obstructed by a platform that had been constructed on the hood of her car and on which the camera, director and cameraman were strapped.

J. Boyce Smith, general manager of Inspiration Pictures announces that production on "Four Feathers," the next Richard Barthelmess starring vehicle, will commence August 9th under the direction of Sidney Olcott.

The adaptation and scenario of "Four Feathers" is by Agnes "Pat" McKenna and her husband, Jerome Wilson. The screen story is based on the famous A. E. W. Mason novel with which the adapters have combined material taken from "The White Black Sheep," an original especially written for Barthelmess by Violet Powell, prominent English writer. "Four Feathers" will give Dick Barthelmess, who recently completed "The Amateur Gentleman," an opportunity to be seen in a role differing radically from anything he has heretofore assayed; the story being a modern one with the action starting in England and culminating against the romantic background of North Africa.

Tim Whelan, well known playwright has recently resigned as head of the scenario department of the Harry Langdon unit at the First National Studios to accept the position of adaptator for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he will adapt the first Beatrice Lillie story written by Marc Connelly which Sam Taylor will direct.



Gertrude
Astor
Featured in "Dame Chance", a David Hartford production. Her performance in "Kiki" added vastly to her laurels.

photo by
Max Munn Autrey

JOAN RENEE

Screen newcomer who played the leading feminine role opposite George O'Brien in "THE SILVER TREASURE"
for Fox

WHAT THE DIRECTORS ARE DOING

COMPILED JULY 15, 1926

Jack Adolphi	Directing Al St. John in an untitled comedy at Educational Studios.
Del Andrews	Cutting "The Collegiate" with Alberta Vaughn for F. B. O.
Alfred Austin	Cutting "The King of the Kitchen" for Fox.
Lloyd Bacon	Cutting "Broken Hearts of Hollywood" for Warner Bros.
Clarence Badger	Directing "The Campus Flirt" for Paramount with Bebe Daniels.
King Baggott	Directing Gerald Beaumont's story "Down the Stretch" at Universal.
Balboni	Directing Anna Q. Nilsson in the June Mathis production "The Masked Woman" at First National.
Reginald Barker	Preparing for his first production under his new contract with M-G-M based on Curwood's story, "The Flaming Forest."
William Beaudine	Loaned by Warner Brothers to Paramount to direct Douglas McLean in "Ladies First" at Associated Studios.
Harold Beaudine	Directing Bobby Vernon in "Dummy Love" for Christie.
Harry Beaumont	In Europe to make exteriors for "One Increasing Purpose."—A Fox production.
Monta Bell	Preparing "Troopers" from the story "Up Stage." Starring Norma Shearer, at M-G-M.
Spencer Bennett	Preparing "The House Without a Key" at Fine Arts for Pathe release.
Bill Bertram	Preparing the next police dog Sandow production for Van Pelt.
J. Stuart Blackton	Doing preparatory and research work and completing scenario with Marion Constance Blackton for his epic production "The American" on a theme suggested by Theodore Roosevelt.
J. G. Blystone	Directing "Big Business" for Fox.
Frank Borzage	Cutting "The Pelican" for Fox with Alma Rubens and Walter McGrail, story by Bradley King.
Bertram Bracken	Preparing at Fine Arts for his next David Hartford production.
Clarence Brown	Directing "The Flesh and the Devil" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, starring John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.
Harry J. Brown	Directing Reed Howes in "The High Flyer" at Fine Arts.
Mel Brown	Directing "Taxi! Taxi!" for Universal with Marion Nixon.
Herbert Brenon	Preparing "Great Gatsby" at Paramount with Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Georgia Hale and Neil Hamilton.
Tod Browning	Preparing "The Day of Souls" for M-G-M. Starring John Gilbert.
Dimitri Buchowetzki	Between pictures.
Tom Buckingham	Between pictures at Fox Studio.
Christy Cabanne	Preparing at M. G. M.
Frank Capra	Directing Harry Langdon in "The Yes Man" for First National.
Edmund Carewe	Cutting "Palls First" at First National.
Lou Carter	Preparing for the De Villard production "Running Wild" at California Studios.
Ralph Ceder	Between.
Louis Chaudet	Cutting "The Courage of Capt. Plum" at the California Studios for Ben Wilson Productions.
Charles Chaplin	Producing and directing his own picture, "The Circus."
Benjamin Christansen	Preparing at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Eddie Cline	Directing two reel Madeline Hurlock comedy at Mack Sennett Studio.
Jack Conway	Preparing "The Understanding Heart" for M-G-M. Cast not decided.
Ben Cohen	Directing "West of Rainbow's End" with Jack Perrin at the California Studios.
Francis Corby	Directing Sunkist Comedy for Al Nathan at California Studios.
William Craft	Cutting "Flashing Heels" at Associated Studios for Western Star Productions. Starring William Cody.
Donald Crisp	Cutting "Young April" at deMille Studio from the story by Jeanie MacPherson and Douglas Doty.
Alan Crosland	Preparing "Francois Villion" as John Barrymore's first production for United Artists.
James Cruze	Cutting "Old Ironsides" for Paramount.
Irving Cumming	Directing "The Country Beyond" with Olive Borden for Fox.
Scott Darling	Directing Charles Puffy for Universal.
Al Davis	Co-director with Max Gold in the production of "The Lying Tamer" for Fox. Barbara Luddy is to be featured.
Jim Davis	Directing "Hair Breath Harry" for Billy West Productions at Fine Arts Studio.
Robert DeLacey	Cutting "Out of the West" with Tom Tyler at F. B. O.
Cecil deMille	Preparing "King of Kings." Story by Jeanie MacPherson.
William deMille	Cutting "For Alimony Only" at the De Mille Studio.
Roy Del Ruth	Directing "Across the Pacific" for Warner Bros. Starring Monte Blue.
Edward Dillon	Preparing at F. B. O.

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John Francis Dillon	Cutting "Midnight Lovers," for First National release, at Fine Arts Studio. Story by Carey Wilson.
Bunny Dull	Directing Buck Jones in "The White Eagle" for Fox.
Scott Dunlap	Directing Richard Talmadge in an as yet untitled picture at Universal City.
E. A. Dupont	Cutting his first American-made picture for Universal, "Love Me and the World Is Mine," starring Mary Pbilbin.
Allan Dwan	Directing Tom Meighan in "Tin Gods," for Paramount, in New York.
Reeves Eason	Directing "The Lone Hand" with Fred Thomson at F. B. O.
Harry Edwards	Directing "The Collegians" for Universal. Script by Rob Wagner. George Lewis star.
George Fitzmaurice	Preparing for his next picture for Samuel Goldwyn.
Victor Fleming	Preparing.
James Flood	Directing "The Door Mat" for Warner Bros. All star cast.
Emmett Flynn	In Europe.
Francis Ford	Preparing at California.
John Ford	Directing "The Devil's Master" for Fox. Starring George O'Brien and Janet Gaynor.
Tom Forman	Directing "Devil's Dice" at Fine Arts Studio for Banner Productions.
Sidney Franklin	Between pictures.
Svend Gade	Between pictures.
Harry Garson	Directing Lefty Flynn for Globe pictures at the Fine Arts Studio.
A. E. Grillstrom	Directing "Bill Grimm's Progress" for F. B. O.
Max Gold	Co-director with Al Davis in the production of "The Lying Tamer" for Fox.
William Goodrich	Directing Marion Davies in "The Red Mill" at M-G-M for Cosmopolitan.
John Gorman	Preparing for the Vola Vale production of "Home Sweet Home" at Associated Studios.
Edmund Goulding	Between pictures at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Alfred Goulding	Directing "The Smiths" at Mack Sennett Studio.
Al Greene	Directing Lloyd Hughes and Doris Kenyon in "A Desperate Woman" at First National.
Walter Graham	Preparing for Jack Duffy comedy at the Christie Studio.
Fred Guiol	Vacationing.
Alan Hale	Cutting "Risky Business" at the DeMille Studios.
David Hartford	Directing "Rose of the Bowery" at Fine Arts Studio.
Howard Hawks	Between pictures at Fox studios.
Joseph Henabery	Cutting "Meet the Prince," Metropolitan picture starring Josepb Schildkraut and Marguerite de la Motte.
Hobart H[illegible]ley	Between Pictures.
Victor Heerman	Directing Marie Prevost in "For Wives Only" at Metropolitan.
Al Herman	Directing "Number 1" at the California Studios.
George Hill	Cutting "Tell It to the Marines" for M-G-M. Starring Lon Chaney and William Haines.
Robert Hill	Directing William Desmond in "The Return of the Riddle Rider" for Universal.
Lambert Hillyer	Between pictures.
Harry Hoyt	Directing Betty Compson in "Belle of Broadway" for Columbia Pictures.
James Hogan	Directing Harry Carey in "The Border Patrol" at Universal. Story by Finis Fox.
E. Mason Hopper	Finishing Marie Prevost in "Almost a Lady," for Metropolitan.
James Horne	Preparing for the Rod La Rocque production "The Cruise of the Jasper B."
William K. Howard	Directing "White Gold" with Jetta Goudal for DeMille.
Charles Hunt	Directing "The Dixie Flyer" for Trem Carr Productions. Story by H. H. Van Loan. Featuring Cullen Landis at California Studios.
John Ince	Cutting "Conscience" at Fine Arts with Herbert Rawlinson and Grace Darmond.
Ralph Ince	Directing "Breed of the Sea" at F. B. O.
Rex Ingram	In Paris, directing M-G-M foreign productions.

(*Continued on Page 67*)

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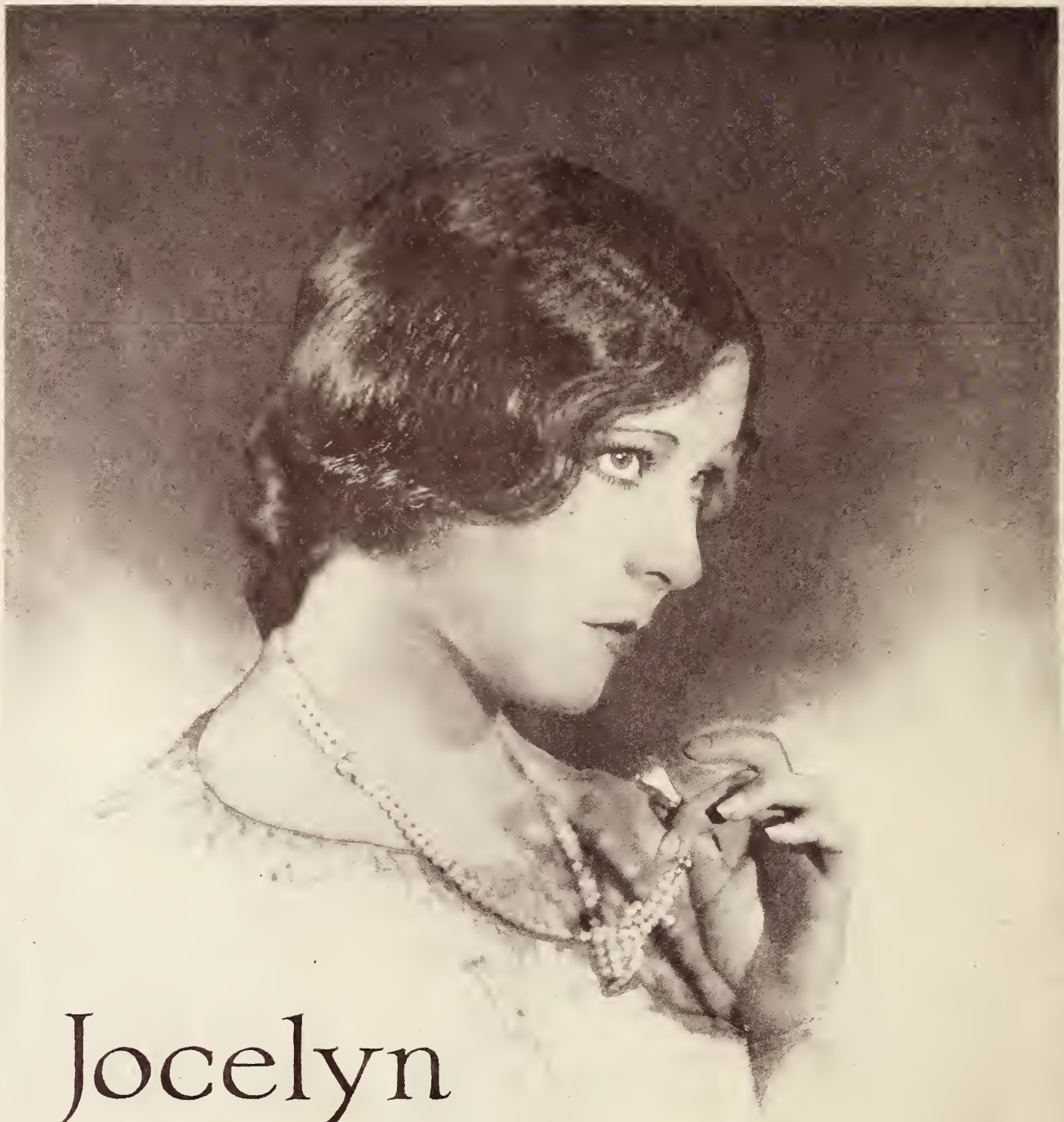

Jocelyn Lee

Screen luminary who first gained fame as Ziegfeld's "Queen of Beauty"

What the Directors Are Doing

(*Continued from Page 65*)

Lloyd Ingraham	Directing Edward Everett Horton in "Come-on Charley" at Associated Studios for S. S. Hutchinson.
George Jeske	Preparing for his next Gold Medal production at California Studio.
Emory Johnson	Directing Belle Bennett in "The Fourth Commandment" for Universal.
Lorimer Johnston	Directing Peter of Hollywood in "The Conscientious Objector" at Fine Arts.
Rupert Julian	Directing "The Yankee Clipper" for DeMille.
Buster Keaton	Directing "The General" on location at Cottage Grove, Ore.
Earle Kenton	Between pictures at Paramount.
Robert Kerr	Directing the Van Bibber comedies for Fox.
Leon Kent	Directing for Las Americas at California Studios.
Henry King	Directing "The Winning of Barbara Worth" at the DeMille Studio for Samuel Goldwyn.
Burton King	Preparing picture for Helene Chadwick.
David Kirkland	Preparing the next Fred Thomson production for F. B. O.
Charles Lamont	Preparing for his next Juvenile Comedy at Educational Studio.
Stan Laurel	Vacationing.
Rowland V. Lee	Between pictures.
Henry Lehrman	Directing George Jessell in "Private Izzie Murphy" for Warner Bros.
Robert Z. Leonard	Directing "The Gray Hat" for M-G-M.
Frank Lloyd	Directing "Eagle of the Sea" for Paramount.
Del Lord	Directing two-reel Ben Turpin comedy at Sennetts.
Ernst Lubitsch	Preparing.
Archie Mayo	Preparing "Unknown Treasures" for Banner Productions at Fine Arts Studio.
Arthur Maude	Preparing.
George Melford	Between pictures.
L. Leo Meehan	Preparing "The Magic Garden" at F. B. O.
Gus Meins	Cutting "The Newlyweds and Their Baby" for Stern Film Corporation.
Lewis Milestone	Directing Harold Lloyd at Metropolitan Studio.
Vin Moore	Directing "Cows Is Cows" for Universal.
Walter Morosco	Between pictures at Warner Bros.
T. D. Moreno	Directing Cliff Bowes for Altair Productions at the California Studios.
Leo McCarey	Vacationing.
Henry McCarty	Directing the dog Ranger in "Flashing Fangs" for F. B. O.
J. P. McGowan	Vacationing.
Lex Neal	Cutting "The Steeple Chase" for Fox Films.
Marshall Neilan	Preparing story of Greenwich Village starring Betty Bronson.
R. William Neil	Cutting Tom Mix production "The Arizona Wildcat" at the Fox Studios.
Jack Nelson	Cutting "Devil's Gulch" with Bob Custer for Chadwick.

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Fred Niblo	Directing Greta Garbo and Antonio Moreno in "The Temptress" at M-G-M.
William Nigh	Cutting "The Fire Brigade" for M-G-M.
Mason Noel	Preparing "For Health's Sake" at Universal.
Stuart Paton	Directing untitled production at California Studios.
Scott Pembroke	Directing "Izzie and Lizzie" for West Bros. at Fine Arts.
Harry Pollard	Directing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for Universal.
Paul Powell	Preparing to direct Priscilla Dean in "Jewels of Desire."
Gil Pratt	Between pictures at Sennett Studios.
Frank O'Connor	Shooting "The Silent Power" for Gotham at Universal Studios.
Sidney Olcott	Cutting "The Amateur Gentleman" at Tec-Art Studios for First National release.
Alfred Ray	Cutting "More Work, Less Pay" at Fox studios.
Al Rayback	Preparing "The Price of Honor" for Columbia.
Herman Raymaker	Between pictures at Warner Bros.
Charles Reisner	Cutting "The Better Ole" at Warner Brothers. Star Syd Chaplin.
Lynn Reynolds	Directing Hoot Gibson in "The Texas Streak" for Universal.
John S. Robertson	Directing Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie" for M-G-M.
Stephen Roberts	Directing George Davis in Cameo Comedy for Educational at Educational Studios.
Al Rogell	Directing "The Unknown Cavalier" at Fine Arts for Charles R. Rogers Productions.
Arthur Rosson	Directing Raymond Griffith in "You'd Be Surprised."
Phill Rosen	Preparing for "The Sidewalks of New York" at Columbia Pictures.
Victor Schertzinger	Directing "The Return of Peter Grimm" with Alec B. Francis at Fox.
Victor Seastrom	Cutting "The Scarlet Letter" for M-G-M. Lillian Gish starring.
Edward Sedgwick	Directing "Tin Hats" for M-G-M with Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor.
Sandrich Selander	Cutting "Big Business" for Fox.
Lou Seiler	Directing Tom Mix in "The Great K & A Robbery" at Fox Studios.
William Seiter	Cutting "Take It From Me." A Reginald Denny picture for Universal.
George B. Seitz	Directing "Pals in Paradise" for Metropolitan. Starring John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte.
Larry Semon	Directing two-reel comedies at Sennett Studios.
Scott Sidney	Directing Harrison Ford in "The Nervous Wreck" for Christie.
Paul Sloane	Directing "Corporal Kate" with Vera Reynolds at DeMille Studios.
Edward Sloman	Cutting "Butterflies in the Rain" for Universal.
Clifford Smith	Vacationing.
Dick Smith	Between Pictures.
Mal St. Clair	In New York.
John M. Stahl	Preparing for his next M-G-M production, "The Great Galeteo," starring Ramon Navarro.
Paul Ludwig Stein	Directing Irene Rich in "My Official Wife" for Warner Bros.
Mauritz Stiller	Directing Pola Negri in "Hotel Imperial" for Paramount.
Ben Stoloff	Cutting "A-1 Society" at Fox studios.

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Jerome Storm	Vacationing.
Frank Strayer	Preparing "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" for Columbia Pictures starring Shirley Mason.
Slim Summerville	Directing Arthur Lake in "Sweet Sixteen" comedy for Universal.
Harry Sweet	Directing a Standard comedy for Joe Rock Productions at Universal.
Sam Taylor	Between pictures.
Ray Taylor	Directing "Whispering Smith Rides" for Universal. Starring Wallace McDonald.
Norman Taurog	Directing Johnny Arthur in a Tuxedo Comedy at Educational Studio.
Robert Thornby	Cutting "West of Broadway" with Priscilla Dean at Metropolitan Studios.
Maurice Tourneur	Directing "Mysterious Island" for M-G-M, adapted from Jules Verne story of the same title.
Frank Tuttle	Directing "Kid Boots" at Paramount with Billie Dove, Clara Bow and Lawrence Grey.
Richard Thorpe	Directing Buffalo Bill Jr. for Lester Scott at the California Studios.
Frank Urson	Between pictures at DeMille Studios.
Larry Underwood	Preparing for Altair Productions at the California.
King Vidor	Cutting "Bardelys the Magnificent" for M-G-M.
Joseph von Sternberg	Cutting "The Woman of the Sea" at the Chaplin Studios.
Erich von Stroheim	Directing "The Wedding March" at Associated Studios.
Richard Wallace	Directing Corinne Griffith in "Ashes" for First National.
Raoul Walsh	Cutting "What Price Glory?" for Fox. Starring Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio, and Edmund Lowe.
John Waters	Directing Jack Holt in "The Forlorn River" for Paramount.
Millard Webb	Directing Jackie Coogan in "Johnny Get Your Hair Cut" at Fine Arts.
Harmon Weight	Cutting "Forever After" for First National.
William Wellman	Preparing "Wings" for Paramount.
Roland West	Preparing.
Clifford Wheeler	Preparing "Let's Go" at Fine Arts Studio for Imperial Productions. Story by Burrl Tuttle.
Irving Willatt	In New York directing "Paradise" for First National.
Ben Wilson	In Kernville directing "The Wolf of the Desert" and "The Sheriff's Girl."
John Griffith Wray	Preparing for the screen version of Clifford Box's production "Up Stream" for Fox. Adaptation by Bradley King.
W. Wyler	Directing "Marlen of the Mounted" for Universal.
Bill Watson	Directing Neal Burns in "The Daffy Dill" for Christie.
Cliff Wheeler	Directing "Requited Love" at California Studios.
Ben Wilson	Directing Yakima Canutt in "Hi-Jacking Rustlers" at California Studios.
Chet Withey	Cutting the George O'Hara production, "Going the Limit" for F. B. O.
Sam Wood	Cutting the Red Grange production "The Half-back" at F. B. O.
Duke Worne	Directing Benny Alexander in "Speed Crazed" at Wolcott Studios.
Frank Yaconelli	Directing Earle Douglas in "Fighting Luck" at Wolcott Studios.

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Studio Changes at Lasky's

FORMULATING a broader policy of production methods to cope with the immensely increased activities of the new studios, Famous Players-Lasky have established a centralization of responsibility with B. P. Schulberg as sole associate producer. In connection with Mr. Schulberg's executive control three of Paramount's ablest production officials are to be given wider channels for their creative ability and to be established and exploited with their names as the trade marks of their productions.

The men given this recognition with a creative opportunity to specialize as head of their own units under the general supervision of the associate producer are Hector Turnbull, Lucien Hubbard and Eric Pommer. Each will make a series of productions under his own name.

Mr. Turnbull's first production will be "Casey at the Bat," co-featuring Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. With these same two widely known character comedians, he was instrumental in making "Behind the Front" one of the most sensationally successful pictures of the current year.

Mr. Hubbard, who supervised all of the Zane Grey stories, including "The "Wings," epic of aerial warfare in Vanishing American," will produce France, as his first effort. William Wellman will direct.

Mr. Pommer, for years producing head of UFA in Berlin, and whose genius was behind the success of such films as "Variety," "Metropolis," "The Last Laugh" and other big triumphs, is already engaged on his first production for Paramount in "Hotel Imperial." This is a Pola Negri starring picture filmed on a lavish scale with Maurice Stiller directing.

In the realignment of the producing personnel, with its attendant opportunities for the organization's best creative minds, executive control is vested in a triumvirate. Walter Wanger, general manager of the production, links the activities of the East and West Coast Studios; B. P. Schulberg is associate producer at the West Coast Studio, and William Le Baron is associate producer at the Long Island Studio where a similar centralization plan is being installed. Mr. Wanger is leaving for Paramount's home office in New York on Thursday.

All units here will function from the central organization headed by Mr. Schulberg, who announced today, upon assuming complete executive charge, the appointment of E. Lloyd Sheldon as editor-in-chief responsible for the treatment and preparation of all stories for screening. Under Mr. Sheldon will be a staff of associate editors selected for their recognized dramatic and literary ability. These are Harry Carr, Charles Furthmann, Herman J. Mankiewicz, former dramatic editor of the *New York Times,* Joseph A. Jackson, and several others soon to be announced.

Milton E. Hoffman will continue in his post as executive manager of the West Coast Studio. Sam Jaffe becomes production manager for all units here, and William Griffith, who has shared that duty, becomes personal assistant and unit manager for the Hector Turnbull Productions.

United Costumers

Contracts have been signed between Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and United Costumers, Inc., whereby the new Hollywood concern will design and make costumes and props for Lillian Gish's new starring vehicle "Annie Laurie," which is scheduled as an even bigger production than "The Big Parade."

Negotiations were consummated by W. W. Kerrigan and N. A. R. Spencer for United, and Sol Clark and Victor Clark for M-G-M. John Robertson will direct "Annie Laurie." United Costumers recently furnished all the costumes for Richard Barthelmess in the "Amateur Gentleman," an Inspiration Picture.

For Authentic Information about Motion Picture Productions—*Read*

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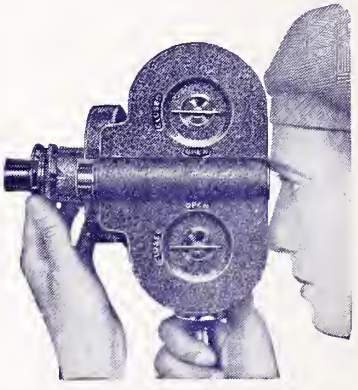

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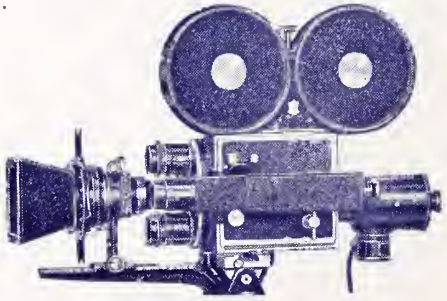

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Volume 3
Number 1

The MOTION PICTURE Director

September
October, 1926

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For September-October *Issue*

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Pending the completion of expansion plans for the MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR this September-October number has been edited by Fred W. Fox, well-known film journalist.

Newspaper contracts entered into some time ago prevent Mr. Fox from continuing with us for more than this one edition as call has now been made upon his services elsewhere.

The Motion Picture Director

J. STUART BLACKTON, *Editor and Publisher*

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"He leaves a white unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
A width, a shining peace, under the night."
—RUPERT BROOKE

The Undying Valentino

RUDOLPH VALENTINO died as he had lived . . . the storm center of publicity and the apostle of pomp.

The passing of the far-famed "sheik," which was one of the most terrific shocks suffered by the motion picture industry in many years, is comparable only to the death of the lamented Wallace Reid in its public interest.

Yet Valentino is gone in the flesh only. His spirit will be with us always. A man of such vivid and forceful personality, who by the sheer magnetism of his presence, created international enthusiasm, is not to be relegated to the musty pages of mankind's annals by a mere physical demise.

For years to come comparisons are going to be made with him and as the dimming perspective of the living man recedes and becomes fainter and fainter his name will be gradually perpetuated in a kind of legendary heroism and romanticism, carrying with it the symbolism of glory that the living man, in his greatest moments, could never have achieved. For it was Valentino who glorified romance on the screen, who lifted it from a hackneyed, matter-of-fact, abstract quality to a living, passionate, fiery thing. An actor who has caught the public fancy as Valentino did with "The Conquering Power," "The Four Horsemen," "Blood and Sand," "The Sheik" and such pictures can never fade away to oblivion.

To those people who were privileged to know Valentino in the flesh, his passing will carry its pathos into many years to come. They will always recall him as a sweet and gentle . . . and a manly . . . personality. One of the last deeds of Rudy was typical of his desire to win male approbation. That was his challenge to physical combat with a newspaper scribe who cast slighting inferences on Valentino's manhood. While there is much to that that smacks of the grandiose gesture, to those who knew Rudy it has its full share of pathos. He wanted to make friends with everybody; and he had the faculty to make and hold friends everywhere in all stratas of life. He was steadfast and not the flippant creature that the screen portrayed. He resented misunderstanding and the writer who let loose those ill-made words was allowing personal dislike and animosity to smother impartial criticism, as the tenure of his writings well reveal.

Rudy was always a person illy fitting into the mundane scheme of things. Valentino professed and championed those innate qualities of romance that we all have, but that most of us hide beneath our austere, everyday hides. The reason that Valentino aroused the dislike of so many men was that he brought before their eyes the romance and love of life that they all have but of which they were ashamed, believing that self-expression is a thing to be submerged rather than encouraged. In his later days Valentino was making a spirited bid to gain the approval of the male element and his resentment against editorial puffs was heightened by this crusade.

Never again can a guitar strum in a darkened theater . . . a scene of sun-bathed Andalusia flash on the screen . . . "La Paloma" lift its cadences above enraptured audiences . . . or exoticism hold sway in the films but that the name of Valentino will be aroused.

In such a manner will his memory be cherished; the spirit that lives and will live.

Yet at this time when his going is so near to us and the sorrow so keen there is only one thing that we can say, voicing the sentiments of his every friend . . . "God rest his gentle soul!"

F. W. F.

IN THE DIRECTOR'S CHAIR

"Our Debt to Hollywood"

By J. STUART BLACKTON

Aldous Huxley, a young writer of short stories and novels, juggler of words, erudite, yet usually dexterous enough to escape the name of show-off, is generally a sane observer. He is as little inclined to the pose of the iconoclast as he is to the worse one of the sentimentalist.

Yet, in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair* under the above heading, he has assailed Hollywood in a sweeping fashion, denouncing that industrious city and the gigantic industry she houses as a place of ignorance and insanity, a purveyor of "violent imbecilities," of a business dealing in "a world of crooks and half wits, morons and card sharpers—a crude immature childish world"—where the literature is "the flatulent verbiage of the captions"—where the religion "is all cracker mottoes, white haired clergymen, large hearted Mothers, hard Bible-reading, puritanical fathers and Young Girls who have taken the wrong turning and been betrayed, kneeling with their illegitimate babies in front of crucifixes—such is the white man's world as revealed by the films. A world without subtlety, without the smallest intellectual interests, innocent of art, letters, philosophy, science. A world where there are plenty of motors, telephones and automatic pistols, *but in which there is no trace of such a thing as a modern idea.*"

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Hollywood, what do you think of that?

In an editorial entitled Sans Apology, in Motion Pictures Today, Arthur James says, "The screen and the pictures need no apologists, and those who would apologize for them forget their dignity, their splendor and the mighty service to humanity in their magnificent achievements—so called reformers are neither broad enough nor enlightened enough to be of any professional or even repressive service. The pictures represent a new medium for human expression and are limited in their scope only by the capacity of the human mind."

Scarcely can we call Mr. Huxley a reformer. Does this amusing tirade reveal the capacity of his mind? It was inspired by a hasty glance at an open air picture—a show at Weltevreden in Java.

"We arrived in time to see a man in faultless evening dress smashing a door with an axe, shooting several other men, embracing against her will a distressed female also in evening dress. Meanwhile another man was hurrying from somewhere to somewhere else in a motor car that tumbled over precipices, in trains that villians contrived to send full tilt into rivers—We did not stay to witness the foregone conclusion; but it was sufficiently obvious that the man in the hurry would find an aeroplane, which would duly crash on the roof of the house where the distressed female was being embraced against her will."

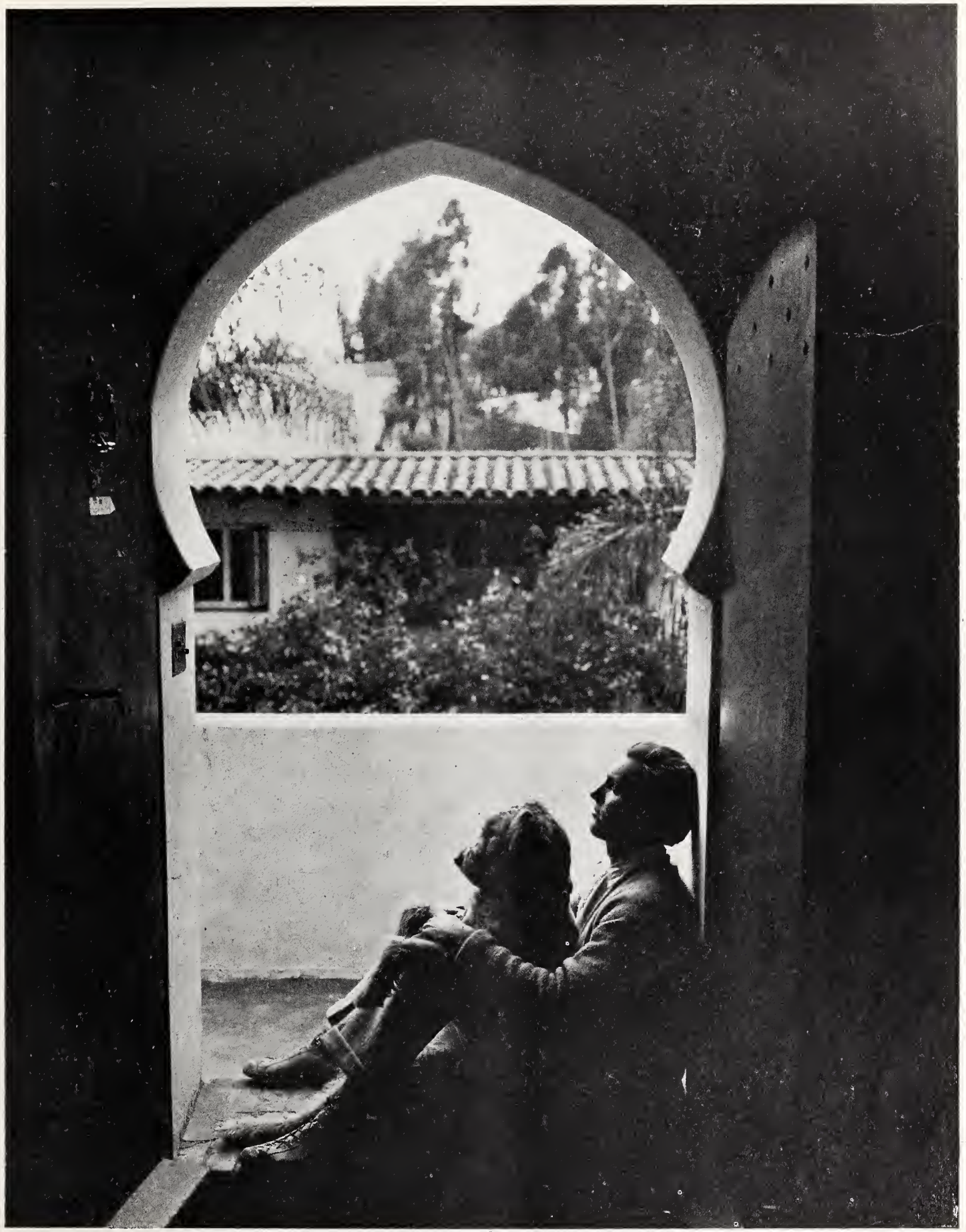
Very solicitous is Mr. Huxley about the poor Javanese—he admits that "over the entire globe the producers of Hollywood are the missionaries and propagandists of white civilization. It is from the films alone that the untaught and untravelled member of a subject race can learn about the superior civilization—and what does he learn from the films? When its inhabitants (the inhabitants of the white man's world) are not stealing, murdering, swindling or attempting to commit assault, they are being maudlin about babies or dear old homes, they are being fantastically and idiotically honorable in a manner calculated to bring the greatest possible discomfort to the greatest possible number of people.——" and so on, and so on. This gifted young man, who has just learned that there is no Santa Claus, to whom everything in the films is frightfully wrong, whether it is right or wrong, walks through an open air movie show, doesn't see the beginning and cannot wait for the end (but furnishes a denouncement of his own) is straightway driven into a fit of sentimentality about the poor Javanese. He says—yes he does actually—here it is—"I was astonished that they did not all rush in a body through the town crying: 'Why should we be ruled any longer by imbeciles?'"

I told you, dear reader, that the films need no apologist: pray, therefore, do not think I publish this silly tarradiddle of Mr. Huxley's in a serious vein—I wanted to give you that good hearty laugh at the thought of the Javanese rushing out of their picture show shrieking to inquire why they should continue to be ruled by imbeciles. A film that had undoubtedly been seen and probably enjoyed by millions of civilized white people before it reached Java, very likely an old film, no doubt an inferior film and only a part of it

(*Continued on Page 59*)

Patsy Ruth Miller

Leatrice Joy



GARDNER JAMES

At his home in Hollywood, where dreams come true, this rising young screen genius is meditating on the happy prospect of his new contract with Inspiration Pictures.

Constance Howard

Jetta Goudal

Jacqueline Logan

The Ingenue

By HOMER GAY

THERE are two prevailing species of ingenues: vernal and perennial. The last prevail on almost anybody. Both are theoretically denoted by bantam weight and the swaying clavicle walk, which is a modish style of progression first achieved by cloak and suit models about the period of Herod the Tetrarch. It consists in pointing the right shoulder northeast by north as the left foot moves southwest by west, giving the effect of lissomeness and an ability to climb down a 'bus stairway in rush hours.

Since the total slump of the debutante slouch and its forecreepers, the Grecian bend out of Fourteenth Street, Gotham, and the pre-Bowery twitch-twitch, there has been no more popular mode of locomotion. Ingenues are known to have covered many miles in this fashion. It helps them evade the customs. They can get by anything, from revolving doors to quotas. While you watch the shoulder the feet have gone off in an entirely different direction. This is what gave Einstein his idea.

INGENUES differ from leading women in being less easily led and having little sense or sense of direction. Hence their charm. When a fly-weight ingenue is cornered by a cactus-covered cave-man she makes an off-side play and walks out of the picture, whereas the leading woman wraps herself in the herbage and faints. The elusive quality is the more seductive and many a potential Tarzan has been found marooned, clawing himself on the edge of a precipice or lost among the stalagmites. How the child heroine makes her get-away no heavy villain has been able to explain satisfactorily. After he has muffed the fly he stands like a soap-box orator whose audience has walked out on him. No matter how he stands at first she is already stealing to second, and by the time everyone starts looking under mats she's safe home, where heaven seldom detects the working girl.

Thus, we have with us today the disappearing skirt and the porcupine haircut. In some cases the solid plaster dome has superceded the stucco coiffure effects. All the character women are falling in line as fast as possible. The results are appalling. The real-life lotharios flit from sweet peas to soy-beans in complete disorder. Sophistication is a mild word for the little gems of thought that live to make true romances sell at every car-stop. The screen villain types are doing a mosquito dance around the cradle, but the two-year-olds are often wiser than their quondam beldames who are stealing their style, and the fine mesh is faster than the fish-net. If the child is father to the man today the ingenue is the prehistoric ancestor of the woman.

THE close-up of the ingenue always shows her with the head on one side. It suggests the absent shoulder. But the real secret is that she has a weakness for angles, of which the isosceles tripod is her favorite. She loves props and proposals and takes a leeward position accordingly. This is often emphasized by an anchor-like curl trailing abaft the binnacle. One might facetiously—nay, blasphemously—o b s e r v e that it gives a star-bored look while listing to port. Gosh! Ain't ingenoos nautical!

Much of the talk about our tender buds becoming vampires while still in their 'teens is exaggerated. "A rag and a bone and a hank of hair!" Where's the "hank of hair?" Kipling's siren wore a train and was wrapped up like a mummy. Behold the modern ingenue. "We ask where's the 'rag'?" Our infant prodigy is plainly all "bone." She may not qualify in the home-breakers class but she proves that she is neither vegetable nor mineral.

The ingenue symbolizes the radiance of youth. Her's is the spirit of morning—not September, in Chile. She personifies hope and her great charm lies in the shy trust which characterizes every pose and m o v e m e n t, whether she gets into your inside pocket or sits on your match-box.

WHEN the vamps of ancient Rome sadly convene in Plutonian shades and prate of bygone charms, one of these days a radiophotograph of our beach lizard will arrive. After a careful survey they will say: "There is no such animal." They to whose eyebrows empires were pledged, they for whom gallant legions fell and whole races crinkled up and passed out, these super-women observing our ingenue at work would rock the walls of hell with rage and jealousy that they were not born in a day when things were made so easy for tired business folk. The Cleopatros of old used to drape themselves with confetti and sea-weed and wait for years for some dub to come and call. Our ingenue walks up and grabs her sparring partner, they hit a cabaret and the next day they are plighted.

IF OUR indulgent audiences lack imagination and want the full story on the screen, no one can accuse the modern ingenue of any such weakness.

Peter Grimm's BOY

(Above): One of the most poignant scenes in "Peter Grimm" is that of the death of little William. It has been handled with finesse and understanding by this promising boy trouper. (Below): A picture of Mickey McBan as he appears off the set.

EVER since the memorable debut of Jackie Coogan in "The Kid" the motion picture industry—and the world at large, too—has been speculating upon and awaiting the moment when another gifted child actor would arrive in a great picture.

If only scant credence were to be attached to the reports emanating from the Fox studios it would seem that the hour is at hand. In the picturization of "The Return of Peter Grimm," famous and beloved stage play, it is evident that Director Victor Schertzinger has not only made a notable and beautiful photoplay but that he has also brought a new youngster to screen eminence.

Mickey McBan is his name. He is seven years old and as Scotch as golf—and with it all, a trouper from head to toe.

BRAGGADOCIO is not a lost art in Hollywood, for there chauvinism feeds well. Yet the editor of this journal has no desire to succumb to the fraternity of boasters; only the desire to go out and raise the roof for this kid. If you, too, had known him since he was hip-high to a bantam; had prophesied, believed and hoped for an eventual recognition of Mickey's talents as we have, and then suddenly heard, after days, months and even years, the huzzas of the blase on every side!—well, it'd be pretty nice, wouldn't it? And those who have lived amidst the wild expectations and the too frequent disappointments of Hollywood know that here days can seem like years, months like centuries and years like ages.

SIMPLICITY is the greatest thing in motion picture entertainment. It is something that reaches further than lavishness, grandeur and the ostentatious; it is the only thing that reaches the hearts of the multitude. "The Return of Peter Grimm" is great for that, at least. Coupled with the simplicity and the human pathos of this picture there is the full power of a child's appeal—an appeal that is neither forced nor artificially restrained, but rather the self-expression of a child who was born and nurtured in this newest of expressionistic mediums; an apt pupil and a splendid emissary of everything that is fine and sweet in the photoplay.

IT IS a happy coincidence, too, that Mickey is so totally different from Coogan. It will avoid the nauseating comparisons that would otherwise be drawn between The Kid and a contemporary. But no one can draw comparisons here. Except, possibly, in the completeness of ability—and any collation there will be in the form of a welcome challenge from one risen from the ranks of the unknown to the undefied king of them all.

Mickey McBan need never be afraid of anything in that direction. He has got the divine stuff in him and from now on there will be positively no hindering him. For the one chance that everybody in the films is seeking, or has sought, is now his. The rest is in the hands of a destiny that is going to be good to Mickey.

THERE have been times in Mickey's young career when he has seemed right on the threshold of the long-sought opportunity, only to have fate, in the shape of the cutting-room shears, step in and spoil it all. Breathes there an actor in this industry who has not gone through that same gehenna?

A character study of Mickey McBan in "Peter Grimm."

People who dabble in numerology and such will no doubt seek to prevail upon Mickey to change his name to 'Peter,' for it has figured so significantly with him. It was "Peter Pan" that gave him his first part of any consequence (not to mention preceding ones in the company of the great and near-great where the kid was lost in the box-office shuffle). Now it is "The Return of Peter Grimm" that makes the bid to put Mickey on the highroad to glory.

MICKEY has run the entire gamut of the motion picture—from slapstick to heavy stuff; from the bonbon melodramas of poverty row to parts in the productions of the big companies. As a comedian he met with fair success, capping it with a part in Harold Lloyd's "Hot Water," in which he will be well remembered as the mischievous young brother who was prone to flick paper pellets off the Lloyd dome and raise cain in general. But no matter how much they may try to make a Snub Pollard out of this lad it can't be done with the same successful results that will accrue from his appearances in such pictures as the Schertzinger epic.

It may be true that all the world loves a lover—but it is certain that the world does take screen kids to its heart, when those kids are real kids, like the children that romp the sidewalks of New York and the country roads of Iowa.

If Mickey McBan doesn't exemplify the genuine youngster that is characteristic of America, there is none other that the screen can produce. He is not allowed to 'get into character' on the set; he is the same Mickey at work or at play, at home or in the studio, with all the charm and the ruddiness of boyhood.

UNDER this happy-go-lucky, carefree exterior burns the embers of a true genius, waiting only the winds of opportunity to set a new spirit aflame in the cinema.

"The Return of Peter Grimm" may be a classic that will bring to the world a new genius. To Mickey McBan, actor and young gentleman, the auspicious moment is at hand. Let time be the arbiter and the public the judge.

One of the big moments in the Schertzinger film. The ghost of Peter Grimm (Alec Francis) revisits the home and tries to talk to little William.

"Gwyn"—by Gish

AT last, it seems, Dorothy Gish is coming into her own!

Designated for years by the appellation, "Lillian's sister," the peppy Dorothy has had small chance to get on her own feet, cinematically speaking.

Yet in every picture in which she has been seen, with her sister or others, she has aptly proven that she is of the stel-

lar stuff. It has remained for England to recognize what her own country has denied Dorothy Gish.

If for nothing else "Nell Gwyn" will be a noteworthy picture because it gives Dorothy her first opportunity to show her true ability in a vehicle of the due proportions.

FOR years Dorothy has been lost in a maze of comedies of fluctuating quality, or else lost in secondary roles. Not exactly lost, for wherever she has appeared she has made herself evident by sheer dint of ability and personality. Lost only in the sense that the parts she has played have necessarily been secondary to at least one or two others in the pictures.

"ORPHANS OF THE STORM," "Ghost in the Garret" and "Romola" at least brought home the fact that Dorothy Gish was a trouper to be reckoned with, if nothing else. "Hearts of the World" was probably the only instance, aside from this present picture, where she had any kind of a chance to show her stuff. Ever since that time there has been a coterie of rabid Dorothy Gish fans that have wailed the opportunities given their favorite. Such saccharine program films as "Night Life of New York" and "The Beautiful City" were to a great extent saved from public jeering by the able work of this little trouper.

If Dorothy Gish had half a chance in "Clothes Make the Pirate" it is a safe bet that Leon Errol would have had to do some mighty high stepping to keep up with her.

WITH all due respect to Lillian Gish, there are still a number . . . . and a goodly number at that . . . . of folk who would go to see Dorothy in a picture before they would pay admission for a picture from Lillian. No comparison can be made in the relative abilities or personalities of these two, for they are as different as night and day. However, it seems peculiar that Lillian should attain the greatest heights of film success while the path of her sister heretofore has been everything but a bed of roses. To say that one of the most ardent champions of Dorothy is her own sister is putting it mildly.

IF THERE is any truth to the old saying "A prophet is without honor in his own country" it proves its veracity in this case. For America, that allowed Dorothy Gish to suffer in poor parts now finds itself appreciating her true worth in a picture emanating from England.

This is much of the romance of "Nell Gwyn," a story of romance. It is a romance of the ultimate self-assertion of Dorothy. And as to "Nell Gwyn," the picture . . . .

THERE is a romance to "Nell Gwyn" far greater than any pic-

tured in its celluloid self. It is the story of a producer, more or less disillusioned with Holywood, who had an ideal; of a struggling young English producer who had an equally great idea; and an actress who saw an opportunity to at last show the world that it would have to give her serious consideration.

J. D. Williams had encountered disappointment in Hollywood with his ill-fated Ritz-Carlton so he conceived the idea of going to England and putting the industry there on its feet. Herbert Wil-

(Continued on Page 79)

Gardner James and Richard Barthelmess in a scene from "The Amateur Gentleman"

The Ascent of James

ONE of the most startling rises to prominence yet recorded in the annals of Hollywood is that of Gardner James, juvenile character actor, who was recently awarded a five-year contract with Inspiration Pictures company to fill the place vacated by Richard Barthelmess who has moved to the First National lot at Burbank. A scant few months ago James was numbered among the many unknown and unsung aspirants for photoplay fame that throng the studios.

Some light on the reason for this sensational climb to the coveted dotted line upon the part of this fair-haired, blue-eyed young thespian, is given in the statement of J. Boyce Smith, general manager of Inspiration Pictures, regarded as an astute picker of new talent, who says:

"I SELECTED Gardner James to carry on the work of Richard Barthelmess in our organization because he possesses the altogether too rare combination of the divine artistic urge implanted within an appealing physical form. His face and features reflect winsomeness, spiritual depths and intellectual capacity, all of which is indispensable to the success of any star.

"Gardner James is a trouper from head to toes. He had not been on 'The Amateur Gentleman' set ten minutes before his trouping ability was deeply impressed upon all observers. It was his work in this Sidney Olcott picture that was largely responsible for our offer of a five-year contract. In his role as Barrymaine, the dissolute half-brother of Lady Cleone Meredith, the heroine, he had a part that was certainly not sympathetic but afforded full sway for James' dramatic powers. It was similar to his work in "Hell Bent fer Heaven" in which he had his first chance of any consequence."

Since completing his work in "The Amateur Gentleman" James has appeared in Reginald Barker's production, "The Flaming Forest," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

HOLLYWOOD JOURNEYS WITH FRED FOX

odyssey

"We are the music-makers
And we are the dreamers of dreams"
A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Copyright, 1926, by Fred W. Fox

IN the box to the right we have reprinted one of the most exquisite poems ever penned . . . the famous "Ode" by A. W. E. O'Shaughnessy. The first two lines of this have been referred to time and time again since they were first written by the English singer.

Today's Music-Makers and Dreamers

WE believe these lines to be particularly appropriate in a journal like the DIRECTOR, for if the humdrum world of today can boast of any music-makers and dreamers of dreams they should certainly be found here in Hollywood, the very existence of which is based on music and dreams . . . the melodies and air castles of the millions who go to the theaters of the world and have made Hollywood possible.

SO we have placed these two lines at the head of this page . . . a mute tribute to the spirit that prompted their creation, with the hopes that the many who read them may pledge themselves to the perpetuation of those ideals in their everyday tasks.

From Idylls to Confessions

SOME times it is a hard proposition to keep faith with your ideals on this matter-of-fact sphere. That may be the reason for the apparent disappointment of Richard Thomas.

A few years ago this young and zealous producer announced that he would bring "Lady of the Lake" to the screen. He evidently had a keen insight to the lack of idyllic qualities that permeated the films and was going to take the bold step of a pioneer . . . keeping faith with his dreams.

THE years have passed quickly. "Lady of the Lake" has not appeared. Now this same Thomas comes forth with the announcement he will make

Ode

By A. W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying
Or one that is coming to birth.

. . . what? "Confessions of a Wife," "Confessions of a Husband" and so on.

CAN it be that he, too, is lost to the sharp whips of the satraps of finance, who, from their Wall Street nooks proclaim that only the great god Box Office is to be satisfied?

Sherwood Anderson and Press Agents

IT might be of interest . . . . and assuredly of great benefit . . . to that horde of scribblers who compose the press-agent gentry of the films to read the following lines from "Poor White," a novel written by the brilliant and respected Sherwood Anderson:

In a sweeter age many of these young men might have become artists, but they had not been strong enough to stand against the growing strength of dollars. They had become, instead, newspaper correspondents and secretaries to politicians. All day and every day they used their minds and their talents as writers in the making of puffs and the creating of myths concerning the men by whom they were employed. They were like the trained sheep that are used at great slaughter-houses to lead other sheep into the killing pens. Having befould their own minds for hire, they made their living by befouling the minds of others. Already they had found out that no great cleverness was required for the work they had to do. What was required was constant repetition. It was only necessary to say over and over that the man by whom they were employed was a great man. No proof had to be brought forward to substantiate the claims they made; no great deeds had to be done by the men who were thus made great, as brands of crackers or breakfast food are made salable. Stupid and prolonged and insistent repetition was what was necessary.

As the politicians of the industrial age have created a myth about themselves, so also have the owners of dollars, the big bankers, the railroad manipulators, the promoters of industrial enterprise. The impulse to do so is partly sprung from shrewdness but for the most part it is due to a hunger within to be of some real moment in the world. Knowing that the talent that had made them rich is but a secondary talent and being a little worried about the matter, they employ men to glorify it. Having employed a man for the purpose, they are themselves children enough to believe the myth they have paid money to have created. Every rich man in the country unconsciously hates his press agent.

IF that doesn't hit the nail right on the head nothing does.

To Which We Humbly Add

IN fact, the only addition we could make to that truthful declaration that would make the thing wholly descriptive of the photoplay space-grabber would be to say:

". . . and every press agent, unconsciously or otherwise, thoroughly hates his employer" . . . if he only has the nerve to admit it.

Thomason vs. Stallings

THE martial pen of Laurence Stallings seems to be due for some rivalry.

With "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory" sent out with a bang it would seem that the bombastic Laurence is sitting on the top of the familiar world.

HOWEVER, there has appeared on this tranquil scene none other than Captain John W. Thomason, Jr., of the U. S. Marine Corps, who, with his zippy diary, "Fix Bayonets!" running into many, many sold copies, and his short stories in Cosmopolitan Magazine catching the popular fancy, seems due sooner or later to make things lively for Mr. Stallings.

NOW if the navy will only contribute some yarns everything will be hunkydory.

A Lorelei For Miss Loos

NOW that the fascinating Anita Loos volume, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" seems destined to be recreated on the screen it is high time to begin nominations for the roles.

Hal Roach Joe Cobb Mabel Normand Dick Jones

There is only one logical Lorelei, whose blonde person has created gentlemanly preference. That is Pauline Garon, who would do wonders with this character. As for Dorothy, the girl friend . . . who better than Betty Jewel?

De Putti

NEW faces always mean fresh interest in pictures. Lya de Putti, of exotic charm, is as yet known to America only through "Variety."

Hollywood and the world now wait to see the results of her work in D. W. Griffith's "Sorrows of Satan." She is considered in some quarters as a serious contender for the Negri crown.

Brooks

ANOTHER menace to a firmly-set favorite is Louise Brooks who should cause Clara Bow considerable worry.

Her work with Menjou in "A Social Celebrity" and with Fields in "The Old Army Game" is indicative of great things. Let us hope she fulfills this early promise!

John Roberston Lillian Gish Norman Kerry

A Re-Newed Billie Dove

FOR many moons Billie Dove has flitted through westerns, causing no great ripple in popular regard.

Now with "The Marriage Clause" she has suddenly put herself in the fore of the myriad bidders for public acclaim. Keep a steady optic on this girl!

Where They Come From

NOT all the great of the films have harkened from dramatic schools, art theaters or the stage.

Take, for example, that little understood phase of the world's commercial work . . . advertising. One of the necessary adjuncts of this realm of activity is photographic illustration and many who at one time posed in classy underwear, shiny shoes and other staid products of our factories as illustrated in the newspaper and magazines are now trodding the paths of celluloid glory.

MAKING tires, collars and eyeglasses may be considered by many a mundane pastime. Yet they have given us one big star of today and have further contributed two new recruits for screen honors. The Big Star, whose name is better unmentioned, at one time earned meal-tickets peering through a famous brand of "specs" for the benefit of the advertising manager.

THE face, if not the name, of Allan Simpson, has become familiar to all who glean the ad pages of the smart magazines. For a long time Mr. Simpson posed in collars, suits and other stylish habiliments for the publicity of the famous clothiers of New York. Now he has invaded the silent drama with "Sea Horses" as one of his initial offerings.

THE name "Lotta Miles" is familiar to all who peruse the ads of a well-known auto tire company. Now this same Carlotta Miles has abandoned the practice of framing her face in a fat pneumatic for the delectation of ad readers to pursue the elusive fame and fortune of Hollywood.

These candidates of collardom, tireville and spectacalia are welcome and we wish them the amount of success their talent merits.

NEW PICTURES in the Making

MARSHALL NEILAN'S production "Everybody's Acting" is a story of an orphan baby who is adopted by five god-fathers, four of them actors and the fifth a newspaper man. It takes the orphan through babyhood and childhood into young womanhood, unfolding in a clever and unusual manner.

There is the glamor of the theater, the comedy and pathos of a third rate road show travelling about the country and a high climax to the story, which is an original from the pen of Neilan.

Betty Bronson is the star and the remainder of the cast are: Ford Sterling, Edward Martindel, Raymond Hitchcock, Stewart Holmes, Philo McCullough, Henry Walthall, Lawrence Gray, Louise Dresser, Jed Prouty and Jocelyn Lee.

The picture is being made independently for Paramount.

* * *

FOLLOWING a temporary production lull, the Metropolitan Studios have again an aspect of activity.

George B. Seitz has finished "Pals in Paradise," a screen version of Peter B. Kyne's story of a modern gold rush. The thrill of a gold stampede laid against a thoroughly modern background gives this picture an appeal of novelty.

* * *

WITH but a few days rest following the completion of "For Wives Only," Marie Prevost is again facing the cameras as the star of "Man Bait," an original story by Norman Houston.

This is a story of a little shop girl who becomes a professional dancing partner at a nickel dance hall. Donald Crisp will direct "Man Bait," and the supporting cast includes Edmund Burns, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Eddie Gribbon, Betty Francisco and Louis Natheaux.

* * *

PRISCILLA DEAN will next star in "Jewels of Desire," an original story by Agnes Parsons. Production has started under the direction of Paul Powell, and Arnold Gray, who appeared opposite Miss Dean in "West of Broadway," will again be her leading man.

* * *

ALAN HALE and Frank Condon are hard at work on the screen treatment of "Rubber Tires," which the former is to direct for De Mille. This picture is scheduled to go into production soon.

* * *

BEATRICE JOY will start soon in the starring role of "Nobody's Widow," the screen version of Avery Hopwood's sensational stage success of the same name, under the direction of William C. De Mille. The supporting cast as yet has not been definitely decided upon.

* * *

"A FIGHTING LOVE," the new Jetta Goudal starring picture will witness the American debut of Nils Olaf Chrisander, the celebrated Swedish director, who comes to this country from the old UFA. Victor Varconi will play

Olive Borden and J. Farrell McDonald in the Fox Film production "The Country Beyond" directed by Irving Cummings.

Dolores Del Rio and Walter Pidgeon in a scene from the Fox production "Upstream" directed by John Griffith Wray.

Janet Gaynor and Margaret Livingstone add interest to George O'Brien's sailor role in "The Blue Eagle" a John Ford production for Fox.

Violet Byrd and Bobby Vernon in their new Vernon Comedy for Christie.

the male lead opposite Miss Goudal in this production, which Beulah Marie Dix prepared for the screen from Rosita Forbes' virile novel.

* * *

HENRY KING has returned with his "The Winning of Barbara Worth" company to the Sam Goldwyn headquarters on the De Mille lot following a long location in Nevada where most of the picture was filmed. This picture, which features Ronald Coleman and Vilma Banky, has been completed, and King is now in the cutting room assembling and editing the production.

* * *

WITH "The King of Kings," C. B. De Mille's biblical production under way the De Mille Studio is humming with activity.

Several big sets have been built, others, including the palatial home of Mary Magdalene, are completed. A huge tent has been erected just adjacent to the wardrobe building to accommodate the hundreds of costumes to be worn during the production, and a large addition to the property department has been made.

* * *

PAUL SLOANE has finished filming of "Corporal Kate," and has taken up quarters in the cutting room where he is busy editing the picture in collaboration with C. Gardner Sullivan.

This is a story of the woman's side of the World War, the film chronicling the experiences of three Red Cross girls in France.

Jack Duffy gets manhandled in a scene from the Christie comedy, "Uppercuts"—Left to rights Kid Wagner, Bill Irving, Jack Duffy and Eddie Baker..

Harrison Ford, "The Nervous Wreck", imposes his nervousness upon Mack Swain, Charles Gerrard, Vera Steadman and Art Dupuis in the Christie feature length comedy of the same title.

SYLVANO BALBONI has finished "The Masked Woman," featuring Anna Q. Nilsson, Holbrook Blinn and Charles Murray.

His next will be "Here Y'Are, Brother!"

* * *

ALFRED E. GREEN has completed his last picture for First National prior to starting upon his Fox contract. He wrote finis to a long list of successes with "Ladies At Play," which features Lloyd Hughes and Doris Kenyon. Green increased his reputation as a director materially with the direction of many of Colleen Moore's successes.

* * *

GEORGE ARCHAINBAUD has returned from Guadalupe, first

made famous when "The Ten Commandments" company worked there, where he made the desert scenes for Milton Sills' First National starring picture. "Men of the Dawn." Archainbaud

George O'Hara, "Babe" London, Stanton Hick and Doris Hill in the F. B. O. production "Is That Nice?" directed by Del Andrews.

came through foggy weather and other location handicaps encountered in this production without slipping on his schedule. It is a story of the French Foreign Legion.

* * *

IN New York to enact a role in Thomas Meighan's current production, "The Land of Promise," little Billy Butts, attired in wide sombrero, chaps and other miniature cowboy regalia, is attracting unusual attention from the blase Broadwayites. "He stops 'em in their tracks when he walks up Fifth Avenue or the Gay White Way," says William Beaudine, the director, in a letter to friends.

* * *

IT is persistently rumored that Tom McNamara, the cartoonist director, is slated for a directorial "plum" with one of the old-line producing companies in Los Angeles upon his return from New York, where he is working on a production for Paramount.

During the past year McNamara has been associated with Mary Pickford and other prominent stars and producers in an advisory capacity.

* * *

A NATIONALLY known correspondence school concern has asked Winifred Dunn, noted scenarist, to prepare a course in screen writing for its curriculum. Miss Dunn, now preparing the script of "Sorrel and Son" for Famous-Players-Lasky, is considering the offer.

Her original story, "Sparrows," created for Mary Pickford, has been employed by various schools and colleges as an example of motion picture construction, for the edification of the literary classes.

* * *

MATHILDA BRUNDAGE and Burr McIntosh have been added to the cast of S. J. Briskin's production, "Dangerous Friends."

* * *

DUKE WORNE, producer of features and serials for Rayart is turning cameras on "Trooper 77" his new chapter-play starring Herb Rawlinson.

During the shooting of this picture, Worne will transport the company to a Kernville location where he will direct

Buster Keaton and Marian Mack have their picture taken while working on location in the making of the United Artist production "The General."

a month's work. Other members of the cast of this film are Hazel Deane, Jimmie Aubrey, Ruth Royce and Tom Lingham.

Following the production of "Trooper 77," Worne will turn his attention to the direction of three features starring Billy Sullivan.

* * *

AN Arab army capitulated to a British regiment in Hollywood the other day, marking the big spectacular scene in "The White Black Sheep," starring Richard Barthelmess. The scene was enacted at the F. B. O. lot under Sidney Olcott's direction.

Ralph Ince and Margaret Livingstone in an enticing scene from the Ralph Ince production "Breed of the Sea" for F. B. O.

THAT the performance of Robert Agnew, as the jockey who almost loses his life in an attempt to keep down to weight and thus be able to ride, will be one of the high-points of the film season, is the confident prediction of Universal officials who have seen some of Agnew's work in scenes for "Down the Stretch," the feature which King Baggot directed.

"Down the Stretch," from a story by the late Gerald Beaumont, while a race-track story, differs from the conventional picture of this type in that it deals with the dramatic and often tragic little world made up by the workers of the track.

The actual racing is minimized, and most of the picture is devoted to a dramatic exposition of the life of the char-

"The Sensation Seekers" are having a riotous time in the Lois Weber production of the same title now in the works at Universal.

acter being played by Agnew. Marion Nixon is being co-featured with Agnew in the leading feminine role.

* * *

"THE Kid's Last Fight," an original story by George W. Yates, Jr., has been bought by F. B. O., and will be used as material for a Tom Tyler Western film.

* * *

GEORGE O'HARA is shooting on the third of his series starring vehicles for F. B. O., "Hi, Taxi!," under Del Andrews' direction. Doris Hill has the leading feminine role.

* * *

VIOLA DANA has begun production on her new contract with F. B. O. with a racing story entitled "They're Off." Director Eddie Dillon begins as soon as Miss Dana completes her present engagement with First National.

* * *

DIRECTOR Phil Rosen is cutting "Rose of the Tenements for F. B. O. Shirley Mason has the title role, while Johnny Harron is playing the male lead.

* * *

FRED THOMSON, F. B. O.'s western star, is shooting on location under David Kirkland's direction on his big Boy Scout picture, "A Regular Scout." Nearly a hundred boys from various Los Angeles troops are participating in the making of the film.

* * *

EWART ADAMSON seems destined to write nothing but dog stories for the screen. After doing a number of scripts for Rin-Tin-Tin, Adamson wrote two originals for Ranger, F. B. O.'s new canine star. The first, "Flashing Fangs," has been completed and Director Jimmy Hogan is now finishing the second, "Flaming Fury."

A gallant fighting man, apt to strike terror in the heart of any rabbit, is Slim Summerville in his newest Universal production.

TOM TYLER is working on his newest western production for F. B. O., "Red Hot Hoofs," with Bob DeLacy at the megaphone. Dorothy Dunbar has the leading feminine role, with little Frankie Darro in the cast.

* * *

"STARLIGHT," a newcomer in police dogdom of the screen, has been signed to play as "Ranger's" lady-love in the remaining three dog pictures for F. B. O., following her fine work in the first of the series, "Flashing Fangs."

* * *

DEL ANDREWS is making a directorial record on the F. B. O. lot. He handled the megaphone on the first and third Alberta Vaughn starring features, sandwiched in the second George O'Hara vehicle, and is now finishing the third O'Hara picture, "Hi, Taxi!" with a total rest of less than a week between the four productions.

Now he is bewailing the fact that he wasn't born twins, so he would have time for a little sleep and recreation, instead of having to direct all day, and spend most of his nights in cutting film and preparing scripts.

* * *

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" is in production again at Universal City.

After a period of more than three months during which the company was in complete idleness due to the serious illness of Harry Pollard, director, the company has started work again.

Pollard has promised a greater and more spectacular picture because of the additional months of preparation, and has gathered up a striking cast, which when filled, will contain more than forty characters.

During the months of enforced idleness, Pollard also revised the script of the production, and has added a number of scenes which he believes will increase the magnitude and dramatic quality of the super-production.

Dorothy Gulliver, George Lewis, Eddie Phillips and Charles Crockett in a scene from "Collegians" the Carl Laemmle, Jr., series now in production at Universal.

FIVE big feature pictures are now in preparation and will be started within the next few weeks, according to the daily production schedule issued at Universal City.

Paul Leni has completed the script on the stage mystery success, "The Cat and the Canary," and will start work as soon as he selects his cast.

Scott Sidney is to direct Jean Hersholt in another stage play, "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

Melville Brown is to direct Reginald Denny in "The Fourflusher" when the star finishes his present role in "The Cheerful Fraud."

Millarde Webb is to make "Beware of Widows" with Laura La Plante.

Edward Sloman will direct Mary Philbin in "The Bargain Bride."

* * *

ROBERT OBER may travel for one picture upon completion of his current role in Edward Laemmle's "Held By the Law." Ober has been offered a leading part in a film to be made in New York and Florida during the autumn. The actor is at present making his third successive film for Universal.

* * *

H. J. BROWN producer and director of independent films and supervisor of First National western unit, is interested in the promotion of American entertainment in all its departments. Brown, in association with Michael Rork, was directly responsible for securing the franchise and a fourteen game schedule for the National Professional Football League which was formed under his supervision. The league of which Lew Cody is now president and John McDonough manager is an ambitious step toward standardization of football as a commercial amusement.

* * *

ALFREDO SABATO, who is military and technical expert with Neills Chrisander's production unit at the De Mille studio, will translate Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows" for the Italian public. Sabato, who completed arrangements for the translation at a recent conference with the author, was a film director and scenarist in Rome prior to his arrival in America some months ago.

* * *

ORVILLE ALDERSON, well-known character actor, is enacting the role of Yasuf, the deaf and dumb beggar in "The White Black Sheep" with Richard Barthelmess.

Alderson is a former Griffith player, having enacted the role of the father in "Isn't Life Wonderful;" he has also appeared on the legitimate stage and was a prime mover in the Community Theater of Kansas City where he acted and directed. Yasuf is his first part in Hollywood.

* * *

SIDNEY OLCOTT is directing a strange cast in "The White Black Sheep."

A donkey, a camel, two goats and a mongrel pup have been added to the scenes of the beggar's tents in the Richard Barthelmess film.

* * *

LEO MALONEY is finishing "The Long Loop on the Pecos," one of the series of features he is making for Pathe.

Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez in an impassioned scene from the Frank Lloyd production, "The Eagle of the Sea" for Paramount.

Eddie Cantor and Clara Bow go a motoring in the Cantor opus "Kid Boots" being directed by Frank Tuttle for Paramount.

Pola Negri as she will be seen in her new picture, "Hotel Imperial" directed by Maurice Stiller for Paramount.

It is being filmed at the Maloney studios on Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, and also at Leo's location studios at Skyland, San Bernardino county, California.

* * *

SATIRICAL comedies are coming back strong. At least this is the contention of Joe Rock, who is now filming, "The Vulgar Yachtsmen."

According to Rock, situation comedies and slapstick will have to make way for the burlesque type of fun film in the future and many of his future comedies will be filmed along these lines.

Marcel Perez is directing "The Vulgar Yachtsmen" while Lois Boyd and Rock's trio of fat funsters—"Fatty" Alexander, "Kewpie" Ross and "Fat" Karr are featured.

* * *

NO LESS than three contracts were signed by Gertrude Astor during one week. The first was with Fox in

Apparently Priscilla Dean likes to golf, for here she is seen again swinging a mean club in "Jewels of Desire" her latest for Metropolitan.

"The Country Beyond." The other two were with Universal, "The Cheerful Fraud" with Reginald Denny and "The Wrong Mr. Wright" with Jean Hersholt.

* * *

NOW that Cissy Fitzgerald's son, Robert, has celebrated his twenty-first birthday, she is wondering about the title of "perennial flapper" that has been given her.

* * *

HARRY OLIVER, who was art director for Mary Pickford's "Sparrows," is performing similar duties for Frank Borzage in the filming of "Seventh Heaven" at the Fox studios.

* * *

IN THE entire history of the Pathe organization there have been but four comedies to receive a 100% rating by the Pathe reviewing committee. Harold Lloyd's "Girl Shy" was one, the other three coming from the Mack Sennett Studio.

A year ago "Honeymoon Hardships" with Alice Day, Raymond McKee and Billy Bevan was the first Sennett two-reeler to receive this signal honor. Last month another Sennett comedy directed by Del Lord, "Hubby's Quiet Little Game," received the hundred per cent rating, and now comes a wire from Pathe in New York to the effect that the latest Jimmie Smith comedy, "Smith's Pets," has just been voted "perfect." Alf Goulding directed the new comedy, which is one of the new series of domestic farces which Mack Sennett is introducing. Raymond McKee, Ruth Hiatt and little Mary Ann Jackson are the principals in the series.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S matinee idol, 'Bull' Montana, now has a rival for screen honors. The new menace is none other than George Kotsonaros, Greek wrestler, whose chief pleasure is twisting ambitious grapplers into the shape of pretzels.

George will be seen in a part with John Barrymore in "The Tavern Night" and also with Milton Sills in "Men of the Dawn."

* * *

As "Man Bait" Marie Prevost presents an aluring figure in the Metropolitan production of that title.

THE nabobs of First National evidently concur with Anita Loos in the belief gentlemen prefer blondes. Colleen Moore and Natalie Kingston are the only two strict brunettes under contract, and while the blonde brigade, headed by Anna Q. Nilsson, Doris Kenyon and Dorothy Mackail, numbers many members.

* * *

LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD blossoms out with an airedale muff in "Twinkletoes," the latest Colleen Moore picture. Muff is Hollywood vernacular for beard.

* * *

SEVEN consecutive productions are to be filmed during the balance of the 1926-27 season by the David Hartford company. Camera work on the first is due to get under way during the first week in September. This will be "God's Great Wilderness."

"Rose of the Bowery," taken from the novel, "Little Lady, Inc." by Pearl Doles Bell and Billie Shaw, will follow. Others on the production program are: "A Flash in the Night," adapted from the Munsey Magazine story by H. B. Swope; "The Beloved Fraud" from the novelette by Frances Nordstrom; "Drivin' Mad," "Stronger Than Steel" and "Your Brother and Mine."

* * *

ROSALIE MULHALL, who wrote the story for Douglas MacLean's latest picture, found her theme for "Hold That Lion" in a tiny hamlet on the Levantine coast of Spain. Miss Mulhall passed several seasons as a student in the land of the dons and collected much colorful story material while there. She is now engaged upon a story for a feminine star.

Rudolph Schildkraut and May Robson, representing a combined total of 95 years of stage experience, as they will be seen in "Pals in Paradise (Metropolitan).

Nils Olaf Chrisander will make his American directorial debut at DeMille when he picks up the megaphone on Jetta Goudal's newest picture "A Fighting Love."

DUKE WORNE, producer of features and serials for Rayart, has signed Herbert Rawlinson to star in his next serial, "Trooper 77."

Worne, who makes the popular Billy Sullivan pictures also, has taken over the entire Wolcott studio to meet his increasing studio needs. Following this serial, Worne will make three Billy Sullivan features.

* * *

ANY time that plastic surgery needs a recommendation, it can have one from Cissy Fitzgerald.

Only for the science of plastic surgery the screen days of the beautiful Cissy might have been relegated to the shelf of history. While making "So Big" with Colleen Moore, Miss Fitzgerald figured in an accident that nearly wrecked her career. This occurred about three years ago.

As she drove an automobile of ancient vintage before a camera, Cissy crashed into a studio truck. The impact catapulted her over an embankment. In alighting upon the ground, a sharp iron rod pierced the roof of her mouth and emerged through her left cheek. For eight months she was a hospital patient but due to plastic surgery Cissy Fitzgerald resumed her place on the screen during January of last year.

Since then she has prominently figured in numerous pictures, including "The Danger Girl," "Steppin' Out," "I'll Show You the Town," "Her Big Night," "The Love Thief" and "The Arizona Wild Cat."

* * *

A SERIES of comedies featuring Charles Bennett is now in production at the Fine Arts studio under the direction of Charles Roberts. They are being made for the Film Craft Distributors, Inc.

Bennett, who is the father of Mickey, popular child screen actor, was at one time with the Pollard Opera company.

William Boyd and Elinor Faire will be seen again opposite each other in the Rupert Julian production "The Yankee Clipper" (DeMille)

Vera Reyonlds and Kenneth Thompson in the Paul Sloane opus, "Corporal Kate" (DeMille

Rod LaRocque as he will seen in the screen version of Don Marquis' novel, "The Cruise of the Jasper B." (De Mille)

Ford Sterling, Edward Martindel, Henry Walthall, Stuart Holmes and Raymond Hitchcock as they will appear in Marshall Neilan's newest Paramount production "Everybody's Acting" featuring Betty Bronson as feminine lead.

GEORGE HIVELY, who used to write wild and wooly westerns for Universal, has just finished editing "Altars of Desire," starring Mae Murray, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

* * *

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made by the Film Booking Offices that $10,000,000 will be expended on the 1926-27 program approximating 60 productions.

Details of the giant schedule were recently worked out by Edwin King, vice president in charge of production, and E. B. Derr, treasurer of the company, who made a special trip from New York for this purpose.

Present plans call for at least one picture with Suzanne Lenglen, French tennis ace, together with productions featuring Red Grange, football hero.

Six pictures will be made starring Viola Dana, diminutive actress who was recently signed by the company. There will also be six George O'Hara and six Alberta Vaughn films.

Spedial productions include the Elks picture, "Hello Bill," "Tarzan and the Golden Lion," the new Witwer series, "The Wise Crackers" and three Fred Thomson pictures.

* * *

OTTO MATIESEN, who just commenced his interpretation of Oliver in "The Vagabond Prince," John Barrymore's new picture, has been signed by Warner Brothers to make a simultaneous appearance in Walter Morosco's production "While London Sleeps." In this story which Matiesen may do largely at night, the Danish actor portrays the role of London Letter.

* * *

THE midnight oil, whatever that may be, is burning brightly nights in the building at the F. B. O. Studios which houses the scenario department.

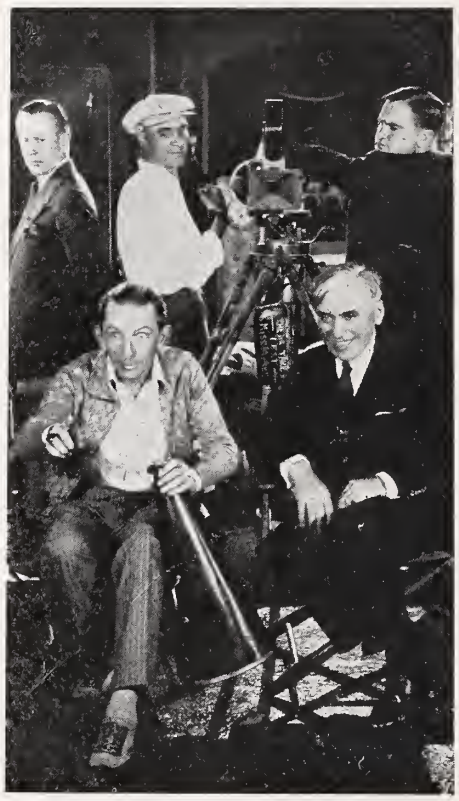
* * *

J. LEO MEEHAN has deserted Catalina Island to get in the atmosphere of the studios again and with Mrs. Meehan, who is the daughter of the late Gene Stratton Porter, is preparing the continuity of "The Magic Garden," the last story written by the authoress.

DORIS ANDERSON has just completed the adaptation of the H. C. Witwer story, "Charlotte's Ruse," which will appear on the screen under the title of "Her Father Said No." She is now writing the continuity of "The Salvation Jane." This will be Viola Dana's second picture under her starring contract with F. B. O.

* * *

WILLIAM E. WING is writing the continuity for "Tarzan and the Golden Lion" from Edgar Rice Burroughs' story.



This is supposed to be a puzzle picture, the puzzle being to find three directors who didn't succeed in making the boss laugh. Left to righ, Alf Goulding, Del Lord and Eddie Cline; seated, Larry Semon and Mack Sennett.

Gerald Duffy has finished "Jack O' Diamonds." This will be a starring vehicle for George O'Hara and is from an original story by Fred Jackson.

F. A. E. Pine is doing the continuity on the forthcoming Tom Tyler western starring picture "Lightning Lariats."

* * *

MONA RAY, fifteen year old Hollywood girl, and sister of Judy King, the actress, has been signed to play the role of "Topsy" in Universal's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Miss Ray has never appeared on the screen before, but in a series of extensive film tests she appeared to such good advantage that Universal is highly enthusiastic over her possibilities.

Manufacturing laughs, giggles, guffaws, grins, chuckles, roars, yells, shouts and gigantic ha-has with unabated and abandoned buffoonery these three Christie funmakers have earned a high place. Reading from left to right, Billy Dooley, Vera Stedman and Jack Duffy.

Irene Rich and Conway Tearle in a scene from "My Official Wife" (Warner Bros.)

TOM MOORE has been signed to play the featured lead opposite Laura La Plante in the Universal production, "Beware of Widows."

The picture, based on the New York stage hit of the same name, will be directed by Millarde Webb.

WALTER HIERS, Edgar Kennedy and Mathilde Comont have been chosen for roles in "The Wrong Mr. Wright," the Universal picture starring Jean Hersholt.

Hiers will play the part of a newspaper reporter—yes, they sometimes come that plump.

"The Wrong Mr. Wright," based on the play by George Broadhurst, will present Hersholt in farce comedy for the first time.

Scott Sidney has been signed to direct "The Wrong Mr. Wright."

HAVING been neatly murdered in the second reel, E. J. Ratcliffe has completed his role in "Held by the Law," Edward Laemmle's picture for Universal.

The murder—which was performed no less than seven times in the space of an afternoon—was committed by Robert Ober, who eventually will pay for his crime when the end of the picture rolls around.

BETWEEN sessions of Simon Legreeing in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," George Seigmann will play the villain in "The Bargain Bride," Mary Philbin's picture.

"The Bargain Bride" will be directed by Edward Sloman, and production will start as soon as the little star returns from New York.

HAVING completed his adaptation of "The Cat and the Canary," the mystery play which created such a sensation on the stage, Paul Leni, German artist and director, is about to start his first film production in America.

An all-star cast will be signed for the picture, and the director will start work within the next two weeks.

THREE comedy companies are pursuing the elusive gag to its lair at Universal City now. Jay Belasco is directing Neely Edwards, Francis Corby is filming the current "Andy Gump" comedy, and Dick Smith is shooting the second of "Slim" Summerville's one-reelers. Harry Sweet is preparing his next story with Charles Puffy.

MLLE. DE DESLEY, who was known on the screen as Jean Ferguson, is now operating a successful face rejuvenation and beauty culture studio in Los Angeles.

Monte Blue as he will be seen in "Across the Pacific." (Warner Bros.).

Her motion picture friends will remember her as the girl who danced the Argentine Tango in "The Four Horsemen," in which Rudolph Valentino first came to fame. She has more recently been in Warner Bros. films and opposite Monty Banks in his comedies.

Upon the expiration of her contract with the National Film Corporation, of Denver, she turned to her present endeavors in which she had long manifested an interest.

BIG things are being predicted for Gilbert Roland, young Spanish actor, who was first seen in "The Plastic Age." He has just finished a part in Sam Rork's "The Blonde Saint" and enthusiasm aplenty is pouring out of the studio for this young fellow.

MEMBERS of the Los Angeles and movie press were guests at the farewell tendered Richard Barthelmess at the Tec-Art studios in Hollywood on September 16th when Inspiration Pictures bid adieu to its star upon the occasion of his joining First National at Burbank.

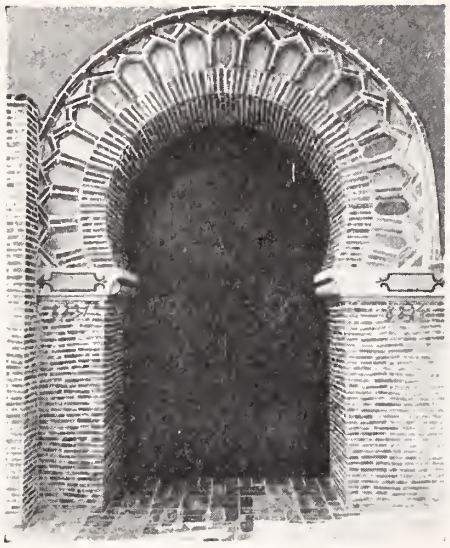
Dick has been under the Inspiration banner for five years during which time he has made many notable films, including "Tol'able David," "Sonny," "Classmates," "Soul Fire," "Ranson's Folly," "The Amateur Gentleman" and, lastly, "The White Black Sheep." He will journey to New York on a vacation trip before starting on his new contract.

MISS REBECCA and Eddie Silton of the firm of Rebecca & Silton of New York City, the casting office handling the leading players and directors in the East, have arrived in Hollywood.

GARRETT GRAHAM, erstwhile title writer for Fox, has been signed by Samuel J. Briskin to write the captions for "Dangerous Friends" recently filmed at the Fine Arts Studios.

WORD has just been received here from the East by Joe Rock, advising him that his most recent Standard comedy, "The Vulgar Yachstmen" featuring Lois Boyd, Gale Henry, Frank "Fatty" Alexander, "Kewpie" Ross and "Fat" Karr was given a big hand in New York at its premier. The picture is one of the first of a series of film satires that Rock will produce this season.

BUT few film fans associate Mary McAlister, popular leading lady of the screen who was featured opposite "Red" Grange in "One Minute to Play" with little Mary V. McAlister, the famous Essanay child star of a few years ago. Nevertheless they are one and the same person. Mary is now almost eighteen years of age and she returned to the screen but recently following several years in private school.



The Influence *of*

THE United States Department of Commerce has frequently stated that the American motion picture has done much to stimulate the sale of American products in foreign countries.

Now it appears that in addition to setting styles for women the movie is going to have a big influence on the architecture of the world's homes and other buildings.

An example of this is given in these accompanying photos of a Hollywood home, typical of the photoplay influence and in some respects, especially where the interiors are concerned, strangely reminiscent of lavish picture sets.

THIS Moorish home, located on Fountain Avenue in Hollywood is the abode of a doctor, therefore a tenant not apt to glean ideas from the studio itself but from the picture shown in the theater. Whether or not he has patterned his manse after any one or group of pictured architectural structures seen in movies, it is typical of the new trend in architecture that is making itself evident in Hollywood and slowly spreading to other metropolitan centers, eventually, no doubt, reaching the villages and hamlets of the country and the world at large.

THIS particular home is the expression of one man's ideas in architecture and represents many months of planning and toil. The plan of the garden and the surrounding

MOVIE MOTIFS

landscaping is consistent with the architectural motifs of the house itself. The furnishings do not clash in the least. This home has repose and warmth with all of its luxurious fittings, there is nothing of the theatrical garishness that so often pervades a home that has been patterned on the broad lines of this one.

HOLLYWOOD, the community, is the domestic expression of the same artistic motifs that result in the creation of the beautiful and the bizarre settings of the plays, spectacular and otherwise. It is an interesting psychological fact that many of the directors in the motion picture industry who have clung to one type of photoplay, the spectacular or simple, have recreated the same motifs in their homes and the furnishings therein.

The photoplay may have its saccharine and inane plots now and then and it may be roughly lampooned by critics the length and breadth of the globe yet none can gainsay that it has not demonstrated and exerted a great influence on the world's ideas of fashions . . . and now, architecture.

THE time may come when the schools for architects will include a course in visual education in its curriculum.

And the time may come, when movie producers, conscious of the great fillip given to architecture motifs by the cinema, will give greater consideration than is even evident now, to the styles of screen abodes.

With its moments of sheer simplicity and great humanness "The Mar- 'The Marriage Clause" has its tense drama . . . this is such a moment.

The Year's Sensation

"THE Marriage Clause' is undoubtedly the most sensational picture that will be produced in this year of grace, 1926.

Before you condemn those words as being too all-encompassing listen to this definition from Monsieur Webster of dictionary fame: SENSATION, that which produces interest or excitement; an excited condition; as, to cause a sensation; a condition of mind resulting from inherent feeling; emotion.

Perhaps "The Marriage Clause" will not be the greatest work to be produced by the screen this year but it is a safe bet that it will maintain its place as the most sensational production.

In the first place this Lois Weber photoplay was made with no advance promises for something reaching beyond the ordinary program picture. The cast, as announced, did not seem very impressive. Lois Weber was regarded rather tolerantly in some quarters as a director inclined to the senti-

A scene from the climax which easily stamps the Weber picture as the year's sensation . . . made virtually unheralded.

mentalities of her sex and therefore unable to give the screen a well-rounded depiction of life; some even affirmed that Lois Weber was too old-fashioned to tackle a subject of that kind.

Then there was Francis X. Bushman . . . . well, he had seen his heydays and was trying to make a comeback to popular favor. To top it all, there was Billie Dove . . . . a beautiful creature but . . . . well she just hadn't done anything so par-excellent.

So it was a rather ambiguous audience that sat in the Beverly Hills theaer the night of the preview. For the greater part a neighborhood audience not prepared to see something that would cause them to talk for weeks. Here and then a sprinkling of the anxious that had had a hand in making the picture.

The picture unraveled. Slowly but surely the people began to stretch further and further out of their seats. And when the end had come the picture had due proof of its potency in the flagging of handkerchiefs and the wag-wag of tongues of the people passing out. From that time on history was in the making for the Weber cinema. It has not been fully written as yet for the picture is just beginning its rounds of the nation's villages and hamlets.

Oland plays his part with restraint; Bushman with calm realism. They are splendid together.

There is no false romanticism to these characters. They love as people really do.

It may be a long, long time before Bushman gets another part like this. He exults and sorrows . . . truthfully.

If you haven't as yet seen it, don't miss it if you want to see a picture that is well made, that is simple in theme and exquisite in treatment, a picture that has its full share of drama and pathos and true-to-life ingredients, a picture that knows its subject and does it justice.

Weber will amaze you; you will vow everlasting fidelity to the deluctable and capable Billie Dove, who by this one performance has made a place for herself in the photoplay. Her only problem now will be to equal it in time to come. Then there is Bushman . . . . well, just go see the picture and exert your own zeal!

HOLLYWOOD CLOSEUPS

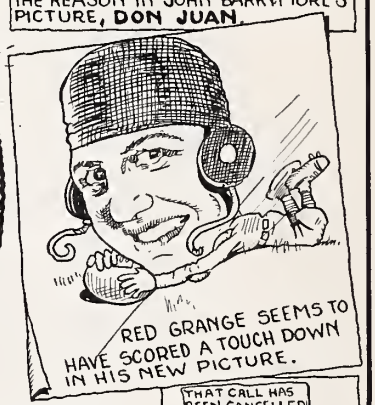
BY Gene Klum

HECTOR, THE EXTRA, SAYS— HE WONDERS IF KING VIDOR KNEW ALL THE WAR HE WAS A GOIN' TO START WHEN HE MADE THE BIG PARADE— HE SAYS HE HAS WORKED IN SIX WAR FILMS ALL READY AND HE MISSED OUT ON SEVERAL OTHERS.

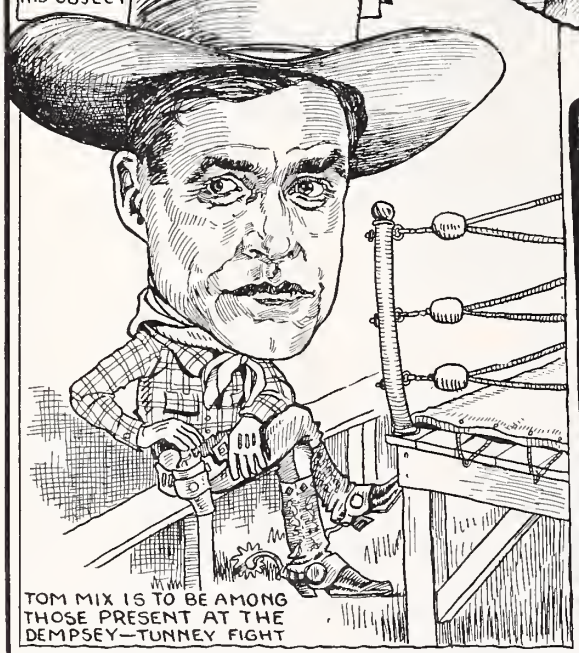
HUSBANDS CATCHING THEIR WIVES LOOKING AT THEM ASKANCE THESE DAYS WILL FIND THE REASON IN JOHN BARRYMORE'S PICTURE, **DON JUAN**.

DOUG AND MARY ARE HAPPY TO BE HOME AGAIN AFTER THEIR LONG SOJOURN IN EUROPE AND RUMOR HAS IT—THEY WILL BE STARTING PRODUCTION SOON.

BILL HART IS EASTWARD BOUND WITH THE FIGHT HIS OBJECT



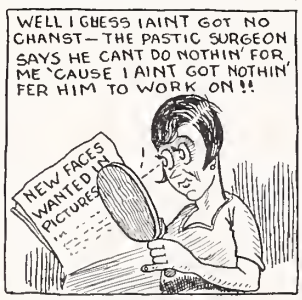
RED GRANGE SEEMS TO HAVE SCORED A TOUCH DOWN IN HIS NEW PICTURE.

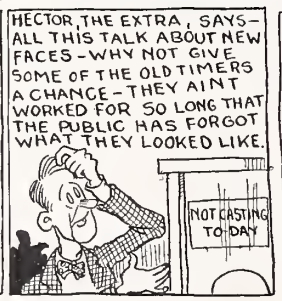


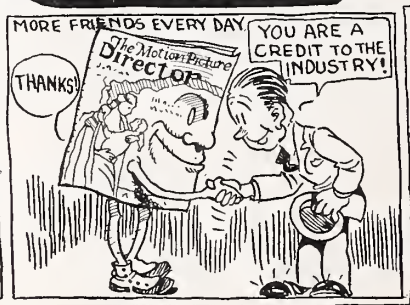
TOM MIX IS TO BE AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT THE DEMPSEY—TUNNEY FIGHT

LATEST PICTURE OF MARSHALL NEILAN LOOKING FOR NEW FACES

DICK BARTHELMESS IS THE LATEST RECRUIT TO JOIN THE RANKS OF THE HOLLYWOOD AIREDALES


WELL I GUESS I AINT GOT NO CHANST— THE PASTIC SURGEON SAYS HE CANT DO NOTHIN' FOR ME 'CAUSE I AINT GOT NOTHIN' FER HIM TO WORK ON!!
NEW FACES WANTED IN PICTURES


HECTOR, THE EXTRA, SAYS— ALL THIS TALK ABOUT NEW FACES - WHY NOT GIVE SOME OF THE OLD TIMERS A CHANCE - THEY AINT WORKED FOR SO LONG THAT THE PUBLIC HAS FORGOT WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE.
NOT CASTING TO-DAY



Women's Clubs and the Movies

By PEARL RALL

WOMEN'S Clubs of America are joining the ranks of the moving picture producer, and exhibitor, in a remarkable national advertising campaign this coming season,—and it isn't going to cost the film folk a cent. That is, further than the courtesies, honors and certain aids such as passes to theaters, free headquarters or assembly rooms possibly, luncheons, publicity in trade papers and the like at most.

Sounds a little unusual doesn't it? It certainly should interest the studio fraternity immensely, for there are thousands of dollars, months of activity and de luxe exploitation, gratis, involved in the process.

All of which is quite a change from the state of affairs several years ago when Thomas H. Ince made a significant pioneer gesture of friendly consideration for the opinions of the clubwomen of Los Angeles, and indirectly to the women folk of the entire country, in two mammoth complimentary matinee performances of "Hail the Woman." Alas, how disastrously despite the personal aftermath of a studio party for those who would and could accept his hospitality at Culver City!

Producer Ince's then somewhat quixotic experiment was watched with considerable scepticism and mild degree of interest, mixed with a bit of amusement probably, by his professional confreres because at that time who cared what clubwomen or the "highbrows" thought anyhow? They were so many "killjoys," just as every critical person is who does not go deeply enough into the matter to get at the real "dope" on a subject and a lot of other protestants as well are rated in this business, worth only caustic scorn or to be totally ignored. No one really did pay any attention to them.

This despite the fact that the Advertising Clubs of the World were beginning to broadcast vigorously the slogan that women represented 80 per cent of the buying of the universe, directly or indirectly.

As for the women, they were disturbed at discovering that a certain well known newspaper woman received a consideration for passing the word along and otherwise assisting in assembling them for the performances as an interesting and promising experiment, also by the fact that their commendatory opinions were quoted in a public advertisement of the virtues of the picture later. A similar feeling was aroused by Mrs. Wallace Reid's sincere effort, "Broken Laws,"—but in different manner.

Clearly "they had been shamelessly betrayed for thirty pieces of silver by one they trusted, into the hands of the Philistines." They clacked for months over the "treachery."

It is interesting to note here almost by way of digression that this same newspaper woman, an incurable optimist despite this bitter experience that disgusted studio heads and attaches, thereupon proposed to Mr. Ince and to sundry clubs and club leaders that film sections corresponding to the drama sections so popular in the various organizations be organized that a better understanding of such advances be reached.

The idea interested Mr. Ince, and possibly might have been tried later had he lived longer. But just then he was certainly not ready, with such a memory in his mind. Apparently the women to whom it was proposed did not get its significance then. Besides the "filthy dollar" was again involved. Some one must be paid to outline and carry out the plan. That damned it.

A few years later it was again timidly presented by this same newspaper woman, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and indirectly to Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge, but while it was regarded as a "wonderful idea with fine possibilities," "why should one company pay for a campaign that must be national in scope and would benefit the entire industry." The Hays organization had other and too varied, immediate problems of greater moment with which to cope. So the Idea awaited a larger, possibly, introduction from many minds instead of one.

But women are such uncomfortable creatures! They kept fussing, together with the "longhairs," about certain details of "business" in certain pictures such as the use of firearms, the introduction of bedroom scenes and the like, to certain stories and suggestive titles that were "hot stuff" as box office cards. They kept bobbing up at intervals asking for censorship. It was most annoying! Would these fool females never quit bothering about things they knew nothing about. Affairs of high finance, and pictures certainly were such with millions involved, were matters for men to handle—and by Heaven they would!"

Now men ought to know by this time that to tell a woman "not to bother her pretty head about a thing" is tantamount to setting her industriously to work at it. And here was such an interesting toy, so bright, and she was told, "dangerous." So the film magnate became more and more annoyed but aware he must pay attention.

Then legislatures and politics took a hand. Wall street grew more active, and "investigations" flourished. The lowly movie had arrived at last!

Now everybody's turned "about face" as a result. A great reversal of affairs seems to be at hand, brought about by the agitation that has compelled the opposing forces to come together for conference, though a full peace pact has not yet been completely signed. Furthermore—

Since last January the Parent Teacher Association took a revolutionary step toward diplomatic and effective examination of the films for recommendation for children's entertainment and education by introducing a definite course of study in film criticism, led by a professional critic, as the result of a series of lectures presented before the monthly conferences of 127 chairman reporting each week thorughout the city previous to that.

Certain mooted questions have been threshed out and recommended by Mrs. F. O. McCulloch, stage president of the P. T. A., to Mrs. J. P. Doran of San Bernardino, state chairman of films, and Mrs. J. H. Wilson, district and local chairman. Records are kept, lists are published as in the case of the federation, and cooperation with the visual education department of the Board of Education continues, together with participation in the federation experiment as to children's matinees.

But the most remarkable development, though the most logical imaginable, of this feminine energy and growing desire to figure in the film situation is the free publicity campaign planned and already well in operation locally among the leaders in clubdom. The outline is national in scope this year, and stupendous in proportions considering the personal effort and numbers involved. It must be far-reaching in effect.

Above all, it is free, as yet, of the "taint" of monetary reward for any of its workers—though women have been approached it is said by offers of as much as $100 for a commendatory review as representing the "official" woman viewpoint. The service is altruistically offered, the only possible "fly in the ointment" apparently being the division of "honors" and attentions. And those deserters who yield to the lure of gold in return for their opinion or more professional service.

(*Continued on Page 80*)

Von Stroheim and

By BERTRAM HOLIDAY *and*

In "The Wedding March" von Stroheim is pouring his very soul, the pent-up love for far-off, sunlit Vienna. It is more than a motion picture to him; it is a resurrection of days that he lived and loved.

While he has been prompted to stage his picture in the locale of Vienna, amid the pomp of an imperial court that is no more, he has not forgotten to base his picture on a theme that knows neither the limits of time or space, geography or politics, a theme aptly expressed in the familiar lines:

"Oh, Love, without thee
Marriage is a sacrilege and a mockery."

One of the most brilliant of wedding spectacles is that filmed in the replica of St. Stephen's Cathedral built for "The Wedding March."

Von Stroheim presents the picture of a man who is neither villain nor hero but just a philandering, irresponsible young officer, thinking lightly of women until true love transforms him.

NOSTALGIA . . . that malady to which none of us are entirely immune . . . often stirs up a strong urge to see familiar sights once more and see them as they were when last observed.

Probably, therefore, Erich von Stroheim is wise in seeking as his remedy for nostalgia which has seemingly gripped him for some time, not the Vienna of today but the Vienna of yesterday, the Vienna of pre-war days, of the royal glory of Franz Josef, Emperor. And in building the huge sets reminiscent of the Vienna of that lost era it is possible that he is destined to give to the motion picture a production that will surpass any of his previous efforts.

THE story contrasts the lives of the Austrian nobility and the peasants, presenting the dashing Stroheim as 'Prince Nicki,' chamberlain to the Em-

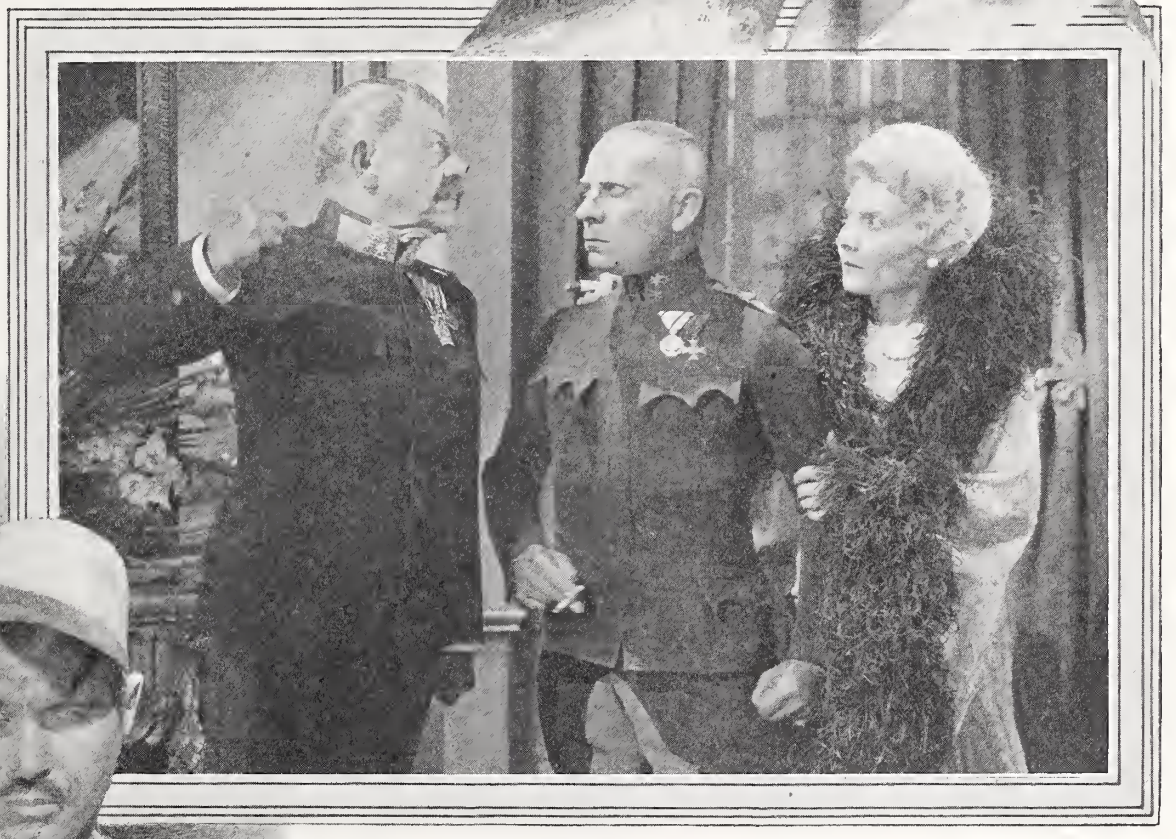
"The Wedding March"

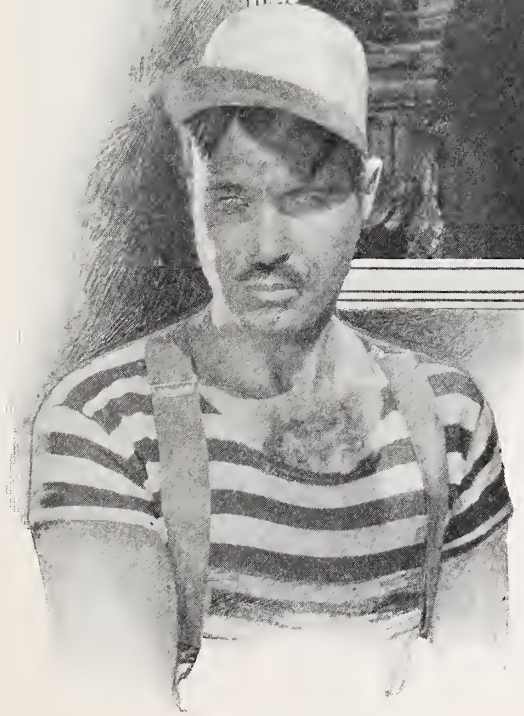
RICHARD MATTISON DUANE]

peror. His love for Mitzi Schrammel, peasant girl and harpist at the Inn 'To the Old Apple Tree,' forms the central theme of the narrative and presents the director-actor in a new type of role . . . as an irresponsible, philandering young officer, thinking lightly of love and of women, transformed at length into a true, sincere lover who eventually marries the girl of his choice.

In the Inn "To the Old Apple Tree" is Mitzi, a peasant girl harpist, in which role Fay Wray is afforded an opportunity that falls to few youthful players.

A production based on court functions and European nobility would not be complete without George Fawcett and in "The Wedding March" we see him as Prince Ottakar, Lord Steward and general of cavalry.





GONE is the familiar rascality of yesteryear . . . the cynical disregard for all the finer things of life, the conscienceless behavior of the confirmed reprobate . . . and in its place appears a sweet sincerity, a picture of a man who is intensely human, but who is neither hero nor villain.

The old von Stroheim penchant for stark, unadorned realism is everywhere apparent, but its delineation has been applied to higher things and made, perhaps, more typical of humanity as a whole.

The "heavy" work of the picture is handled by Matthew Betz as Schani the butcher.

Stroheim's own "Greed" and "The Merry Widow" will form the basis of comparison with "The Wedding March." It will also be compared with the German-made films, "Variety" and "The Waltz Dream." The last named is also laid in Vienna, the gay city of love and laughter and free-flowing wine . . . the Vienna of the Prater and biergarten.

(*Continued on Page 75*)

Hollywood's School Kids

THE children of actors and actresses have been pictured in the public fancy as befrilled, spoiled and, possibly, ornery, young creatures who did not have to contend with the thousand and one other problems of "ordinary kids."

One of the pet fables that has been woven by the people who are movie gluttons, with the aid of a few misguided press agents, is that the children of Holly-

Suzanne Vidor, daughter of Florence Vidor, film star, is a popular pupil at the Hollywood School for Girls.

wood eat off golden platters, ride in gold-plated limousines and build bonfires with bank notes. To conceive that the offspring of a famous papa or mamma should have to contend with such dry things as readin', 'riting' or 'rithmetic is positively ridiculous; such is the seed nursed in the brains of many envious fathers and mothers of Bugleville and Hay Center who have to do considerable stretching to buy the baby shoes, etc.

Not so many years ago it was the prevailing fashion for enterprising movie magazines to

The color squad at Urban Military Academy. The lad to the extreme right is King Baggot, Jr., son of the film director.

One of the snappy looking youngsters at Oneonta Military Academy is Fred Frankenstein, son of A. F. Frankenstein, director of the Los Angeles Orpheum theater.

print rafts of pictures showing the children of the cinemese surrounded by 'steen governesses, guards or what have you. That did much to develop a warped impression of the children of

A scene from "The Gates of Make Believe," recently given at the Hollywood School for Girls. The "young man" is Barbara Denny, daughter of Reginald of film farce fame. The "princess" is Marian Edwards, son of the well-known screen character actor, Snitz Edwards.

Rosemary Carr, daughter of Mary Carr of film fame, is one of the attractive young ladies at the Greenwood School for Girls.

Hollywood. In a desire to show these children as they really are the MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR combed through the schools of Los Angeles and vicinity to get pictorial proof that these children of the renowned must tackle schoolbooks with the same submission as do the millions of other lesser known youngsters of the world.

Here, in one school where military routine holds its strict sway, we found the son of a motion picture director whose weekly income equals the com-

(*Continued on Page 42*)

Maybeth Carr, another daughter of Mary, also attends Greenwood.

Sea Breeze B

Is offered as an ideal, priva

A club that every member of the family will enjoy

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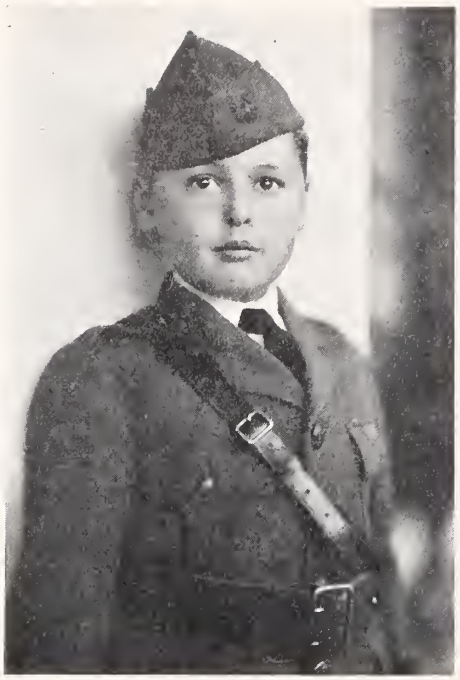


Marshall A. Green, son of Director Al Green, is a product of Urban Military Academy.

bined intake of an average two dozen families in Hay Center. Was he petted and pampered and allowed any special privileges? He assuredly was NOT! With the rest of the young soldiers he was called to task for missteps, quizzed with the same exacting scrutiny in the classroom and compelled to drill and study and play like the rest of the boys. The fact that he had a fat salary did not convince this daddy that his lad was to shirk youthful tasks.

In another school were the two daughters of a very famous actress, assiduously attacking their work that they may some day take their place in the world of culture and affairs.

Then there was the daughter of a big star who, even in her babyhood, evinced her heritage of dramatic talent and was cultivating that gift with great fervor in the midst of many other girls from less famed households. And so on the procession led from one school to another; indisputable proof that the glamour of Hollywood is glamour only on the screen.

Here is the scion of the Whitleys, prominent Hollywood family. His name is William and he attends the Oneonta Military Academy.

It is from the ranks of these lovely young girls and upstanding young boys that the photoplay of tomorrow will recruit many of its leaders. Here they work with childish ambition and play with the abandon of youth. Tomorrow they will be recreating and building the joys and the sorrows of the photoplay; apt mediums to bring the motion picture to its goal as the greatest of all of the worlds' arts.

They are much more than proof that Hollywood is a part of everyday, whilst seeped in the traditions of make-believe. They are a refutation of the credo that

(*Continued on Page 65*)

Eveline Carre's daddy is Ben Carre, noted film art director. She is a pupil at the Greenwood school.

Lillian Gilmore, daughter of Barney Gilmore of Actors Equity fame, is seen here in a pageant scene. She is at the Hollywood School for Girls.

Marguerite Swope, daughter of Leslie Swope of Hollywood Theaters, Inc., attends the Hollywood School for Girls.

"Bardelys the Magnificent"

Swashbuckling Romance

THE gleam of armor and the clash of swords; all of the vivid romance that has made the name of Rafael Sabatini one for readers to conjure with has been recreated for screen audiences by King Vidor, whose latest opus, "Bardelys the Magnificent," bids fair to equal, if not surpass, his epochal "The Big Parade." John Gilbert, in the title role, has ample opportunity to demonstrate his heart-captivating powers to the feminine element and his dashing duelling will no doubt find favor in masculine optics.

CLAD in the accroutements of the era of hardware tailoring the dark-eyed Gilbert romps through this picture with aplomb, an effervescent daredevil and an engaging hero, jumping from the gallows at last to cheat an army out of its prey.

As for backgrounds . . . massive turrets . . . imposing palaces . . . crowds . . . color . . . everything that makes for the spectacular and vivid has been poured in generous measure into this photoplay. The picture is more a recreation of life than a drama being enacted on celluloid than has been seen in many a day. Originally planned to have been filmed in colors it was decided at the last minute that the production would be made in the regular black and whites. It has suffered none, however, for what the picture may lack in physical colors has been more than compensated for in the color and fire of the theme.

THE story is of France in the days of Louis XIII and it boils with intrigue, politics, plots and whatnot.

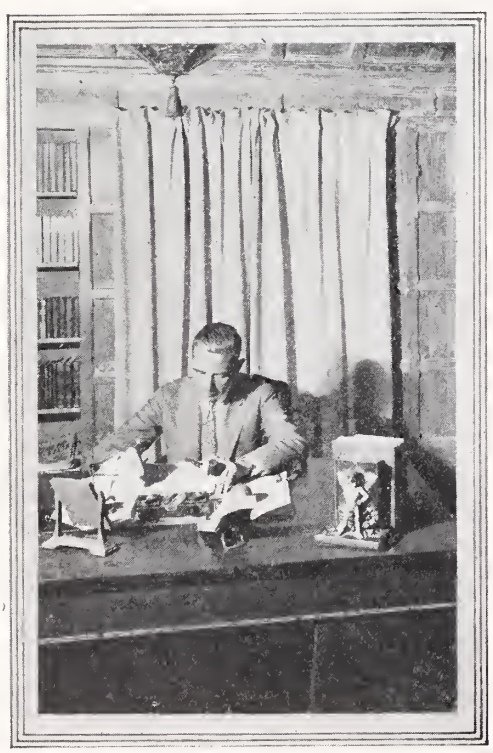
(*Continued on Page 70*)

ONE of the most magnificent homes in the Beverly Hills district is that of Anthony Coldewey, situated on Hillcrest Drive.

Scripts Build Great

THIS home has been furnished throughout by "Ollie" Sellers of the Sellers Furniture Studios, an organization rapidly making a

A CHASTE simplicity and cheerfulness distinguishes this hall, with its square-paned door, alcove and inviting chairs.



SECLUDED from the noise of the outside world, this study combines office efficiency with homelike atmosphere, giving a tone conducive to work well done.

A CORNER of the living room, with a Spanish love seat covered with green bocatelle. Luxury is the keynote of the furnishings here. The low-built fireplace is in harmony with the Persian throw rugs. An interesting plaque of a Spanish galleon is seen above the mantel.

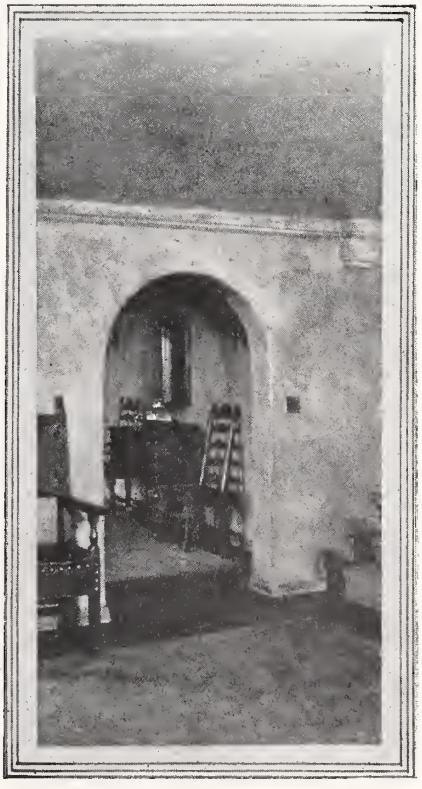
THIS home is a domestic monument to the skill of Scenarist Coldewey, who has helped bring "The Prince of Pilsen," "Miss Nobody," "Almost a Lady" and other hits to the screen.

Beverly Manse

reputation for itself in filmland. The artistry of wares and the manner in which they are fitted into the home is a tribute in itself.

ANOTHER corner of the living room. The drapes are of antique red. The floor coverings are of plain rose taupe chenille.

A FITTING background for choice viands is this dining room with furniture of walnut. The drapings are of an antique satin of red and gold.



THE sun passage from the hall to the dining room is of almost monastic severity in detail. This is heightened by the chairs placed the length of the wall.

Latest Fashions

At left—A white kid sport coat with fox collar lined with Kasha.

At right——Two-piece costume Lanvin model in Chanel colored velvet. Vestee and scarf of georgette

Special poses for the MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR by Alice Adair. Photos by Witzel. These latest creations for the modish woman are from the shoppe of Ernest Swift, Inc. 6348 Hollywood Blvd.

At left——A very beautiful creation of black net and Chantilly lace over cloth of gold.

From Hollywood

At left—A blue charmeen one-piece street costume with silk blouse copied from an exclusive model by Phillipe-Gaston.

Shown above is one of Rodier's new fabrics made into a dressy sport coat with fox trim.

At right—A wool two-piece sport costume from a model sponsored by Chanel.

These creations from the shoppe of Ernest Swift, Inc., 6348 Hollywood Blvd., were posed for the MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR by Jean Douglas, the noted prize beauty—photographed by Witzel.

Critiques *By* LUCILLE PETERS

THE TEMPTRESS

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER production starring Greta Garbo supported by Antonio Moreno. Directed by Fred Niblo. Previewed at the De Luxe Theatre.

This story, by Vicente Ibanez, has at last found its way to the screen, after repeated attempts on the part of the studio to induce some director to make it, a number of them having refused to do the job. A pale shadow of the Ibanez story is the ultimate outcome. The role of the heroine is shorn of all the luring and enticing, if destructive, qualities which go into the compouning of a temptress. As the character now stands it undoubtedly was created as a sop to the moving picture fans of the country. Greta Garbo typifies a heroine bidding for the sympathy of her audience. She personifies a woman driven by the force of circumstances which of themselves create havoc in her contact with men, rather than the deliberate work of her own destroying charm. She seems a miscast Madonna; the innocent cause of the misery which follows in her wake. The incident showing the baby on the floor, smiling across at her in one of the South American sequences, is a mere waste of footage—advancing the story nowhere. It is obviously an afterthought of the scenarist, a clumsy attempt to create sympathy for the heroine. As a matter of dramatic construction, one of the most artistic opportunities for characterization and subtle acting was overlooked in the portrayal of the heroine in the final sequence, as shown at this preview. Here, Elena, having saved Robledo the tragic fate meted out to men who loved her by having left him could, after a period of six years, have become the shabby, weary derelict shown in this sequence. There was nothing illogical in this. Her love for one man conquering her desire for luxury, purchased at too great a cost from many lovers, could have been responsible for her sorry plight. But to have portrayed her as a drug addict having no recollection of the man who was responsible for her condition was absurdly unreasonable. Had Greta portrayed a woman who, realizing that even though success and happiness through another woman had come to Robledo, could still have called him back to her, and had she then deliberately assumed the role of a drug addict in order to send him from her in disgust, there would have been true sympathy from her audience for this renunciation and an opportunity for a wonderful bit of acting after Robledo's departure for the final fadeout. Instead of this we have the recollection of a bewildered, disgusting creature, a scum of humanity, far more offensive to any audience that she would have appeared as Ibanez's original conception of the heartless but scintillating temptress. The scene where Elena visualizes the revolting swinelike cafe habitue as the Christ, giving her ring as an offering for salvation, leaves an unpleasant recollection as a final tone of the picture.

However, according to our understanding, this picture is meeting with the usual fate of most previewed pictures. The entire last sequence is being retaken and we are to have the usual happy ending. Elena in a noble gesture of sharing Robledo's responsibilities will exclaim after the breaking of the dam—"Oh damn the dam, darling, we will rebuild it together," or words to that effect.

It is interesting to conjecture just what Maurice Stiller would have given us had he been allowed to finish the filming of this production. It is a safe bet that we would have had an entirely different Elena, probably more in keeping with the Ibanez conception.

However one has no especial fault to find with the direction. It has the excellence one expects from Niblo. It is with the story construction we pick our quarrel. There are many splendid directorial touches throughout the film. The photography is exceptionally good and the cutting shows the work of an experienced craftsman. Among the most interesting realistic bits in the entire picture were the scenes between Roy D'Arcy and Antonio Moreno when they fought the Argentine. This was not only a novel contribution to the screen but it was also splendidly photographed and tense with dramatic suspense. The sequence showing the breaking of the dam was also unusually well done, probably ranking as the best trick photography which has been filmed recently.

Altogether the picture will probably prove a success, but we doubt that it will do much towards advancing Greta Garbo to the goal so eagerly anticipated by her admirers.

JULIUS CAESAR

SHAKESPEARE in the Hollywood Bowl with a background of hills and a canopy of night, star-spangled! Truly a romantic inception, but unfortunately Shakespeare in this setting does not quite measure up to "great expectations." Without doubt we prefer our Shakespeare acted out on the legitimate stage in good old-fashioned style. Yet, not lightly to be dismissed was the spectacle offered by the Hollywood Bowl Art Theatre sponsors. Painstaking effort expended in a worthy cause met with the loyal support of the citizens of this community. Though we are unable at this time to announce just how far this offering has gone towards procuring the desired funds, we can only hope that their efforts have met with the success they so justly deserved.

Naturally the dramatic value of the play is dwarfed when produced on such spectacular scale. However, to have seen this masterpiece of Shakespeare's staged in a manner so mammoth is in itself a never-to-be-forgotten memory. The production was excellently cast, splendidly directed and with the exception of one or two noticeable instances, marvelously well lighted.

R. D. MacLean's delineation of the character of Brutus was outstanding, as was to be expected from this eminent Shakespearean actor. Lionel Belmore's portrayal of Casca was decidedly human and interecting, if smacking somewhat of modernism. The mob scenes were remarkably well played. Especially effective were they during Brutus' address and the famed oration of Marcus Antonious over the body of Caesar. Not until hearing William Farnum's masterly reading of these famous lines had we realized how cleverly were the magic words of Shakespeare woven into a patern destined to sway the hearts of men. Farnum's entire performance was noteworthy, but in his peroration over the body of his murdered friend, he reached the pinacle. James Gordon's rendition of Julius Caesar left nothing to be desired. William Humphrey, in the difficult role of Caius Cassius, gave a convincing performance. Carlotta King, as Lucius, proved interesting while Belle Bennett, as Portia, and Margaret Bourne, as Calpernia, were adequate.

(*Continued on Page 76*)

ANITA STEWART
LATEST RELEASE—"WHISPERING WIRES"
MANAGEMENT OF GUY COBURN

Sweep of beautiful Ensenada Bay. The Club Internationale's properties includes over five miles frontage.

Ensenada Destined to Become Premier *Resort*

Huge Development of Club Internationale of Ensenada Presages Transformation of Old Spanish Main Port Into One of World's Finest Watering Resorts

ALTHOUGH but recently launched, the Club Internationale of Ensenada has made rapid progress in building its membership rosters, and the actual construction work now well under way augurs an early realization of this vast project. Resort and travel experts attracted by the club's activities, proclaim the development as due to make of Ensenada the western continent's first international resort of note, and in time the premiere resort of the world.

Glimpse of one of the six lakes on the Club's Hunting Preserve

An exceeding rare combination of locale and climatic delights constitutes the marvelous setting for this club. Situated in a foreign land settled before the United States was even thought of and still untouched by the hand of modernity, Ensenada presents a quaintness, romance and decided foreign atmosphere which are ideal as a background and attraction for a club and resort.

The position of the club is one of security and protected in contract form as result of an international agreement with the Mexican Central Government of Mexico City. The immense land holdings, concessions and privileges are of tremendous value and will permit of a club and resort development without parallel. Already the planning of the project is acknowledged as eclipsing anything of like nature ever started.

Provision has been made for virtually every form of outdoor sport—and aside from the many aquatic pleasures made possible through the Ensenada Bay in addition, the club has its own private hunting preserve of 23,000 acres affording some of the finest hunting available in America today.

But few who are considered as traveled and familiar with the haunts of the world, have failed in visiting Ensenada and

Above, a bit of old New England fishing village. Below, part of Club's beach stretch.

One never tires of the many unique and delightful vistas which meet the eye at every turn in Ensenada.

do not know of its exquisite landlocked bay—its broad glistening white beach of eleven miles—its beautiful and virgin countryside, and the grim protection afforded this haven in the encircling mountains. For years the spot has attracted select tourists, writers and artists from all parts of the world, and the fame of Ensenada's hunting grounds and inexhaustive fishing banks is known to sportsmen of renown in nearly all countries.

In recent conversation with the club's Membership Secretary, L. C. Simmel, located in the Sun Finance Building in Los Angeles, it was divulged that the club's backers are all Los Angeles capitalists whose character and reputation alone, assures the success destined for the club; and that it requires but a moments study of the names appearing on the club's rosters to realize that the very elect of the city's social and business circles had become members. While it is the intention of the club to make the membership international in scope, California is enjoying the first opportunity of becoming affiliated.

Below, Punta Banda—extreme south end of bay where lobster banks, and marine gardens are located.

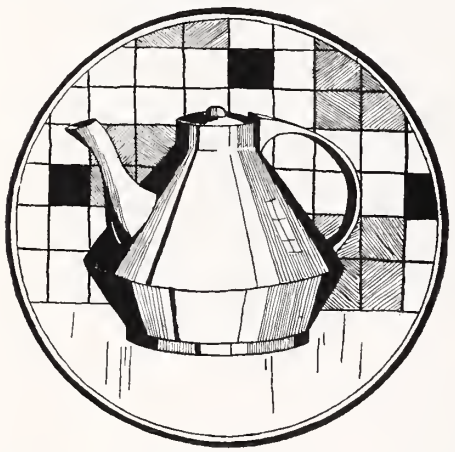
Above, Typical and interesting street scene—waiting for "Manana."

Below, view of one of the many old ruins which one frequently encounters while sightseeing in and about Ensenada.

IN HOLLYWOOD'S Smartest Shops

THERE is a gift shop in Hollywood that is filled with bounteous beauty like the overflowing horn of plenty. Most amazing are the number of novelties and gifts, temptingly arrayed on shelves, tables and stands.

The most charming of the new things are the quaint music boxes—hidden in surprising guises. Just fancy, for instance, serving tea to your guests and as you lift an exquisite, bright monotone teapot in yellow to have your astonished and surprised visitors hear it play "Tea



for Two." No, I am not dreaming—it really does! And it is modestly silent when you place it upon the table. Tea cups and saucers to match it may be had in the same ware and color.

There is also a tiny clock in Gothic form whose alarm will awaken you to its sweet music instead of the blatant blare of the usual old reliable.

Cigarette boxes are here that play sweet airs when you open them—a sort of miniature burglar alarm to the cigarette pilferer, and amusing to your guests. And whisper it gently—there is also the little brown jug that sings a merry song. Fascinating pinch bottles of dull brown—musical as well. They are assembled in America but the music parts come from Germany and Switzerland, world famous for their musical toys.

Quite a practical innovation are the new bridge sandwich plates and tea cups combined. A little imbedded circle holds the cup, saving the uncomfortable juggling of separate tea and bread plates. These are in lovely French china, hand decorated, artistic importations most reasonably priced.

If you are fond of costume jewelry, there are wonderful lots here marked from $1.00 upward, all in delightful line and color. The essential ash tray in Oriental cluster groups in green gold metal, jeweled, with ruby glass trays, turn a service into a decoration.

For that dull nook or empty space that yawns for fulfillment and color there is a beautiful head of Margaret de Valois. Elevated from a flat Italian base and done in cream composition ornamented in brilliant notes of black and vermillion, it is most effective. One of those things with an expensive air and costing only $8.50.

The real feature of this month's display—like the kiddies with lollypops, we leave the best for the last—is the absolutely new ornamentation in wrought metal. It is difficult to paint in words the soft silvered tone of these lovely things done in door knockers, electric candles with amber crystal shades, little candle sticks, book ends and stands.

A center piece for ferns or flowers is remarkably fine. This style of wrought metal ornament is especially good for the modern Spanish mode of decoration, though being so neutral of tone it fits unobtrusively into almost any environment. All of these and more at Balzer's.

* * *

A FAMOUS hair dresser of Hollywood Boulevard, has achieved even new wonders through his method of permanent waving. Recently returned from Paris, he has brought with him the very latest improvements in this most important feature.

The new process, now completely perfected, gives a curl of large, soft, clinging and beautifully formed wave—so desired by the ultra-fastidious. Moreover when the new hair grows in, thereby forcing the nicely curled parts to the ends, Henry can place in a new curl close to the head with his exclusive wood steam process. This process curls the new growth without affecting the original wave. With this new and entirely exclusive method, it is never necessary to be without a perfect wave, which makes a coiffure that assures one of always having that well groomed look so important to the perfect toilette.

On permanent waving, Henry has achieved the most perfect technique of any hair dresser in America. His long experience in all forms of hair dressing assures one absolute satisfaction. Another splendid feature is his treatment of white hair. White hair, which under the usual process of permanent waving

turns a disagreeable yellow, with this new treatment and wave process retains its exquisite whiteness without mark of the slightest discoloration. His recent trip abroad has certainly proven of tremendous advantage to those of Los Angeles who desire the permanent wave "par excellence."

* * *

At a delightful salon of fashion on Hollywood Blvd. possibly two of the most charming dresses of the season are being shown. One, a period gown modernized, is developed in old rose taffeta quilted half way up the skirt. The skirt flares and is quite short in front and longer at the back, swinging in a graceful circular. The inner cloth, a dull corn gold, shows when the gown is in movement and the quilting is outlined in gold threading. The motif of the costume is the high Isabella collar—also quilted and outlined in gold. At the back of the high collar is a garniture in the form of a bouquet of purple violets clustered with a grouping of narrow ribbons conceived in bluette, corn gold, dawn lavender, poudre blue and Nile green. The ensemble is an astonishing harmony of color.

The other feature gown is a Susan Talbot frock of black taffeta, the hem of the full circular skirt embellished with a band of jade ribbon. From the left shoulder to the waist line runs a wide strip of exquisite beadery in Turkish red, green, and gold leaf design. Just below the belt, which is placed at the natural waist line, is a small buffon, caught with green ribbon. The simplicity and the perfect cut gives this costume its extraordinary chic.

Here also are shown the feather boa, that flattering novelty just returning to vogue. Also boas ranging from short neck pieces to some full length ones as long as six feet. One, which is most beautiful, is of jade green with long soft flume—at $37.50 it is a veritable find. The smaller ones range from $7.50 upward.

Flowers will again decorate both the

taileur and evening gown. The new ones are fascinating. Some just from Paris are made in different flower form of delectable little ostrich tip—while some are softest silk and others of a new rubberized fabric, carrying a perfect tone of real flowers. A visit to Ernest Swift's shop will prove time well spent.

* * *

If you love beautiful bags and appreciate the tremendous help which they give to the costume, "a little journey" to Hollywood's unique bag shops, will be most helpful. So many absolutely new and charming models are being shown at these shops that a choice is indeed difficult. You feel after looking them over that you just want them all. There are bags for every occasion and purpose. Some in Paisley outlined in silver beads, some in old brocade, so soft in tone and alluring in design you feel they might easily have hung from the slender wrist of a lady-in-waiting to the "Antoinette."

The beaded bags are in such tiny beads that the lovely tapestry designs look as if they were of cobwebs strung with irridescent dew. You wonder at the marvelous patience and artistry of the agile hands that fashioned them in far away lands.

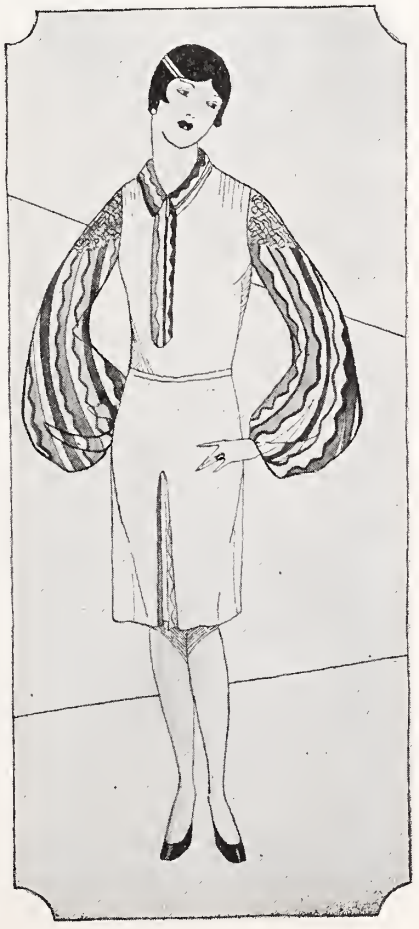
Two of the newest features are—first: a day bag—a combination in real calf leather and light tan suede with an applique of cluster flowers done in light tan and white made of unborn calf. The second is an underarm bag—the rage of Fifth Ave. It is a large flat bag, almost a pormanteau, in genuine black pig seal with a flat gold leather strap ornamentation. And so roomy! A splendid mirror and inner pocket case and reams and reams of space for papers and shopping notes and what not. Such a de-

lightful innovation after the cramped little bags heretofore.

The Wolf shops are most happy to show you all these delightful novelties conceived and developed in the best possible fabric with the best possible taste.

* * *

"The stuff that dreams are made of," seems to be woven into the many color Batik fabrics now becoming the vogue in Hollywood. While the combinations are startling and colorful, they still maintain the effect of beautiful tone and harmony contrast.



Now this shop is making little soft turbans also in Batik to match their gowns. The ensemble is perfect, giving more than ever that Oriental look to the completed effect.

If you wish a lovely scarf for the Fall taileur, a splash of vivid color to brighten the neutral tone, here is the place. These scarfs are all originals—no two alike. And in the most exquisite designs!

So much success has followed the owners of this "different" shop that they have enlarged their ideas and will also do interior decorating with Batik arrangements. These changing colors in soft fabrics are wonderfully adaptable for bed spreads, curtains, and cushions, all to match. You can have a room especialy made to your own personal taste.

Huge floor cushions will also be a new feature, alluring in color and unique in their suggestion of comfort.

A visit to the Liljedahl Bengtsson shop is really an education in the new art.

* * *

There is a little haven for those who love the rare and beautiful in books—and art, at a most unique book shop on the boulevard. Then, too, the most modern of the modernists are always there—the latest word—the deniere cri—of the sophisticate. Just arriving from abroad are some lovely, colorful European post cards, fit for either framing or for Christmas. There are shelves here filled with delectable books and prints and there are chairs and lounges where you may rest and read. The Pegues Shop is something more than a book store—it is an intellectual institution that Hollywood may well be proud of.

From Maid To Matron

By MYRTLE STEDMAN

Being a transcript of one side of an interesting conversation with Miss Stedman.

IT DOESN'T seems like fifteen years. It might be yesterday, or day before yesterday. But it *is* fifteen busy, vivid years of motion picture work. Happy years—sorry years—glad years—but always work years.

It seems like only yesterday that Tom Mix joined our troupe. His dusty chaps, his straight dark hair, his keen brown eyes. And his horsemanship. A happy, hard-riding cowboy. I see Tom glide by in that creamy glory of a car that is his today and think of Tom and his fighting little mustang. And of Flemington, Missouri, where he joined our company more than fifteen years ago.

And the other night at the County Fair given for the visiting theater owners, I saw Hobart Bosworth. A striking figure in cowboy trappings, astride his horse, he looked but little older in spirit than when he played the hero to my Saxon in "The Valley of the Moon." That was my first picture on the west coast. White has powdered his hair—the years have traced his face, of course, but there is still his splendid spirit.

It hasn't been long since Frances Marion was the head of the publicity department at Bosworth's studio. Frances who now endorses a check for $30,000 for a scenario—who has just completed a princely home in Beverly Hills. It hasn't been long, either, since Edmund Lowe played his first motion picture role in Basil King's "Wild Olive." Eddie was the "heavy." No, it hasn't been long . . . but, then, years spin by so rapidly.

In "Peer Gynt" there were three young girls playing minor parts, Alma Rubens, Winifred Bryson, Vera Stedman. Today Alma is a star. Winifred has retired to shine as the star of Warner Baxter's home. And Vera is one of our best known comediennes.

Mabel Normand was the "Biograph Beauty." I was the "Selig Girl." No names. Nothing definite. Just a "beauty" or a "girl." If the beauty proved incorrigible or the girl proved intractable, it was easy enough to find someone to fill her place. Beauty and girls were as plentiful then as they are today.

And never shall we of those times

Myrtle Stedman as she is today in "Don Juan's Three Nights" and as she appeared as Solveig in Cyril Maude's "Peer Gynt."

It seems like only yesterday that Tom Mix joined our troupe.——Tom Mix of the dusty chaps, straight black hair and keen brown eyes.

forget William Desmond Taylor. Or Wallace Reid. Both gone now, bless their memories. Wally and I played together in "The Prison Without Walls" and "The World Apart," both directed by Taylor. Taylor, with his charming manners, his distinguished air, his quiet refinement in clothes, was distinctive among the directors.

Perhaps on these pages it is not good taste to discuss the sartorial shortcoming of the *genius director*. Let it be said their imagination went to the furthering of art in motion pictures and certainly was not lavish on their personal attire. Shirts open at the neck, puttees and often disgraceful old trousers formed the uniform of that time. But in those days one man, the director, guided the picture from before the start to the final assemblage—and did well for their time. Perhaps more of a one-man policy might often be beneficial today. Often too many cooks spoil the broth in turning out an art work.

But, at $50 a week, actors and actresses fared little better than directors in the way of clothes. What with complete wardrobes to buy and, even in those days, costly riding habits. And what actress, may I ask, could do without riding clothes? Motion pictures and riding habits were as closely associated as salt and pepper. Or, perhaps the safeguarding of public purity and censorship.

Looking back at my entrance into pictures, stripped of any proud titles, it must be admitted that I must have been a "de luxe stunt woman." I could ride. I could sing. But Otis Turner picked me for leading lady of his motion picture troupe, not because of my lyric qualities, but because I could stick on a horse.

Thas was in Chicago and "Daddy" Turner was making two-reelers on a shoestring. When I studied with Herman Devries at the Chicago Music College I had no idea of becoming a motion picture actress. No one had. Pictures were a passing fancy. My destiny lay before me—straight and melodious. I was to be a prima donna. I was—for two years. At my debut I sang Sibel in "Faust."

But those long summer days on the range in Colorado when I was a child had not been wasted. They have given health and strength and, strange as it may seem, they prepared me for a career. Those hours a-horseback were my motion picture primer, little known at the time.

When fifteen marriage came for me. Operetta work continued. Lincoln, my boy, came. I met Otis Turner. Became a motion picture actress "just for a month's change," I told myself, in the little low frame building at Irving Park Boulevard and Western Avenue in Chicago. The summers were spent in the west—as far west as Flemington, Missouri. Western picture we made, you know. One a week. William Duncan and, later, Tom Mix alternated as hero. One week Bill would direct. The next week it was Tom's turn to tell us what to do.

In the winter we returned to Chicago. Winter spelled "society drama" to us. Summer—"Western drama." The browned faces and hands that graced the drawing room of "Lord This" and "Lady That" in those earnest little two-reel "society dramas"—. Shades of deMille and Lubitsch! Long before the distinguished Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer period. Long before Gibbons and Carre and Grieve.

Really, telling you about it now makes me feel old. And when I remember that summer spent in Canyon City, Colorado, with our flimsy homemade studio—a mere sheet over us blowing hilariously in the wind, four corners fastened to wavering poles—and then see one of our modern stages, I feel like Father Time must as the centuries unroll before his eyes.

There were cottonwood trees in Colorado and when a sturdy gust of wind blew, a blizzard of fuzzy seeds descended upon us—onto our stage—into the camera lens. We never knew how much film was to be re-shot after a cottonwood storm until it was shipped to Chicago, developed and returned to us. Often a whole screen was obliterated because one venturesome cottonwood seed had sailed directly into the camera's eye.

We left the rolling plains and came to Los Angeles. Not Hollywood. There was no film capital then. Nothing but an orchard with a few straggling houses. The settlement was called Coleville. My first picture was "Valley of the Moon," the Jack London story and possibly the most-talked of story of its time. Then came "Burning Daylight" and "Smoke Bellew" which you may remember. Then Paramount joined forces with Bosworth, Inc. and we went along.

Leaving the plains of Selig days and mountain canyons of London days, I permanently entered the drawing room in "The American Beauty" and have remained there most of the time since. "The Olive Leaf" and "Peer Gynt" were others of that changing period which were very successful.

"Peer Gynt" brings to mind Cyril Maude. With that supreme disgust he must recall his one and only film engagement. The company paid him an enormous sum, even for those days. And they finished all his scenes in two weeks. They work the celebrated "Grumpy" day and night.

One night he was to dive into water. He did and came out dripping, his costume a sad mess of wet lace and sodden velvet. But a smile twinkled in his eyes.

"Of course I cannot work tomorrow," said Maude. "My costume will not have dried by that time."

But he reckoned without the resourceful producer. Perhaps that is one

(*Continued on Page 68*)

Gas *By* NATE GATZERT

HELLO! * OHELL * GOODBYE!!

A Tragedy in One Act

CAST

First Voice

Second Voice

Voice (over phone): "'Lo, Lew! How you feelin'?"

Lew: "'Lo, Norm! Terrible. I've got a case . . . . ."

Norm: "Great, Lew!! I'll be right over!"

Lew: "But, Norm . . . . . ."

Norm: "Sure, Lew! I'll hurry!"

Lew: "But, Norm . . . . ."

Norm: "Aw, Lew! Ain't I your friend?"

Lew: "Sure, Norm, but . . . . . ."

Norm: "Well, Lew! You wouldn't throw down an old pal, would you now?"

Lew: "Dammitall, Norm! I've got a CASE OF GOUT."

Norm: "Aw, *&%$ œ*!*!*!* G'bye, Lew!!!!"

Lew: "G'bye, Norm."

Telephone Clicks.

* * *

TO TOM MIX, Buck Jones, Harry Carey, Bill Hart, Jack Holt and all the rest of the fuzzied-pantied, gun-totin' gentry of the Wild West ilk, here is a prophecy . . . . and a warning.

Before many moons have set, a new star, brighter than any now shining ahorseback, will be firmly established in the movie firmament. Said star being none other than Ken Maynard, the Charles Rogers-Joe Brown 'find,' now on his third opera for First National.

This baby buckaroo has youth, good looks and a great knack of doing stunts

with a cow-hoss that will tickle the fans pink.

If there is any trick that this hombre doesn't savvy when it comes to pounding leather, it is yet to be found. In his second picture this boy puts across more thrills than a near-sighted man can get at the beach on a hot Sunday.

When it comes to hosses themselves, the buckskin Tarzan owned by Ken is head and tail above the others. The only thing this nag can't do is talk . . . . for which the directors give due thanks to the Almighty.

East is east . . . and West is west . . . BUT, hop in the old peanut-roaster and soar westward to Culver City to the Hal Roach hangout. There you will find a sight for sore eyes, a sight that will make your memories fly eastward to the heyday of Mack Sennett's place.

For on the hollow-tile stages (adv.) of the Roach joint you will see none other than Mabel Normand cavorting before the camera with all of her old-time appeal and abandon. And sitting behind the megaphone none other than Dick Jones, her directorial mentor of yesteryear.

The type of sets, combined with this slick-working duo, conjures up thoughts that are now only thoughts, harking back to "Suzanna," to "Mickey," to the "Extra Girl" and others. Heigh-ho!

* * *

(*News Item: For the first time in seven months John Gilbert has been allowed to go to the barber shop to get his hair trimmed.*)

* * *

UPON that dusty wooden floor,
Mixed with the wool of old and young,
The wavy tresses that HE wore
Are by the ruthless barber flung.
Upon that floor; when maids, distressed
Are longing for one tiny curl
To lay upon their budding breasts
The thrilly love dreams to unfurl.
That rippling man; ah, heart's delight,
That held enchantment in its sway,
Is but a nightmare this tonight
O' cruel, cruel world; we women pay.

* * *

IT MAY be true that four out of five have it . . . . and that the rest know where to get it . . . . but what I want to know is how to recover from it.

* * *

AT last a beauty book is on the way that will be of real benefit to women. Most books on beauty culture are absolutely divorced from science and lead one from cream to lotion, getting nowhere. Dr. Joseph Ginsburg, the noted plastic surgeon in the Broadway Arcade Building, is completing a book based upon his wonderful experiences. There will be lessons on body postures, body reduction, body building and rejuvenation; the building of real form, facial tissue and development. Treatise on skin peels, lifts, nose corrections and all phases of beauty adjustments will be correctly and intelligently explained.

Anzac Actress

Europe has given its full quota of actors, actresses, directors and other artists to the screen. Even the Orient is well represented in the ranks of Hollywood. But the Antipodes have been sadly lacking in their emissaries to the home of the films.

It may remain for Tui Lorraine, hailing from that distant

charmed land of New Zealand, to start an influx of Anzac folk.

Though a very young person so far as years are counted Tui has visited practically every country on the face of the globe. She was at one time a tight-rope walker in a circus and exhibited great skill. The vagabond existence, however, did not appeal to her and as she traveled westward she gradually cast eyes upon the land of the studios. From that day on the circus lost an excellent performer and the screen gained an actress of sincerity and ability.

If, a few years from now, you should be traveling through New Zealand and you hear wild hooplas and similar din echoing from theater walls the chances are that Tui has brought the Anzac colors to honor.

Schenck Spurs United Artists Work

A BUSY season is in the offing for United Artists, the producing combine of Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Talmadge, Barrymore, Swanson, et al. Since the day Joseph M. Schenck took over the helm of this outfit it has grown with great gusto and at the present time improvements exceeding $1,000,000 are under way at the U. A. Studio.

When the building program is complete this 18-acre plant will boast three big stages, power plants, carpenter and metal shops, new wardrobe and property buildings, additional dressing rooms and executive buildings.

With the exception of the Gloria Swanson unit, which will be located in New York, and the Samuel Goldwyn company, which is enconsced at the De Mille studio in Culver City, all of the United Artist producing organizations will be concentrated at the plant on Santa Monica Boulevard.

JOHN BARRYMORE is now making "The Vagabond Prince," based on the life of Francois Villon, famous in song and story as daring lover and swashbuckling adventurer. It is being directed by Alan Crosland from the script by Paul Bern.

NO definite plans have as yet been made for the next Buster Keaton film to follow "The General," but material is being scanned to find something consistent with the type of this picture.

PLANS for a picture based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini have been disrupted by the death of Valentino, who was to have made this under Fred Niblo's direction. It is probable that another actor will be selected to play the part as considerable preliminary work was understood to have been done.

EDWIN CAREWE will make a spectacular screen version of Tolstoi's "Resurrection," and has enlisted the aid of the author's son, Count Ilya Tolstoi, to aid in the production. This will mark Carewe's first release for United Artists.

"THE Sun of Montmarte" had been slated as Norma Talmadge's last picture for First National, but it is now problematical whether or not she will film that story. Regardless of what may be chosen, it is stated that she will again be at work before the end of the year.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, who has avowed she will retire from the screen after making two more pictures, to be released by First National, will no doubt extend the life of her professional career to provide United Artists with at least one film.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has completed "The Winning of Barbara Worth" on a pretentious scale. This picture features Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, who will also be together in a succeeding production now being planned by Goldwyn.

Charlie Chaplin's contribution to the United Artists lineup will be "The Circus," upon which he has been working for many months.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have not as yet announced plans for their next pictures.

At the same time Schenck is working on the theater and distribution expansion plans of United Artists and it is only a matter of a very few months before this company takes its place in the ranks of the formidable companies in the international film field.

"LASSOED by Cupid" would be a fitting title for this picture. Not that there is a lassoo, or for that matter a real Cupid, in evidence. But it has the tang of a title for a western, which the male party has made increasingly popular through his megaphonic meanderings.

In other words, none other than Al Rogell, film director, who has dignified the lowly horse-opera and his bride-to-be, Ena Gregory, lovely young leading lady.

A two year's wait is in the offing for this recently engaged couple, for they have promised Ena's mother to wait that length of time before taking the fatal leap.

Al, who is now making First National features, is shown here with his splendid horse, "Buddy," outfitted in sparkling trappings; whilst Ena's equine scorns any decorations, believing that natural beauty is best of all.

Teutonic Cinema!

By FRED W. FOX

AMERICA is supreme in the motion picture world.

For a long time that dodo has been drilled into our craniums with vigorous finality on the part of producer and press agent.

Today our country's film industry is undergoing a sad scrutiny and comparison by professional and layman alike who have seen such German-made films as "The Waltz Dream" and "Variety," which, even in their mutilated state as shown at American theaters, are something for everybody here, big or little, to do a tremendous amount of deep thinking about.

IT all began a number of years ago with "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," the first concise evidence that the Teuton possessed an outlook and knack of film making that was distinctive and distinguished from the American mode.

Other pictures, big and small, emanating from the Deutsch film plants have thoroughly demonstrated the fact that rivalry from that quarter was nothing to pass off with a disdainful shrug. Most of those notable efforts of years gone by were accomplished under great economic stress and with only the most meager of equipment. "The Last Laugh" was another severe jolt to the smug attitude of Americana. It was here that Emil Jannings, director; F. W. Murnau, director, and Karl Freund (this boy's a whiz!), cameraman, proved that Teutonia was a medium to be watched.

And now, while our nation's film manufacturers are basking so pleasantly in their array of "Merry Widows," "Big Parades," "Stella Dallases" and such, along comes the scoffed-at Boche with "The Waltz Dream" and "Variety," two pictures so totally dissimilar from one another, and so perfect in their respective and mutilated forms, that they have set the entire country to talking. What they must have been when they were shown in uncensorial lands!

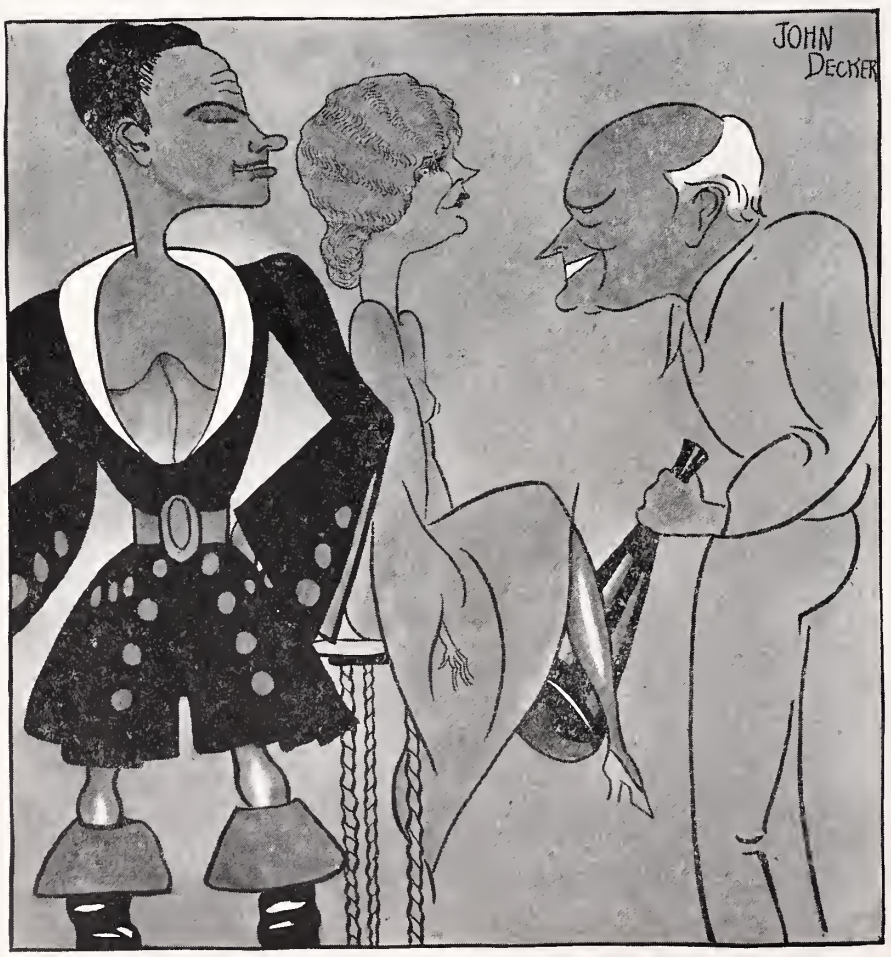
WE, who pooh-pooh the comic vein of the Heines sit and roar and laugh to fury at "The Waltz Dream." Blase critics who smile at the so-termed "woodeness" of the German players cannot account for the enraptured comment of the United States flapper for smiling Willie Fritsch (he'll have to change his name!) nor the bombastic enthusiasm of the young American "sheik" who dilates upon the blonde beauty of Xenia Desni. We who think that Pola Negri emptied German studios of its beauty and talent! We who think that von Stroheim has no peer in the picturization of Vienna!

AH, and then "Variety," with its exotic, its sensuous, its entrancing Lya de Putti and its inescapable Emil Jannings again.

The motion picture as an art of its own owes much to Karl Freund, cinematographer. More than it realizes at this early era. Camera effects . . . Jehosophat, what camera effects!

AND what drama . . . what comedy . . . what pathos!!

America, America, get busy!



Rod La Rocque Mildred Harris De Mille

Angle Shots

Von Stroheim Kidded

THERE is a saying among the Germans, "Those who love, tease." Maybe that is why Eric Von Stroheim's studio forces love to kid him. And Von accepts it all in good part.

The other evening Von Stroheim went to dinner at the studio cafe. He had been working all day like a fiend,—hadn't stopped for any lunch, and so was very hungry. His cameraman, Art Jell, put on a waiter's apron, came over and took Von's order, brought him his food,—and then, before Von had taken more than one mouthful, came and grabbed it away from the director!

All the same, those men worship their director and will do anything for him. They respect him because they know that he knows his business.

Imitation is true flattery, they say,—and all the men on Von's set wear the Stroheim hair-cut. Woe to any man who thinks he can follow his own fancy in hair-cuts. Some of Von's men will hold him down while others give him the Von Stroheim clip.

* * *

Indian Girls Visit

OVER at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio the other day I met a bunch of Indian misses from the Yuma Indian School, Sherman Indian School and Fort Mojave Indian School.

I think some of these girls have great hankerings for the movies, though they are supposed to be here for the humble tasks of housemaids, since they are released from the reservations to find such jobs during the summer.

Indians seem to be natural actors, according to the word of Jack Ford and other directors who have dealt with them.

Inspiration Pictures Stars Gardner James

GARDNER JAMES, whom Inspiration Pictures recently signed when it was learned that Richard Barthlemess was to leave their organization and move his make up case to First National, is now an active member of the West Coast Inspiration forces.

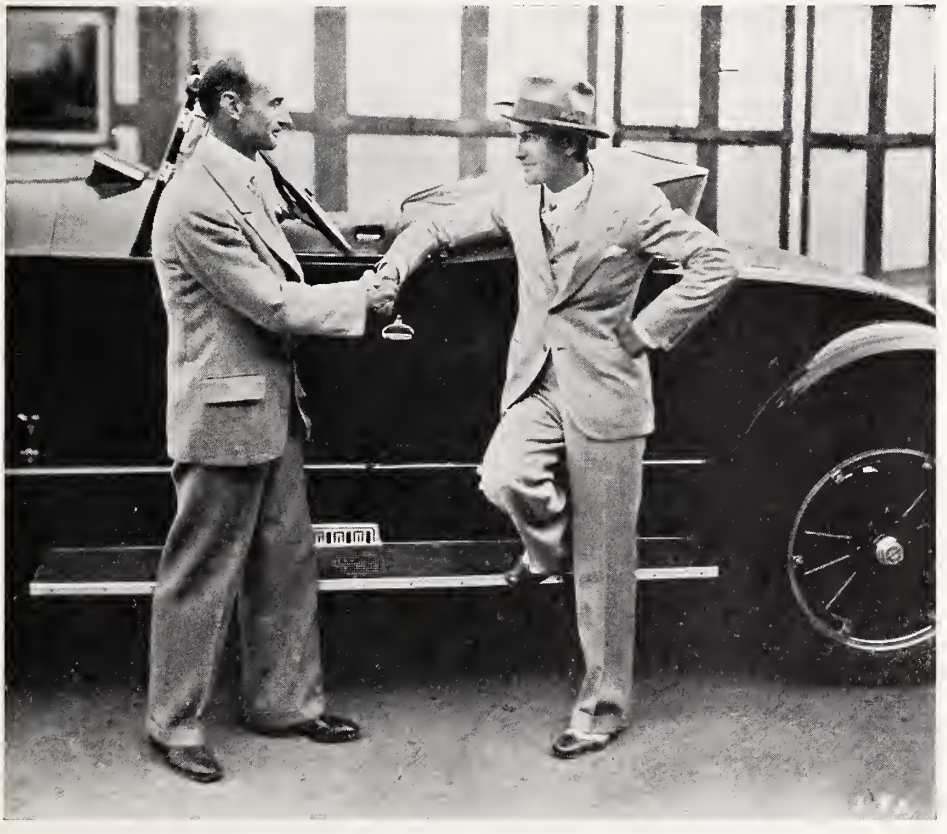
The young actor is in almost daily conference with J. Boyce Smith, vice-president of Inspiration and in charge of that company's affairs on the West Coast.

To say that James has what Mme. Glyn terms 'it', is putting it mildly indeed. Inspiration Pictures, Inc., is composed of several men with the courage of their convictions. One of these men is Walter Camp, the head of the institution. The other is J. Boyce Smith. These film executives lost no time in obtaining James' signature to the dotted line of a five year contract and by present indications, they will lose no time getting the young man in make-up and ready for the first of a series of productions they have mapped out for him.

It is in compliment to Messers Camp and Smith that while Richard Barthelmess was in their organization, they remained more or less tacit in regard to their plans concerning James. It is known that James is patterned strongly along the lines of Barthelmess both in character, personality, and histronic ability. This does not infer in any way however, that Gardner James is using Richard Barthelmess as a pattern for his contemplated work with Inspiration. Hardly that! James does not need a pattern. His is individualism and personality personified. He has proven his ability in the film work already completed and with the assets he possesses for camera clicking, Inspiration Pictures, Inc., should find little difficulty in taking James to the top-most rung of filmdom's ladder.

Just when James will begin work under the Inspiration banner, is not definately known. It is a fact however, that certain popular stories are in the process of being arranged for the coming star and announcement from Smith should be forthcoming soon, insofar as the name of his first story is concerned.

Meanwhile, the Inspiration plant is buzzing with activity. Edwin Carewe is on the 'lot' planning the filming of Count Leo Tolstoy's famous novel "Resurrection." Carewe will start actual production within a few weeks. Finis Fox is busily engaged on the scenario and immediately this is completed, Carewe will give the order for camera work. It is generally known too, that Inspiration and Carewe are jointly producing "Resurrection" with United Artists releasing the completed product.



J. Boyce Smith, vice-president of Inspiration Pictures, Inc., congratulates Gardner James, Inspiration's new "find" on two counts. The first is on his engagment to Marion Constance Blackton, charming daughter of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton. The second count is on his five-year contract with Inspiration. Lucky chap, this James boy!

In the Director's Chair

(*Continued from Page 6*)

seen sketchily, on a hot night in Java, causes our indignant young author to jump at conclusions on rather insufficient evidence—causes him to write a very silly article unworthy of his pen. In his fiction writing he is sincere enough to often be a wit by accident, though never a wag by intention. So we must, alas, take it for granted that his misguided statements about motion pictures are sincere and realize that he has glanced and shrugged rather than studied.

I am editing and publishing The Motion Picture Director in the best interests of everyone directly concerned with the making of motion pictures and of men and women interested in motion pictures and ambitious to engage in them.

I am not a juggler of words, I am a maker of motion pictures. The scribes who jeer at the screen number their audience by thousands. We of the screen number our audience by countless millions of people in all parts of the globe.

Centuries ago the minstrel and the story teller were to the people of that age the equivalent of the motion pictures of today. In the broadness of its scope and its capacity for the portrayal of things great and small the motion picture shows to those who see, history, science, art and literature. The motion picture conjures up the enchantment of the minstrel's songs and the charm of the story teller's romances; pictures of the river's singing and the mountain's silence; pictures of knightly deeds, of passionate loves, of burning jealousies and roaring jests so that in that vast audience of countless millions there are, alternated, tears in their eyes and laughter in their hearts.

If the motion picture has done no more than this, it has conferred a prodigious benefit upon the whole civilized world.

The Lower Middle Class in Hollywood

By JAMES LEWIS

(*Illustrated by Jack Collins*)

Trixy is the Supreme Court in the matter of detail.

Trixy Bangs

HE WORE gray striped trousers."

"You're all wet, they were blue."

"Well, anyways, he hands her the pearls, then he goes to the library door and put his right hand on the knob and—"

"Wrong again. He opened the door with his left hand."

"His left hand! You can't get him through the door backwards for the next shot so they can croak him from behind if he opens it with his left hand."

"I wouldn't be surrounded."

A good-looking dish and quick on the kick back. That's what the boys say of Trixy Bangs. Trixy is the script girl for Eddie Speed who is directing serials at the Hi-Tide Studios.

Trixy is the Supreme Court in the matter of detail. When it comes to the number of wrinkles in the leading lady's frock, which foot the villain kicked the dog with, how many pieces the clay pipe was broken into, what chair the English duke was sitting in when the shot was fired, which hand the leading man held his gloves in, or the kind of watch the goat ate, Trixy is the last word.

Her work in making different scenes match is very important for, as every Hollywoodian knows, there are 100,000,000 1/3 Americans who lay awake nights trying to figure out where the movies made a mistake. In the old days it was nothing for an actor to come to a part in a high hat and go away in a bathing cap.

Trixy used to be the telephone girl at the Hi-Tide Studios. In her spare time she was always hanging around the set. Just hanging round. One day big-hearted Moe Flannigan came by and looking at the script girl, Trixy said:

"I could do that."

"You could do that?"

"I could do that."

"You could do that?"

"I could do that."

So big-hearted Moe let her try it.

Trixy is a wise-cracker. It was only yesterday that Johnny Hines, assistant director, said:

"Hello, Funny Face. How about going down to the Bon Ton dance palace Saturday night."

And she said:

"I'd be diluted."

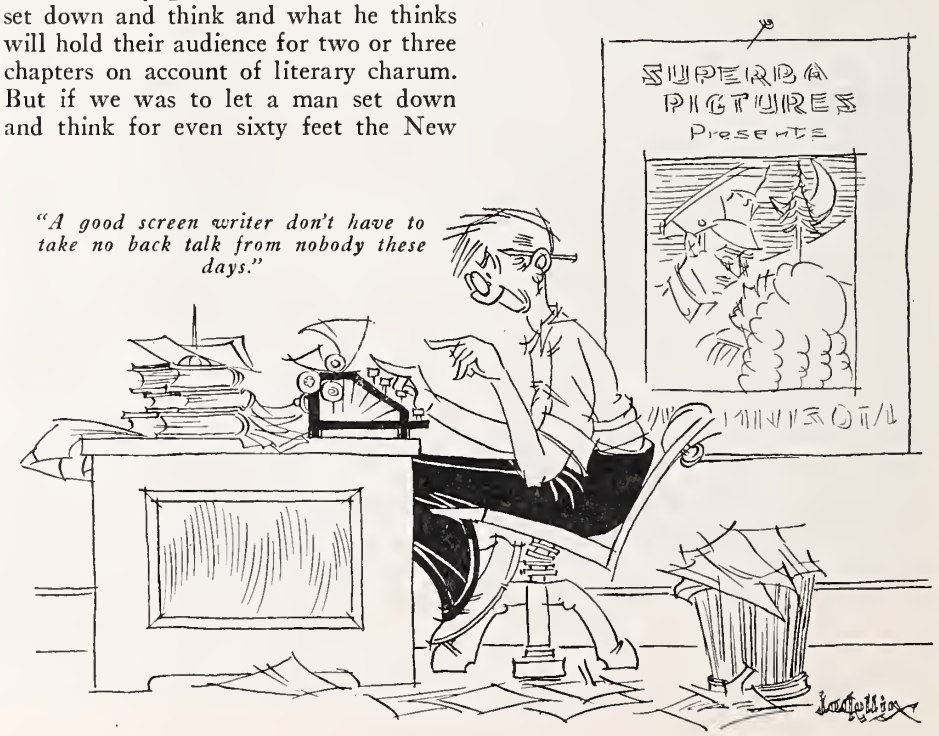
Al Glass

"JUST keep in your mind," says Al Glass, "when we tell a story we ain't got no words or literary charum to smooth it out with. We got to have action and good business all along the road, believe me. If you take a writer like H. P. Wells or Armand Bennett and they get stuck for a situation all they got to do is to let a man set down and think and what he thinks will hold their audience for two or three chapters on account of literary charum. But if we was to let a man set down and think for even sixty feet the New York office would roast our pants off."

Al Glass is head of the scenario department for Superba Productions. Superba Productions are completed, or put in the box as they say, for an average of $8,000. Superba Production super features are marketed under the trade name of Mastodon Films and sometimes cost as much as $18,000.

A good screen writer don't have to take no back talk from nobody these days," says Al Glass. "They was a time around a study when a writer was lucky if some actress did not ask him to hold her dog while she was working on the set. But it ain't like that now. A good screen writer has got a right to holler as loud as anybody on the set if things ain't going the way they should be.

"A big writer may come out from New York with the idea he is going to knock all the other boys for a loop. But pretty soon he finds out they was only one "Birth of a Nation." Then the big writer goes back to New York, they bring out another and pretty soon he goes back, too. That is why a good screen writer with a camera eye don't have to take nothing off nobody even if he might not have no literary charum."



"A good screen writer don't have to take no back talk from nobody these days."

Films in The Home

SOMEBODY once remarked that the history of the world could be told in a fifty-word night letter. Of course only the important things would be included, like the Fall of Adam, the Birth of Christ, the discovery of America the invention of Motion Pictures and the opening of the first motion picture studio in Hollywood. The relative importance of the latter is a matter of opinion.

DAVID HORSLEY
The inventor and perfector of the Duoscope Camera.

No doubt the perfection of the small motion picture camera, projector and safety film will be classed by future historians as a most important milestone in the history of the world, and Hollywood will be the world's center for this new branch of the business or the plans of David Horsley mature.

Mr. Horsley has organized the Centaur Film Library, and has opened the home office at 6366 Santa Monica Boulevard. Branches will be opened in all the large cities of this and foreign countries.

When seen a few days ago, Mr. Horsley said: "The new form in motion pictures is spreading faster than radio when it first caught the public fancy. There are only about fifteen thousand motion

(*Continued on Page 63*)

LEON HOLMES
AS FRECKLES THE OFFICE BOY
In "Poker Face" with Edward Everet Horton, just released
A Harry Pollard Production, Universal Film

63 hours to Chicago

EFFECTIVE November 14—faster time to the east. An extra-fare *Golden State Limited*—swift, luxurious, colorful, daily over the direct *Golden State Route*. $10 extra fare for passage on this new, magnificent transcontinental flyer.

Save a business day on your trip to Chicago. There is no faster nor finer service east. A fascinating journey through regions rich in romance and scenic charm. A new train with a unique, distinctive personality. The courteous service of special, hand-picked crews. The appointments of an exclusive club or hotel. Shower-baths for men and for women; new Pullman equipment; club car with card-room and smoking lounge; a ladies' boudoir in the observation car.

Ladies' maid, and barber and valet are subject to your call. And *Golden State* dining car service of acknowledged superiority, assuring delicious meals which you may enjoy in leisurely comfort as your *Golden State Limited* speeds on its way.

Only two business days enroute to Chicago. The new schedule, with evening departure, gives you the whole day in Los Angeles. The same convenient early morning arrival in Chicago, connecting with fast trains to points farther east. The new *Golden State Limited* will leave Los Angeles daily at 5:00 p.m., arriving in Chicago at 10:00 a.m. on the third day following. It will carry through Pullman to St. Louis. Please reserve space on this new train as many days ahead as possible.

Two other trains—the finer and faster Apache and the Californian—complete the convenient service over Golden State Route. No extra fare; through Pullmans to Memphis, Minneapolis, Phoenix, Kansas City and intermediate points.

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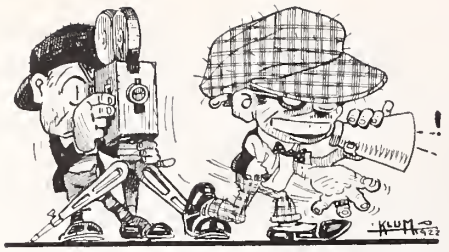


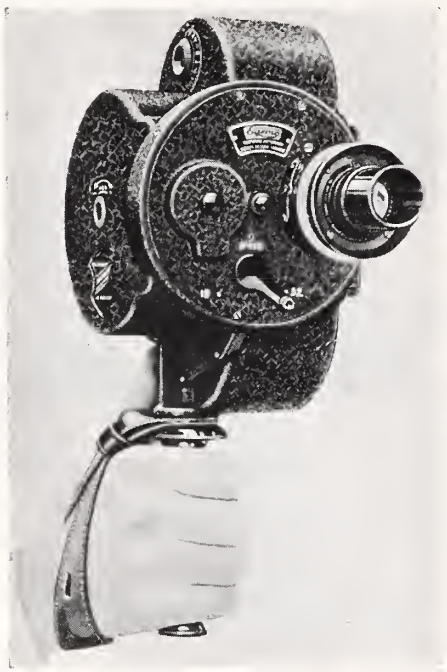
STUDIO Department

TOM SMITH
Manager

New Camera Makes Hit

THERE is probably no man in the motion picture industry who is called upon to face more trying or hazardous situations than the newsreel cameraman.

His exploits in covering current events in motion picture form are replete with thrills and adventures that, in themselves, would be ideal material for film thrillers.



These men are constantly at their posts, many of them being stationed in sleeping quarters equipped with police and fire-alarm bells. Consequently when things happen they are on the job as quickly as the police, firemen, reporters and the others who are indispensable to 'sech doins'.

THE paramount requirement at such tense moments is speed coupled with speed, more speed and, in fact, super-ultra speed. Thus the seven-pound Eyemo camera has come as a blessing to these argonauts of life. It has eliminated the tripod, burdensome carrying cases and luggage which are imperative to the transportation and use of the heavier standard cameras.

The problem of portability solved, the next objective has been to give the firing-line boys all the photographic flexibility which they had learned to expect from the standard cameras. Once on the job and ready to shoot it is up to the camera in use to produce all the effects which may enhance the value of the shots, else all the speed in the world will have been for naught.

THE Bell, and Howell company which has sponsored this new and radical departure in cinematography has delved into its vast storehouse of experience, accumulated over years of practical application and has now perfected an added feature which will slow the action of the tiny camera down one-half when the film is projected at normal speed.

With this new mechanism the Eyemo operator can take pictures at the rate of thirty-two per second to gain the slow motion effect, or, by simply shifting a lever, photograph at the normal speed of sixteen exposures per second.

This range of adjustment is a very valuable supplement to the former Eyemo speed range of sixteen to eight exposures per second or from normal to half normal. The newer speed mechanism can be fitted to any Eyemo camera now in use, or if preferable, can be obtained in a camera of the same design.

WITH these two mechanisms the Eyemo is ready to cover practically any assignment in which a portable automatic camera would be used in preference to the larger cameras.

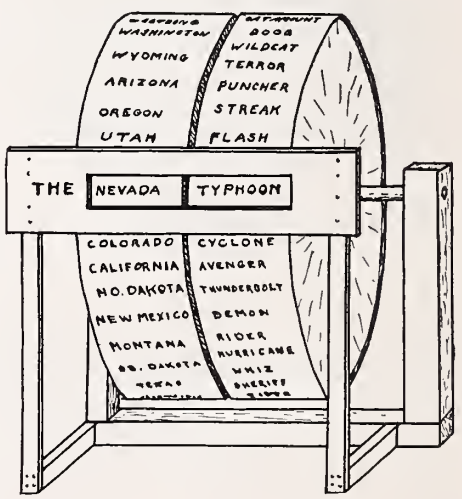
That it has many fields of usefulness, even superiority, is proven by its records of achievement in various fields of widely diversified chartcter. For example, Eyemo is used by International Newsreel, Pathe, Fox News, Kinograms, Universal, Paramount and other leading newsreel producers to scoop many of their pictures.

Famous Players-Lasky, Warner Bros., Mack Sennett, Universal, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Charles Chaplin, Christie and others use it for getting stunt shots, special effects and testing locations in their productions.

AMONG the epoch-making exploring expeditions which were Eyemo-equipped are the Byrd Polar, Amundsen-Ellsworth Polar, Speejax, Bering Sea, Third Asiatic, Amithsonian-Chrysler to Africa, African and Mongolian of the American Museum of Natural History, and the U. S. Department of Interior Geological Survey.

The most recent activity of the Eyemo is 'putting the neighborhood in the movies'—the new idea which exhibitors are rapidly adopting.

IN all of these activities the Eyemo will be greatly enhanced by the new speed feature which gives it a thoroughly professional range.



New labor-saving device invented by Hollywood publicity man to save wear and tear on the alleged minds of those who compose titles for Western opuses.

Spinning the wheels in opposite directions in the fashion of a roulette wheel affords a perfectly good selection of titles for horse-operas. This epochal invention will no doubt be much in vogue in the studios of the great open spaces where title writers are men. The patent has been applied for.

Films in the Home

(*Continued from Page 61*)

picture theatres in the United States, but there are over twenty million homes and every one of them is a possible customer for the new for mof motion pictures. When you attend a theatre you have to accept the bill of fare selected by the manager, but under the new plan you select the kind of entertainment you want.

I established the first motion picture studio in Hollywood in 1911. It was my policy then, and still is, to never sell negatives. I believe motion pictures in the homes will get us more money than we ever received from theatres. Now that the time has arrived, I find myself in an excellent position with five hundred reels of negatives that are ideal for home entertainment, consisting of single reel comedies and wild animal dramas, besides a goodly supply of scenic and travel films which I "shot" in my travels in various parts of the world.

These will be the foundation for the Centaur Film Library, but we will add to our catalog subjects made by other producers that are of unusual and outstanding merit. Arrangements have already been made for five branch libraries. There will eventually be one hundred in the United States alone.

As soon as the makers of 16 Mm projectors have sold enough machines in any given territory, we will establish a branch library. In addition to making reduction prints from the negatives on hand, we will make some special productions with the aid of the Duoscope camera. The first production will be the "Story of Christmas," being the first of a series on the origin of our national and other holidays. The research work for this series is now being done by Mr. Charles Linebeck.

Mr. Carlton Bliedung is in charge of sales and distribution. He will also have charge of the designing of accessories which we will manufacture and sell through our branches and the trade in general. Mr. Jack Myers, the treasurer of the company, will look after the finances and manage the home office.

We have adopted a liberal policy in dealing with the public. No deposit will be required. The rental rates will be one dollar per reel, per day. To subscribers living at a distance from our branches, we will ship by parcel post, making no charge for time consumed in transit.

Our first catalog, just off the press, contains the synopses of fifty-two one reel comedies, featuring George Ovey. Each month will see additions to the

(*Continued on Page 78*)

EARLE WILLIAMS

Current Release

Sir Henry Beauclere in "Diplomacy"

Future Release

The Heavy with Raymond Griffith in "You'd Be Surprised"

Courtesy to All Agents

WHitney 5250

Frances Nordstrom.

Noted authoress and playwright who is now head of the scenario department of

DAVID HARTFORD PRODUCTIONS

Hollywood's School Kids

(Continued from Page 42)

such a profession as that of the cinema is not conducive to the establishment of well-conducted homes and stability. It is a far cry from these well-tutored children to the hapless children of the roustabout players of yesterday's stage; a great and a living

This dashing young cavalryman is none other than Robert Moreno, whose daddy, Antonio, is known to film fans everywhere. He goes to Urban Military Academy.

argument that the motion picture is contributing a great and a worthy share of citizenry to our country and the world.

Trained in an atmosphere of obedience and high character they have combined with these attributes the love of the beautiful that is their heritage. They have bulwarked them with a bounty of life's necessities that leaves them free to apply themselves to their tasks with undiminished concentration.

(Continued on Page 67)

The Home Now Becomes the Center of Attraction

Vacations over—the lure of outdoors now gives way to the appeal of the home.

The longer, cool evenings suggest the entertainment of guests and the greater family enjoyment of the home.

The attractiveness and the comforts of your home determine very largely your enjoyment of it—and your pride in it.

Surely now is the logical time to carefully consider the needs of your home.

You will find many interesting new suggestions in unusual furnishings for the home at the "California;" and experienced, competent men always at your service to assist you in accomplishing most effective results at lowest possible cost.

Value comparisons are cordially invited.

California Furniture Co.
644-646 BROADWAY.

The Woman with One Hundred Faces

Fourteen Years of Professional Experience

Photos by Witzel

Character Studies by

EDNA WOODRUFF MONTAGUE

1757 VISTA DEL MAR
MUTUAL 2029
Hollywood

Hollywood School Kids

(*Continued from Page 65*)

It has long been held that the great schools of America are restricted to New England and the east but the great number of children in these Los Angeles academies and schools is ample proof of the equal, if not superior, standing of the California institutions. For to these young ones, whose parents do not compute in monetary terms but in quality of education, location means nothing. That they should pick California with the world as a choice is a challenge to so-termed eastern supremacy.

John W. Ennis, Jr., of a prominent California household, is one of the bright lads at Oneonta Military Academy.

The schools of the west are the incubators and the crucibles of tomorrow's photoplay.

Violet Palmer is no longer the "sweety-sweet" player that gained her more or less fame. She has made a right about face and is now portraying distinctive underworld parts. In her last three pictures she has respectively been a bandit's lure, a feminine bootlegger and the tool of a high-powered swindler.

Announcement

Orange Acres Syndicate

now being formed
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highly productive, close-in acreage, at prices that are within the reach of all, yet that should show a tremendous return on each dollar invested in this syndicate—

Property: Located on the outskirts of a prosperous, rapidly growing community in the richest county in soil products in America.

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Orange Acres Syndicate merits your fullest investigation.

Syndicate Membership: *Limited to 40 Members*

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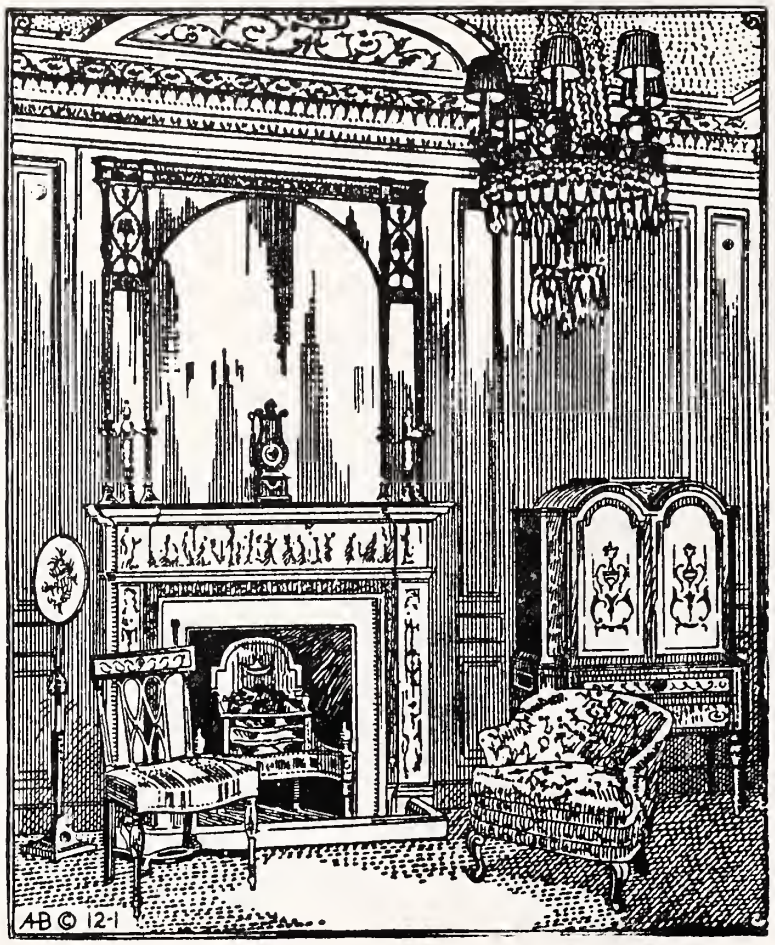

Period and Modern Furniture
Oriental and Domestic Rugs

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Interior Decorators

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Hollywood, Los Angeles, California

From Maid To Matron

(*Continued from Page 54*)

reason the screen has advanced so rapidly—the men who were not resourceful failed on their first starts. Anyway, all that night the Maude costume hung in a drying room at the laboratory and the huge fans played on it. When morning came it was dry—then pressed and ready for wear.

One picture was enough for Maude. He never made another.

House Peters . . . Sessue Hayakawa . . . his diminutive cherry-blossom wife, Tsuri Aoki. I see that Sessue is to publish his first novel shortly—"The Bandit Prince." He is a tremendously clever man and as charming an actor as ever I have worked with.

Those dear, musty, old days. The make-up, smut-rimmed eyes, ghastly white cheeks. The lights that flickered and died. The make-shift stages, the dingy little dressing rooms . . . everything. But how one loved it! And never did I love the greasepaint and the huge arc lights of the studios as much as when I returned from New York after a tuneful fling at musical comedy several years ago.

Only after playing in "Follow the Girl" for six months on Broadway did I discover the real joy of being a screen actress. On my return to Hollywood, I celebrated by commencing on my favorite role—which was, incidentally, the role that transformed me from maid to matron. As "The Famous Mrs. Fair" I was a mother on the screen—after having been a mother off-screen all the years—only the child, for variation, was a girl.

The screen business being so many times larger there is less compatability today than in the earlier years—outside of that it seems there is little difference. There are more bosses in the making of a picture now than then and as said before I believe bettering could be done by having one in complete charge from the story beginning to the edited end of a feature. However it seems to be getting further away from that all the time and the men running the large companies undoubtedly know how to do it.

Fifteen years . . . fifteen celluloid years that have transformed me from maid to matron. Fifteen happy years. Years I'd never part with . . . could never part with to be sure.

A VISITING writer discovered Hollywood so monotenously moral that it took the amorousness out of her accomplished coiffure, and reduced it to the merely smart. In the words of the enchantress. . . sad, sad, sad.

Delilah Shears Her Amorous Locks

By GUINEVERE

FOR many years I had a haircut (or rather a lack of one) that was my special province. It defied time, tide and the laltest modes from Paris.

And I have changed it! How will it affect my character, my life, my loves?

Previously it sprang upward and outward, primitive and strong. A wild forest. Untamable.

Poets made epigrams about it, and the merely bourgeois wondered why I didn't have it cut.

It reminisced of Russia and revolution. It was vital, it sparked, it aroused passion in the male.

. . . . . now all is altered. . . . .

Its waywardness is brushed back, revealing the philosopher's brow. It looks "smart," and at the same time austere and nun-like.

Not a poet I know would be incited to a syllable.

Possibly a hint of the Chinese in its passiveness, possibly a hint of the marquise in its hauteur.

I feel quiet, I feel sad, shorn of all the lovers who have lost their hands in it.

The occult student urges that we be continent and become luminous. . . . . Aunt of a saint! . . . I'm almost transparent now.

URBAN

The Great Out-door School

The Urban has just completed a new dormitory representing an investment of $500,000.

To realize what this means one must visit the Academy and see what is meant by a real modern school where the Cadet is surrounded by those intangible qualities gained from beauty of environment, magnificent buildings and the cultural atmosphere of the truly educated man. Besides the bedrooms, each one of which has a bath attached, the new building contains a dining room that is a thing of beauty, a large gymnasium, a one hundred foot rifle range, libraries, piano and reception rooms.

The Urban has one of the largest, best equipped and most beautiful private swimming pools on the Coast.

24TH YEAR BEGINNING SEPT. 15TH

Tuition includes horseback riding, swimming, music and all other activities. There are no extras.

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The New Woman Director

NOT long ago Hollywood produced a picture which dealt with "the waning sex." If a symposium of the critics is any criterion, the picture very evidently failed in its purpose—if there actually was one—of making clear just which sex is supposed to be on the wane.

As stated in the introductory subtitle of the picture in question, womanhood is more and more attaining a state of masculinity while man is becoming "mere man" through his ever-increasing feminine proclivities, or words to that effect. At all events, concludes the subtitle, it's a wise stork that knows just where to drop the bundle.

This is not intended to be a discussion of sex but when a writer can use a three-letter word meaning "IT," as defined by E. Glynn, at the outset of his article, it is a safe bet that four out of five will have read at least this far. Nevertheless, it would appear that the alleged weaker sex is making a determined invasion of man's realm, filmically speaking, when one considers Mabel Normand as a doughboy; Marion Davies as a prince; Anna Q. Nilsson as a male in "Miss Nobody;" Kathlyn Clifford who invariably wears trousers; Lois Weber as a director and, now, Frances Nordstrom as a potential megaphone candidate.

ON the other hand, the eternal woman is amply and capably represented by such sterling players as Gertrude Astor, who invariably is cast as a "gold digger;" Lois Moran and her girlish guilelessness; Cissy Fitzgerald and her queenly stateliness; Marie Prevost in all her provocative loveliness; Norma Talmadge, who can be hoydenish as well as dignified and Lillian Gish, the original clinging vine.

Just now there is imminent danger of a "mistress director" as well as a "master director." Danger? Well, perhaps that's not the proper word to use. Yet it is looming danger for the mere male megaphoner. Take, for instance, Lois Weber. She already is well launched in a field dominated by the male. "The Marriage Clause," her most recent production, shows that she need bow to no man.

Now there enters another member of the gentle gender in the hitherto sacred directorial precincts of man. She is Frances Nordstrom. Having gained considerable fame as an author, playwright and actress behind the footlights, Miss Nordstrom is now ambitious to add to her laurels by directing. Her debut will be as an assistant in "God's Great Wilderness," written by Spottiswoode Aitken and being filmed by David Hartford Productions.

It will be interesting to watch the progress of the feminine element in directorial endeavors.

"Bardelys the Magnificent"

(*Continued from Page 43*)

Bardelys leaps through an endless round of adventure as the result of a hasty wager of an estate against the heart of a maid . . . and successfully eludes armies, revolts and other wild fancies up to the conventional, if not saccharine, clinch that marks the happy conclusion of practically every film. The jumping Doug is out-Fairbanksed by the hopping Gilbert and with his unbreakable sword and untouchable doublet the indomitable Jack accomplishes wonders.

ELEANOR BOARDMAN is seen as Roxalanne de Lavedan, lovely goal for which Bardelys labors; Roy D'Arcy smears villainy aplenty on the already-troubled plot waters. Lionel Belmore, George K. Arthur, Arthur Lubin, Theodor von Eltz, Emily Fitzroy, Karl Dane, Edward Connelly and a host of other favorites add to the thespic glory of the picture.

WITHAL there is feeling and sympathy for the written word on the part of Director Vidor. "Bardelys" is a well-done and an entertaining work.

From
Who's Who in America

The Oneonta Military Academy

Accredited with the State University and Other Higher Institutions

Beautiful buildings and surroundings with 22-acre campus, fine large athletic field, tennis courts, military training, officer's course, students's newspaper and amphitheatre. Individual attention by trained instructors.

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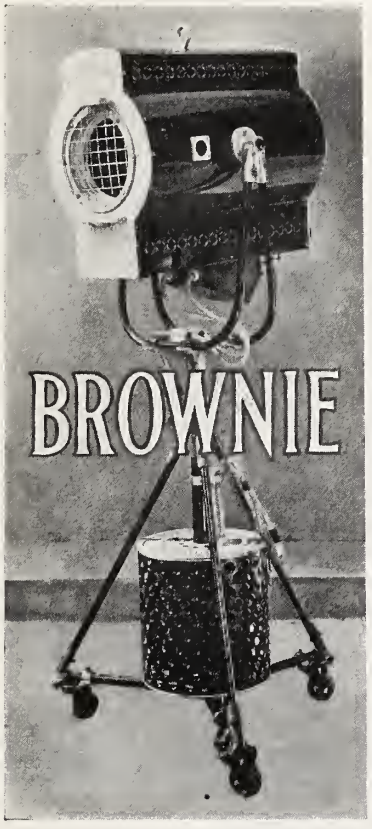

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SEE PAGES 44-45
THIS ISSUE

"Ollie Sellers"

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Hollywood

GLadstone 4795

"The Wedding March"

(*Continued from Page 37*)

TO VON STROHEIM, always the interpreter of the glamour and the sordidness of life, "The Wedding March" no doubt marks the highlight of a spectacular career.

Especial interest has been manifested by the motion picture world in Fay Wray, risen from the ranks of obscurity to the lead in this production. It is somewhat reminiscent of the von Stroheim of a few years ago who with "Merry-Go-Round" brought to the screen a new personality, Mary Philbin, also lifted from the strata of the unknown.

TO VON STROHEIM "The Wedding March" has meant the chance to slip down the past years and relive unforgettable days.

To the onlooker "The Wedding March" is like a journey to a far country, a magic carpet on which each and every soul is wafted away from the humdrum of everyday to live hiddenly-cherished dreams of an existence in palaces and among pleasures.

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* * *

FOR AFTER ALL

* * *

WE'RE SPECIALISTS ANYWAY—

* * *

THAT'S PROGRESS!

COMMUNITY LAUNDRY

Critiques

(*Continued from Page 48*)

DON JUAN

DON JUAN, widely exploited and hailed as a masterpiece of cinema art, has proved, we believe, to the most discriminating critics and audiences only another disappointment. It is a swashbuckling bit of adventure, a vehicle unsuited to the talents of so remarkable an actor as John Barrymore.

Had this screen dramatization been portrayed by Douglas Fairbanks we do not believe there would have been so keen a sense of disappointment. But even to the least discerning and most easily satisfied screen patrons, we fail to see how this performance could be anything but a matter of deep regret, remembering the masterful portrayal of Barrymore in that masterpiece of the screen Beau Brummel. Not that Barrymore failed to invest the part of Don Juan with adroitness, but that the character as conceived by the scenarist, gave him no opportunity for masterly character delineation. There was not one situation in the entire production which called for anything more subtle than athletics. The character as conceived and developed lent nothing to the glamour surrounding this great lover of all times.

The end of the story is too absurd to be accorded serious consideration. Only in Westerns of the lowest type do we expect to find the hero, single handed, engage in combat with an entire company, vanquishing them all and emerging from the fray unscathed.

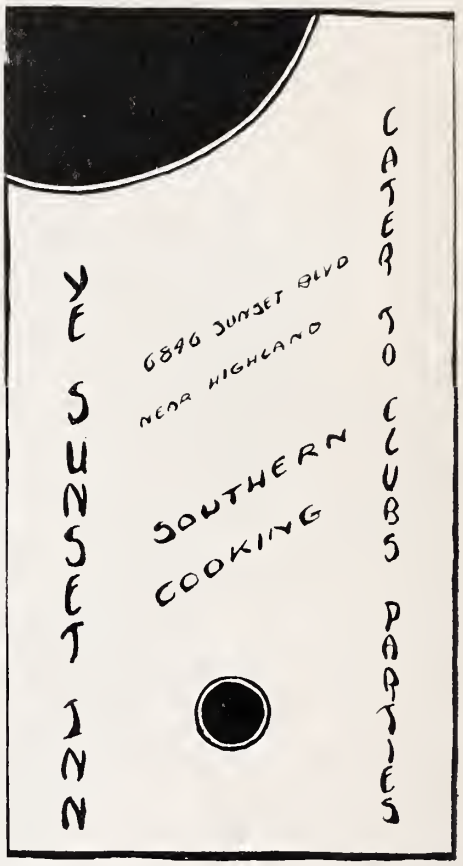
Estelle Taylor, while charming to look upon, certainly did not typify the Borgia. She was neither regal nor domineering. She was merely a beautiful woman, charmingly gowned. Mary Astor, as Adriana, tho' lovely, was not sufficiently outstanding as a heroine of charm or personality to have held the fickle lover. Warner Oland as Caesar Borgia and Montagu Love as Donati gave excellent performances, and the work of Nigel De Brulier as the Marquis Rinaldo was outstanding, though of no value dramatically to the story. Willard Louis as Pedrillo gave his usual finished portrayal, making a small part an outstanding bit of comedy. One excellent bit of realism in the picture was the Bacchanalian revel at the feast of the Borgias.

Don Juan, undoubtedly, was produced with an eye on the box office. The stupendous sets, the elaborate costuming, and similar trappings all contributing to its claim to popular approbation and we have no doubt that financially, if not artistically, Don Juan will be a success. It is true it has been received enthusiastically by New York audiences but may we be pardoned for suggesting that the New York critics were very largely swayed in their reports by the showing of this picture in connection with the latest wonder of the age—the Vitaphone?

The prologue at the Egyptian, colorful though it was, also contributed its share of disappointment, smacking more of the vaudeville bills given at Loew's State Theatre than the customary atmospheric prologues we have come to expect from that master of stage craft —Sid Grauman. Only those scenes with the gliding gondolas touched a truly artistic and an appropriate note in accord with the film which followed.

(*Continued on Page 78*)

VYLMA VOLYN
INGENUE
Phone GRanite 5777



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Gastronomic Hollywood

For a Dollar

WHAT is it, fashion, pedigree, environment, temperament, temptation, necessity, pleasure, what, which engenders in every normal human being, of high or low estate, a desire to get all he can for his money?

For a single American dollar one may have a tooth pulled, or may purchase a good-sized tin full of the fat of swine, a can of varnish, a half dozen copies of Snappy Stories, a bottle of liniment or castor oil, a new-fangled hair tonic, a pair of cheap hose, or a piece of patent furniture in the nude, that and this. And some there are, men and women of integrity, who feel amply repaid with such returns for their money. But I wonder why our constabulary or uplift, or "metaphysical customs inspectors," in their crusades against tipplers, soothsayers, salacious literature, decollete bathing suits, love-making, and like pleasures or pastimes do not instantly apprehend as sinners or criminals those rascals who succeed in geting more for their dollars than others, inasmuch as they do derive pleasure from such commerce. For example, the man or woman who of a Sunday goes to the SUNSET INN, sits among discriminating people, in a cosy homelike atmosphere and for one dollar eats: soup and salad delicately flavored, a liberal portion of rice-fed Long Island duck roasted a golden brown and served with wild rice dressing, rice grown in the swamps of Louisiana, and honey fritters with the syrup running out of them, or if he chooses, candied sweet potatoes swimming in warm butter, Virginia ham cured with old Virginia hickory, spiced and baked in heavy dough so that the full flavor and juice of the ham is retained, the kind served at the festivities at Mt. Vernon in the time of Washington; sweet milk, tea or coffee to drink; followed by a course of vegetables such as green peas, buttered beets or summer squash, or any greens in season; and delicious home-made apple pie a la mode for dessert.

Surely that is an injustice to his neighbor who does not get as much for his money, as it is an injustice to those who postulate that health is a cause of longevity, every time a perfectly healthy human specimen succumbs suddenly to a fatal disease and the sickly or invalid persons make it a common practice to live long lives.

(*Continued on Page 80*)

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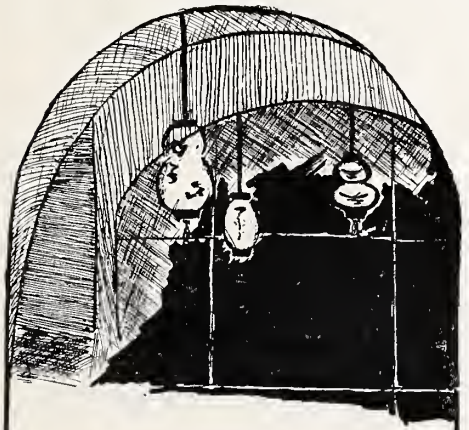

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Critiques

(Continued from Page 76)

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN

ONE of the most excellent, mirth-provoking comedies ever written—a rollicking roar of fun—is being shown at the Mason Theatre under the title of "The Butter and Egg Man." More originality, more clever lines, more interesting characterizations, more amusing situations have been crowded into this three-act offering than is generally found in a half dozen theatrical hodge-podges.

Johnny Arthur as the timorous "angel" from Chillicothe, induced to back a dubious theatrical production, is a scream from the moment he enters the stage until the final curtain. His delineation of the character of the theatrical producer reaches its height in the beginning of the final act where he believes himself an assured success as a theatrical magnate and plans on securing a chain of theatres.

The cast is a remarkably good one, Albert Smith as Joe Lehman and Angie Norton as Fanny his wife, deserving special mention. Fanny's desire to protect the hero from the machinations of her husband when the latter is on his way to buy back the play, which has become a Broadway success, is open to criticism. It is doubtful that any wife would deliberately plan to make her husband lose money. But this is so slight a flaw in an otherwise entirely logical bit of dramatic construction, where one would condone far greater faults, that we have no bone of contention with the playwright.

If we could have more comedies of this type, as well acted and directed as this one, there would not be so much talk of the decadence of the legitimate stage. For wholesome, riotous entertainment, we can recommend this. In the words of the playwright, truly "It's a whale of a wow, sweetheart."

Films in the Home

(Continued from Page 63)

library. We have selected for early release a series of comedies featuring Betty Compson, another series of comedies featuring Billy Rhodes, a series of Wild Animal dramas and a series of short dramas telling the stories of famous paintings. The first four of these are the Doctor, the Mother, the Angelus and Sin. Special attention will be given to educational subjects, such as scenics and industrial films.

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"Gwyn"—by Gish

(*Continued from Page 16*)

cox had been vainly endeavoring to bring "Nell Gwyn" to completion and upon his arrival Williams threw his lot with Wilcox and together they made a picture that is destined to bring the British film into favor in America.

And Dorothy has recreated a beloved English character with just fidelity and beauty, not only forever entrenching herself in the hearts of British theatergoers, but proving to her own compatriots that from now on they must regard her, not as "Lillian's sister" but as an actress of charm and ability—Dorothy Gish, to whom all praise is due.

We knew she'd eventually do it!

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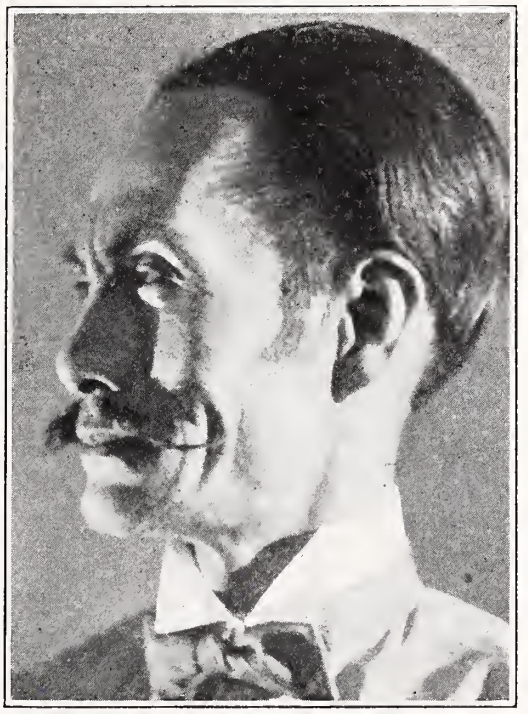
IF YOU think moving extras out to location is a soft job you've got another guess coming!

Dan Henderson, genial chief of Standard Auto Tours, recently got a call from a big studio at five-thirty in the evening to be ready to transport 1,000 extras to a distant location at six o'clock on the following morning. They were moved, but it required plenty of fast work. His calls average loads of from 400 to 900 people.

To facilitate handling his increasing business Henderson has recently added twelve new chair-car buses to replace nine old ones that have seen their best days. In addition he has added new 6-wheel Morelands with ample carrying capacity and speed.

Now, more than ever, Dan says, "Let's go!"



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DAN HENDERSON, Prop.

Women's Clubs

(*Continued from Page 35*)

The system of review and preview so painstakingly built up by the women in the last two or three years has crystalized into a marvelous demonstration of the value of the idea advocated by the Drama League, however construed. Locally there have been accusations that the plan has been adroitly and enterprisingly but a bit unjustly employed by a theatrical organization to exploit its own pictures and playhouses particularly.

Hundreds of pictures have been viewed and carefully reviewed in written form. Records, in some instances at least, have been kept by certain chairmen in their sincerity and zeal. The producers and exhibitors are beginning to realize what a power this means apparently, and are intent upon harnessing the new force before it gets away from control. There is a possibility of "sowing dragon's teeth" even at that.

But every studio this year has signified its willingness, nay its eagerness, to display its wares before sent out to the New York market to be passed upon by the women and included in their big advance exploitation campaign through club bulletins, press and by word of mouth. What Thomas Ince sought, for studio exploitation purposes and trade and newspaper advertising, is now to be given directly and purposefully by every one concerned.

Under Mrs. Alfred Graham, stage chairman of films for California Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. E. H. Jacobs, district and local chairman, and Mrs. John Vruink, in charge of Junior matinees, these efforts will be concentrated through the national chairman, Mrs. Tyler, into a gigantic advance advertising campaign to be broadcasted through the Educational Screen Magazine and other publications of more popular appeal in various ways in the coming year.

Some publicity staff, with infinite possibilities for development!

May it not also be one of the contributing causes to the cutting down of moving picture advertising in the local newspapers and weeklies until stage and screen almost even up in this regard. The day of quarter, half and full-page ads, to say nothing of double-trucks, is past save in rare instances it appears. Can it be that the local effect of so much free, personal exploitation, is helping to divert advertising money into other channels?

If so, the national campaign of the Federation of Women's Clubs is a greater aid, a greater weapon, a greater problem than the women themselves realize.

Gastronomic Hollywood

(*Continued from Page 77*)

What a Man Suffers

BOOKS, papers and periodicals are full of it—the tragedy of being a woman, the sadness of her lot, the dangers and strains of maidenhood, wifehood, motherhood, widowhood and any other time a woman is a woman. So much mental and physical suffering a woman endures can there possibly be any troubles left for man to share? In modern literary parlance at least, one hesitates even to imagine the horror of woman's fate in this world. She is such a divine china-pot full of ideals that she must needs be chipped at every turn. Whether she wants to be chipped or not is beside the point of course. And all because men are not what women trust they are.

Now women may clip the backs of their necks, wear pants and rival man in the business world and go on suffering agonies, although no woman has been bold enough yet to bemoan the fact that there aren't enough breach-of-promise laws to terrorize bachelors, but I who happen to be of the same gender have never experienced the anguish and digust a man undergoes when he comes home with a lusty appetite anticipating a good dinner, his feeling of hunger aggravated by a vivid imagination, and finds he must cut off from expression his state for delectable food and humble his appetite before a conventional repast. For the cold chicken perhaps, which is placed before him is not an original Plymouth hen fattened upon pistachios, but an indifferent native born affair which he knows had lost its power for laying eggs long before it came to market. It is something which will satisfy his hunger and not something which will please his taste. You see the evening before he had dined at The Chinese Garden, where just the smell of the food coupled with the moaning strains of a saxophone and the rhymn of the dance had been enough to make him revel in the languor of a thousand gardens. Tasty food, music and the dance had simply made him drunk. He felt there, that not only was he really keeping life in him by eating but also getting a certain indescribable feeling of satisfaction which tended to console him for the absence of any other pleasure as well. That was something he could not get at home and the comparison hurt.

Rabelais knew something when he said, "stomach is the father and master of industry."

The Public Market

TO be able to appreciate the well-regulated, sanitary, and convenient public market of today, one of the best of its kind being THE STANDARD PUBLIC MARKET on Wilshire and Western, one must know something about the conditions in which retail trade was carried on not so many years ago in England and elsewhere; the unknown toil and deprivation which the carters of Covent Garden, for instance, underwent through fog, dirt, smoke and bustle in order to get a dish of green peas or young potates on a west end table.

Stalls and sheds were put up in wide open spaces in the middle of the town or in obscure lanes if inferior or fraudulent goods were to be sold. The carters as a rule never took their boots off from Monday morning till Saturday night. They simply slept in a corner of the wagon seat and many a time farmers would tumble off and get killed while their horses went driverless to Covent Garden. They would start off the night before at 7 o'clock, travelling eighteen, twenty, thirty miles to market with their wagons piled high with cows, turnips and hogs. By 3 o'clock in the morning a conglomeration of horses, trucks and barrows would be backed up against the curb of the market place ready for the wholesale trade to be followed by the retail. As many as 48 trades would congregate together there; the whole town would flock in and carry back a week's supply of purchases.

One thing alone is lacking in our modern markets. Market day for our Gothic forefathers was a day of truce as well. At early dawn, the mayor or bailiff sent a herald about the cross-roads, through forest, hill and dale to proclaim the king's peace for two or three days. Outlaws, not necessarily thieves and murderers, but those who had beaten constables for instance, or thumbed their noses at the mayor, and men who could not venture out of the forest except on market day because they were too honest and simple, and others such like, were guaranteed their safety by churchman and burgher and for a few days at least were on a par with their fellow-creatures who had been lucky enough not to have been chased and shot at and on whose heads no price had been fixed.

But no doubt the reader will find many other features about the Standard Public Market which will more than compensate for its lack of granting this special privilege to the outlaws and outcasts of our times.

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-and All the King's Horses, and All the King's Men-

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